

397. Originally published January 4, 1948

THE NAME IS... **POWDER** AS IN GUNPOWDER!



THE
SPIRIT

BY WIL FISNER





O.K., POWDER,
YOU'RE FREE!
WE COULDN'T
PROVE THAT
MURDER RAP...
BUT YOU'LL
COME BACK!

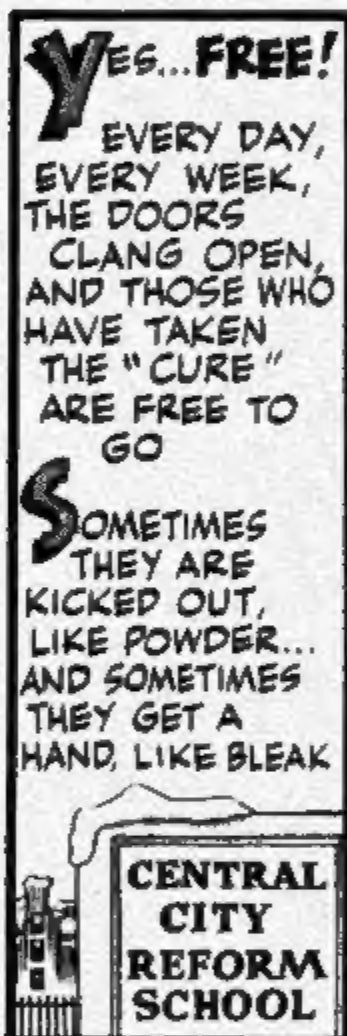


Ques*#
*!!



THAT'S JUST SO
YOU DON'T FORGET
ME UNTIL I DO!

C'MON,
C'MON, OR
I'LL HOLD YOU
ON ASSAULT!



YES...FREE!

EVERY DAY,
EVERY WEEK,
THE DOORS
CLANG OPEN,
AND THOSE WHO
HAVE TAKEN
THE "CURE"
ARE FREE TO
GO

SOMETIMES
THEY ARE
KICKED OUT,
LIKE POWDER...
AND SOMETIMES
THEY GET A
HAND, LIKE BLEAK

CENTRAL
CITY
REFORM
SCHOOL



YOU ARE, BLEAK...
BUT BEFORE YOU GO
I WANT YOU TO MEET
SOMEONE...A FINE
MAN WHO MAY BE
ABLE TO GIVE
YOU A
HELPING HAND.

I THOUGHT
I'M BEIN'
SPRUNG
TODAY,
FATHER...



BLEAK...
MEET THE SPIRIT!
I TOLD HIM
HOW YOU ALWAYS
FOLLOW HIS
ADVENTURES.

HYA!



...I'LL MAKE IT SHORT...
I DON'T BELIEVE IN LECTURES...
THE LAW IS NOTHING BUT THE
RULES OF THE GAME...I
KNOW YOU'VE HAD SOME
BAD BREAKS... BUT IF YOU
PLAY THE RULES NOW,
YOU'VE GOT SOME GOOD
FRIENDS...



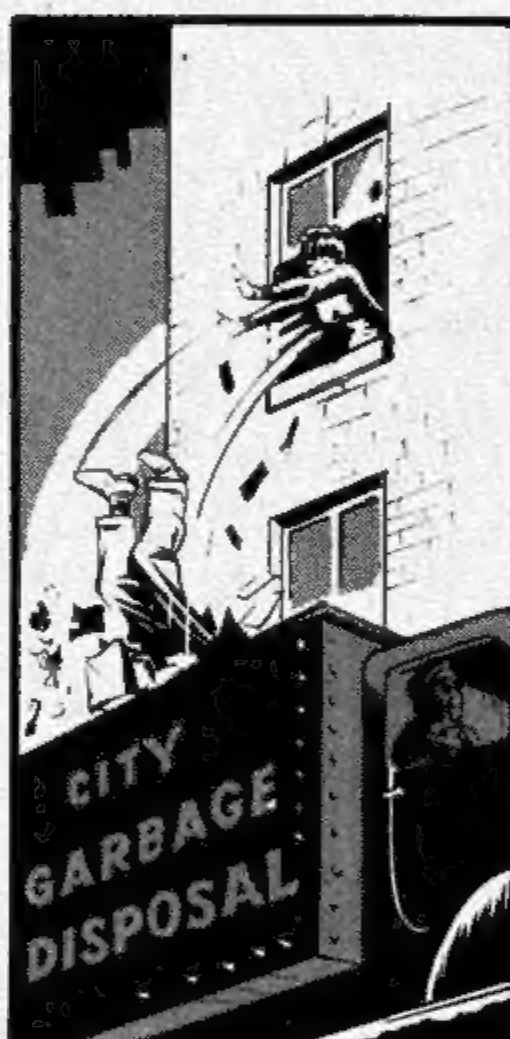
STARTING WITH
ME!

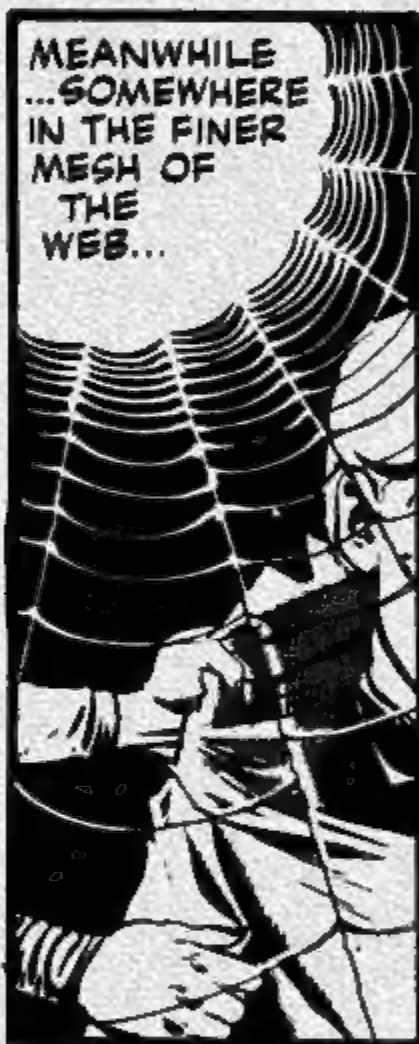
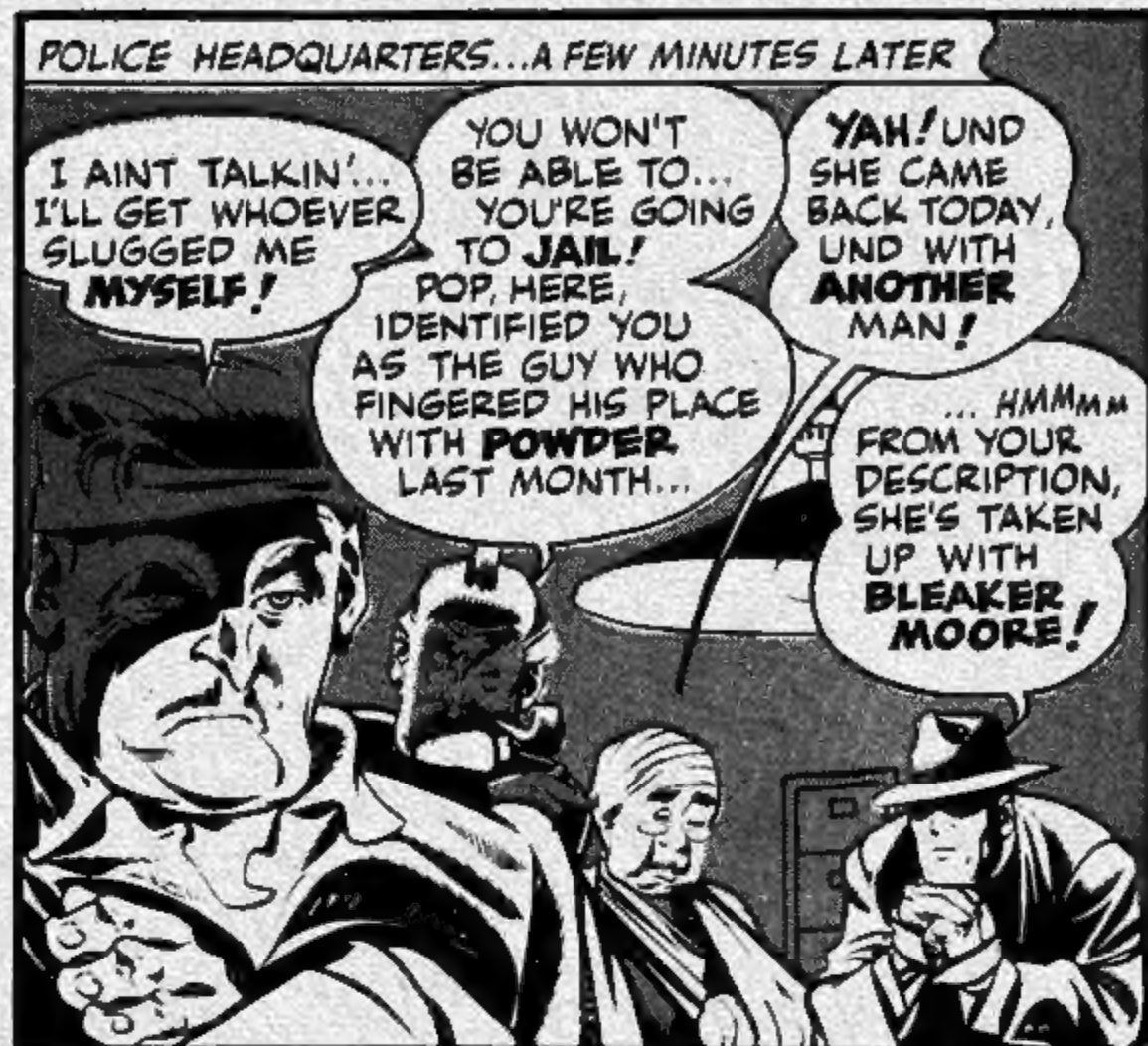


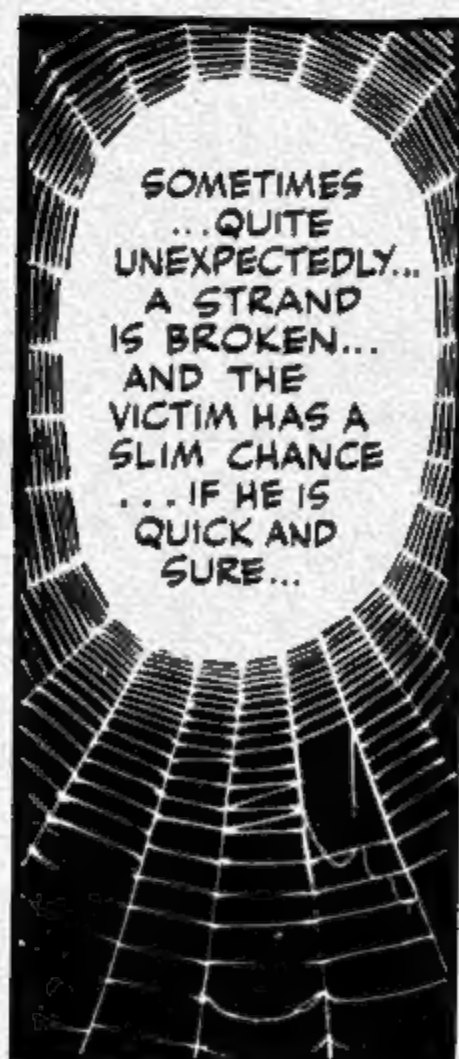
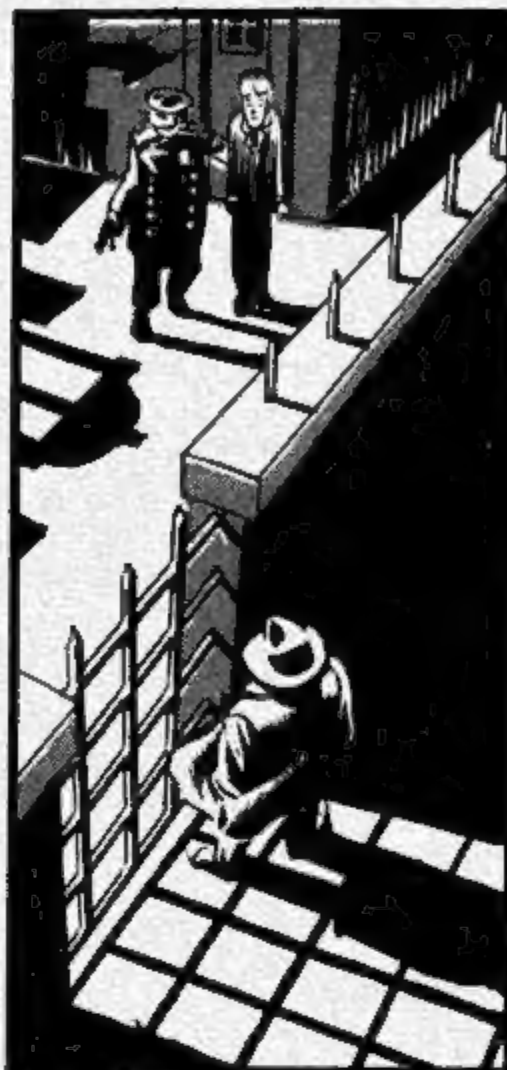
BUT
BLEAK!

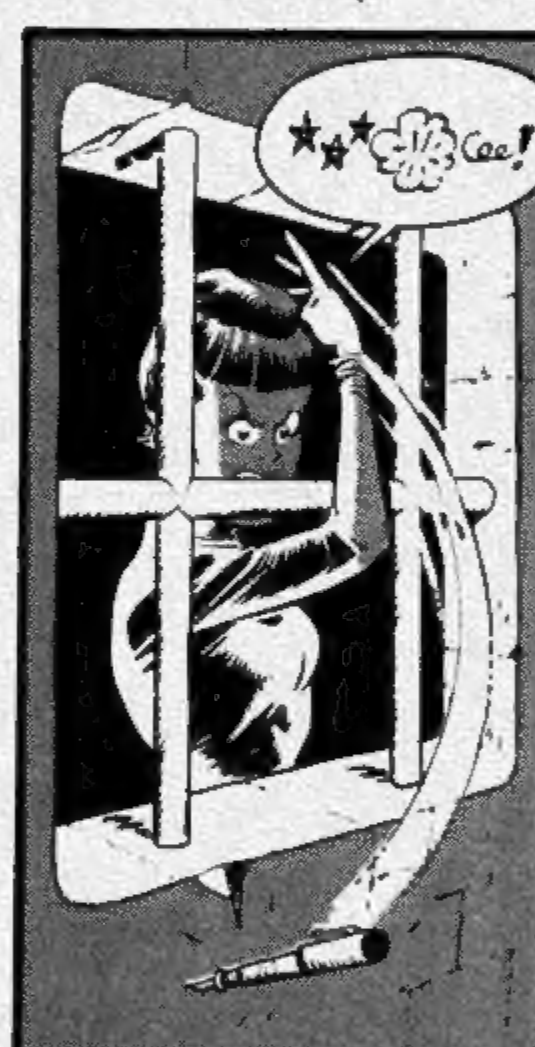
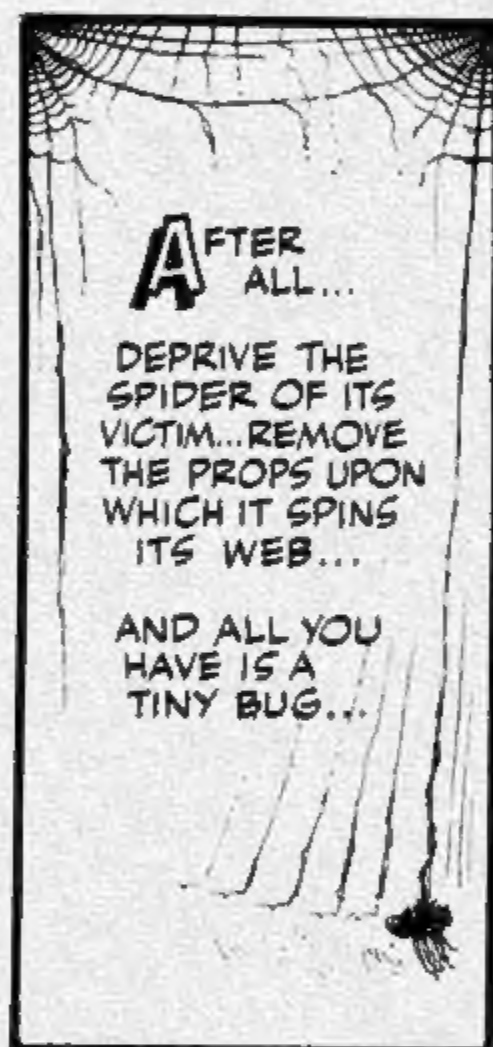
DON'T WASTE YOUR
BREATH, FATHER... FROM
HERE ON IN HE'S GOT TO
CARRY THE BALL
HIMSELF...









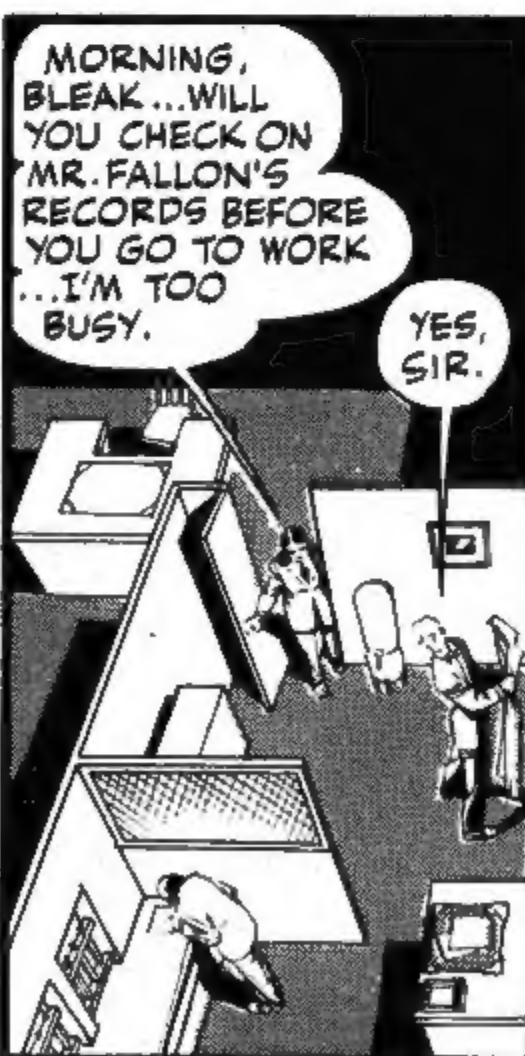


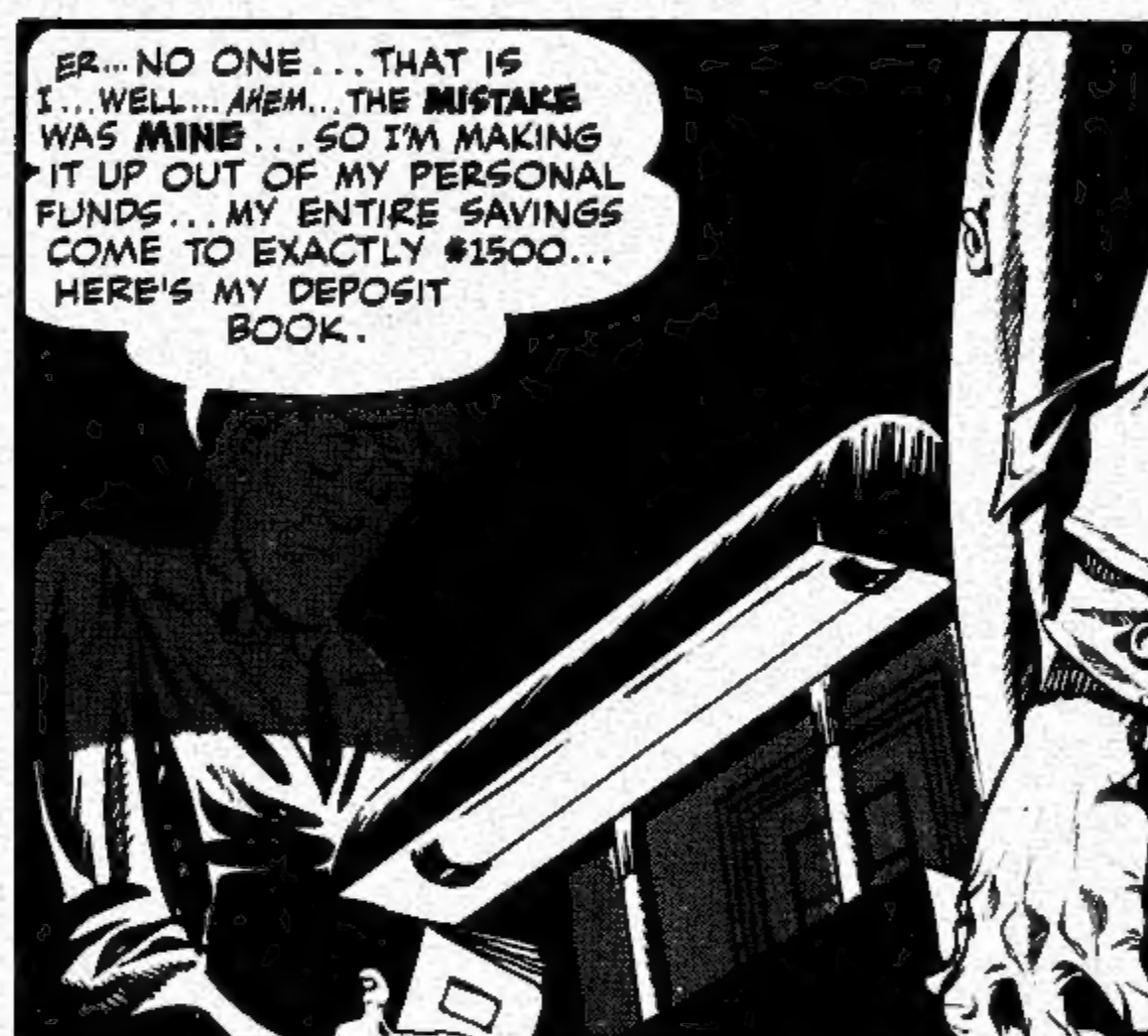
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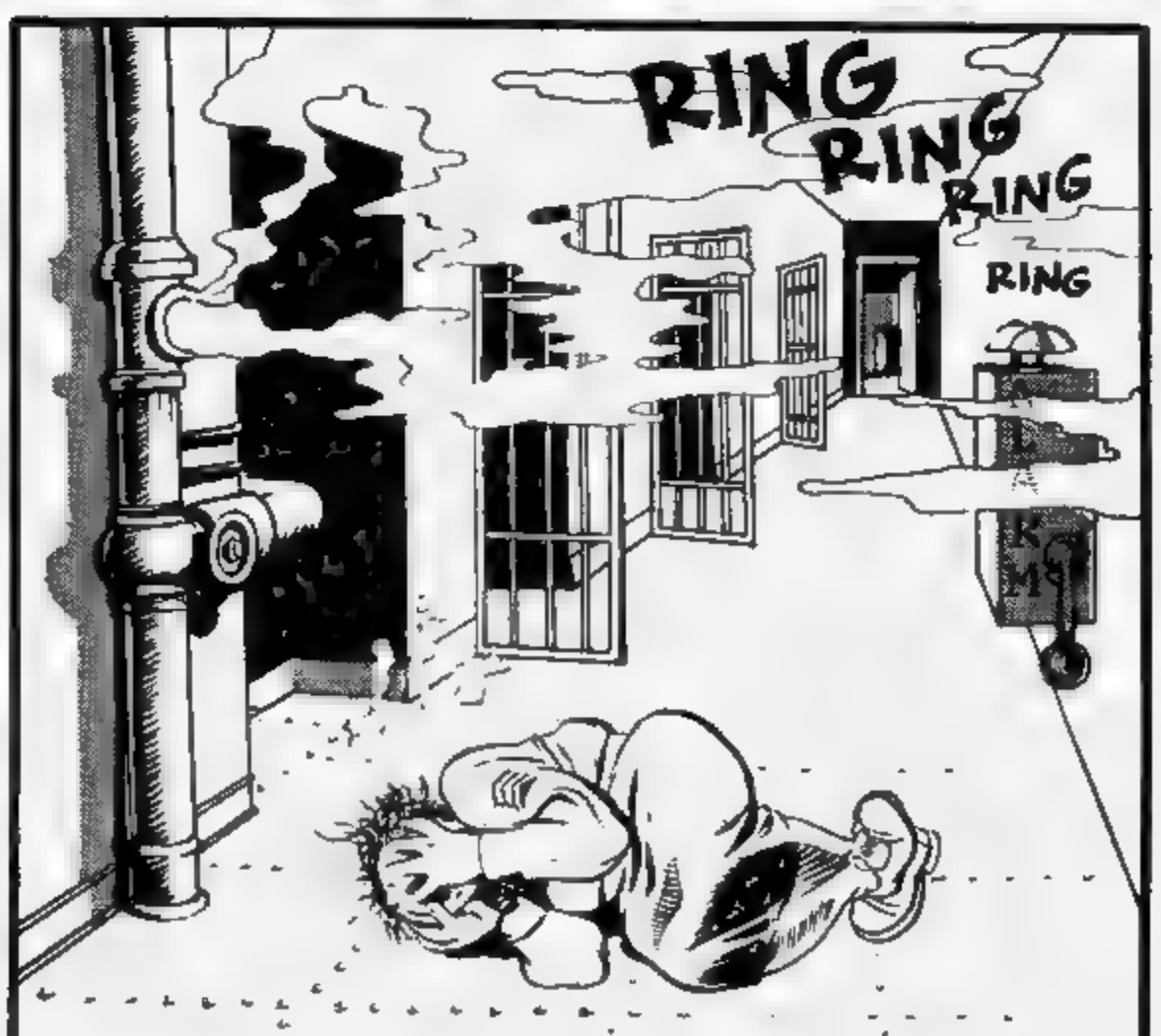
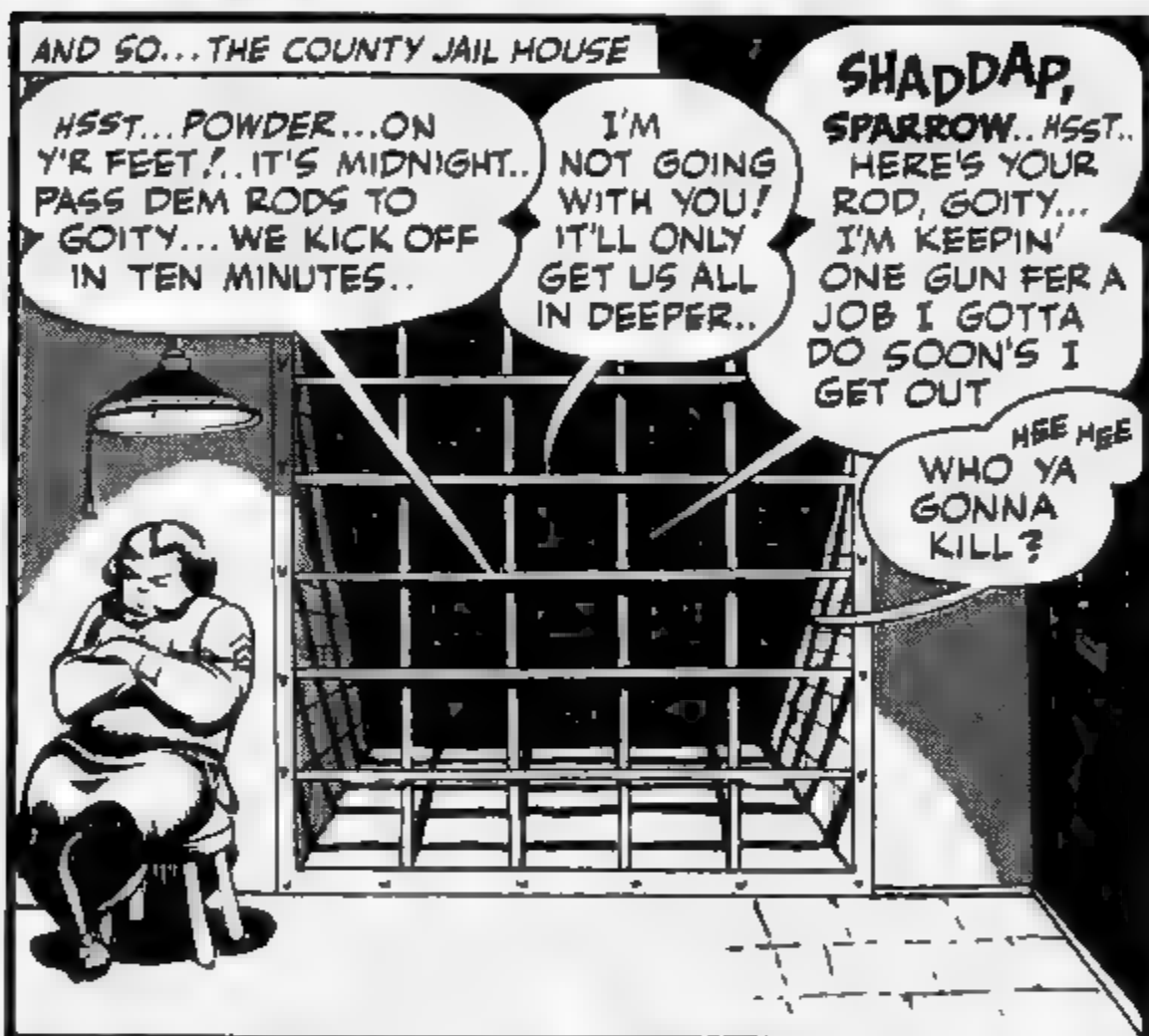
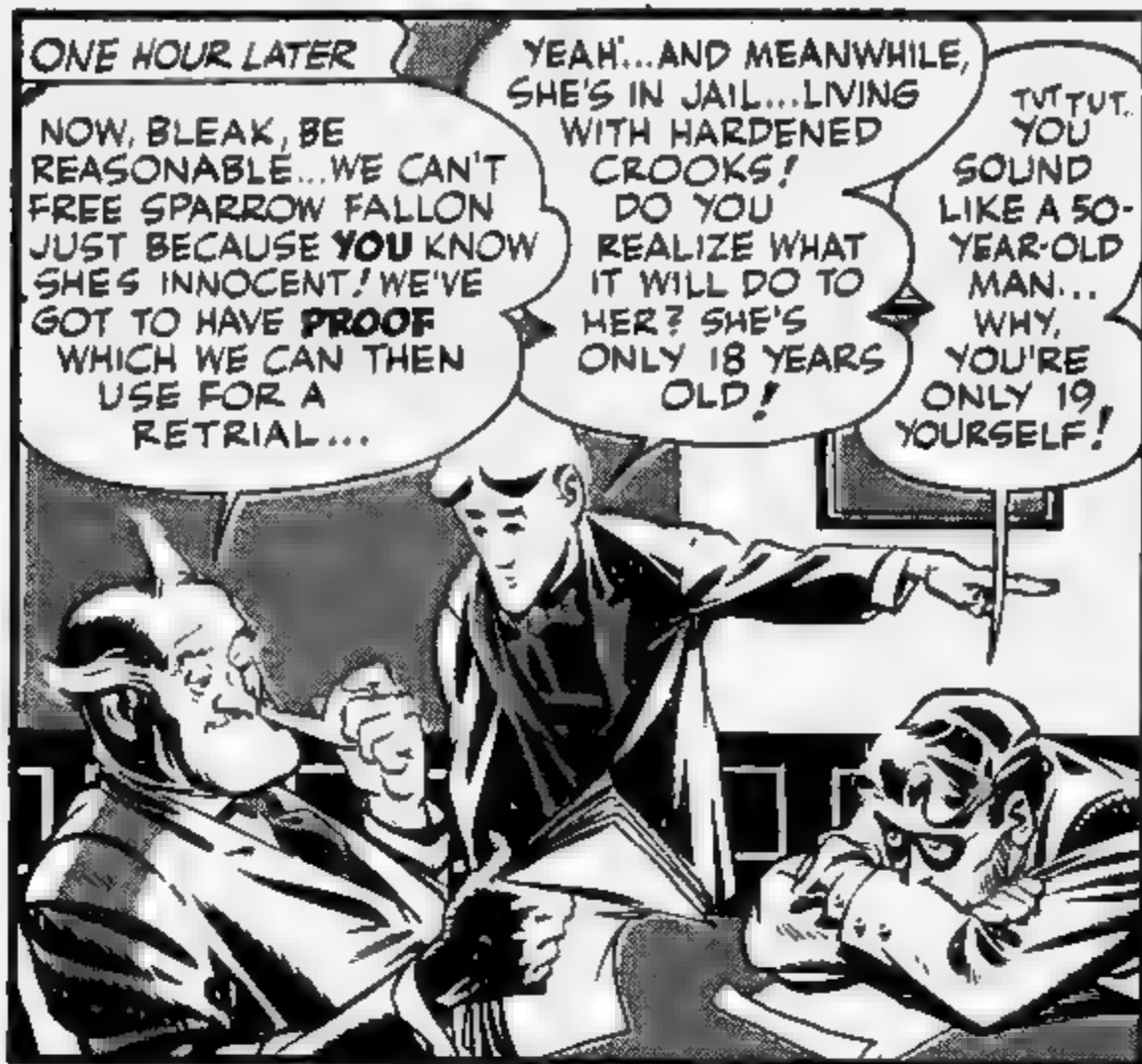


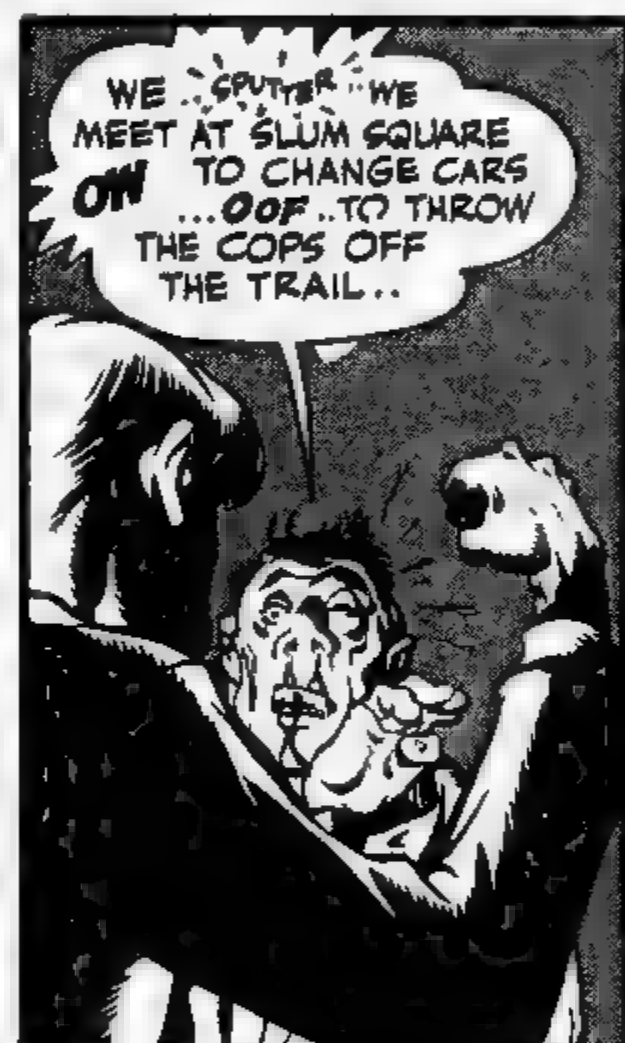
The
Fallen Sparrow

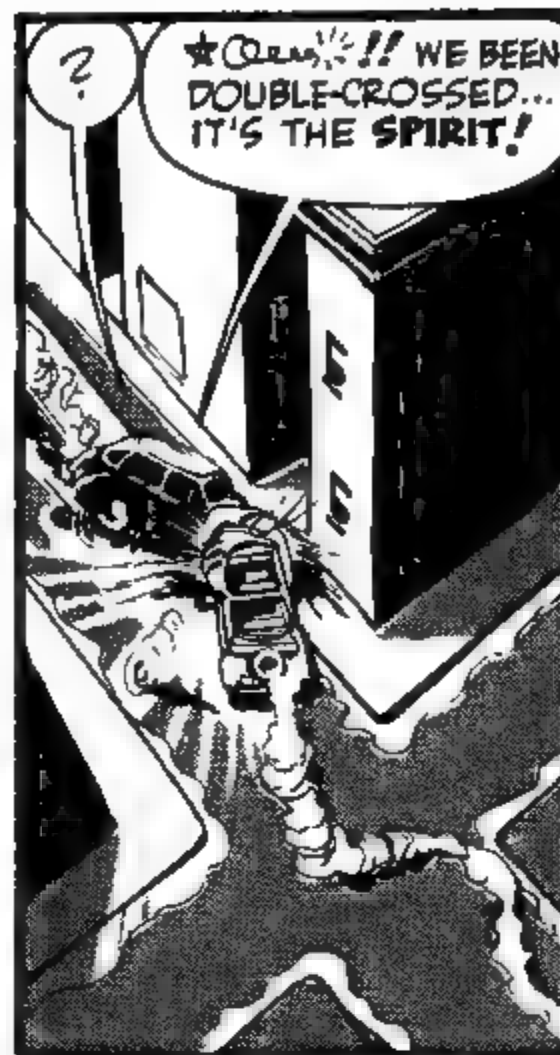
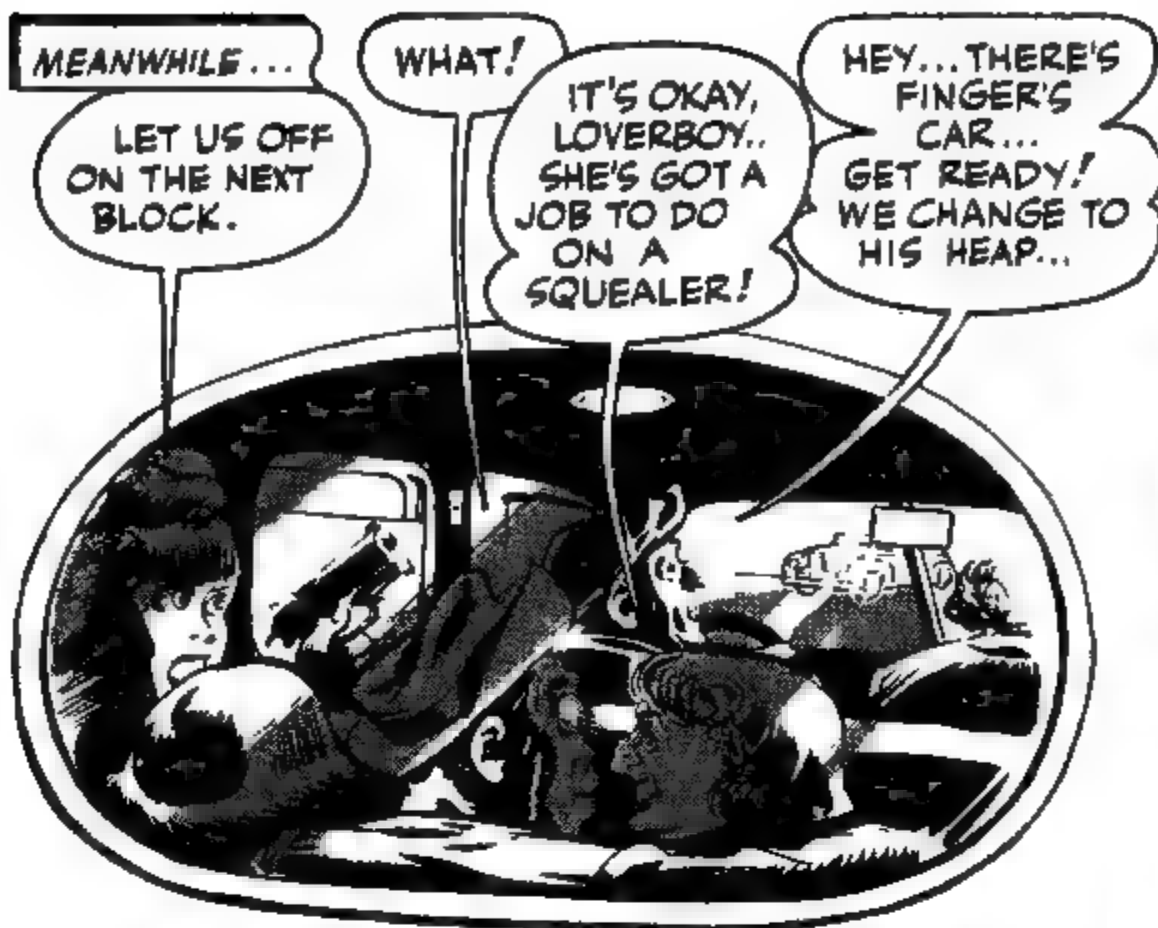


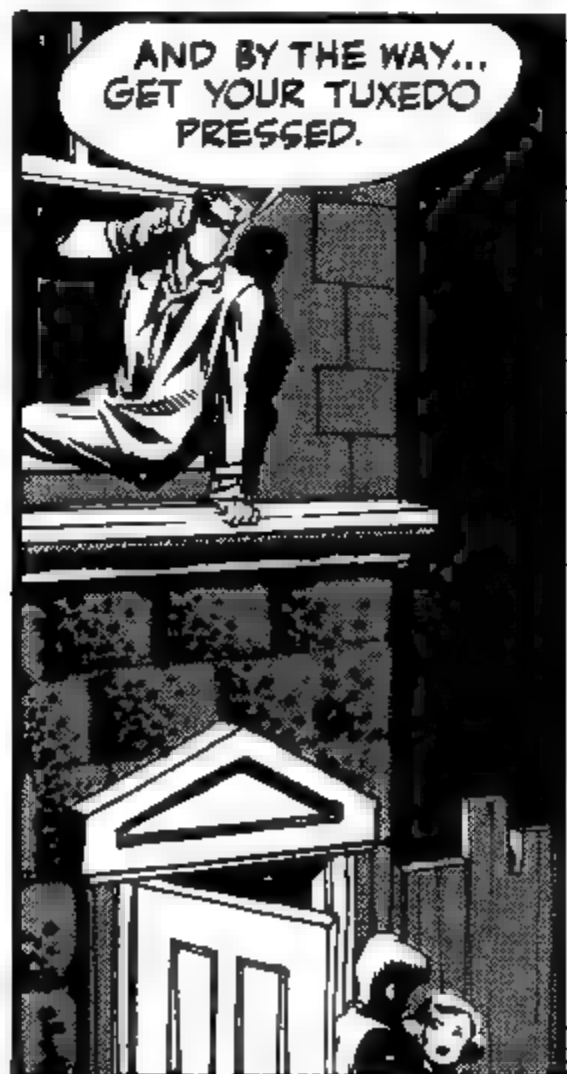




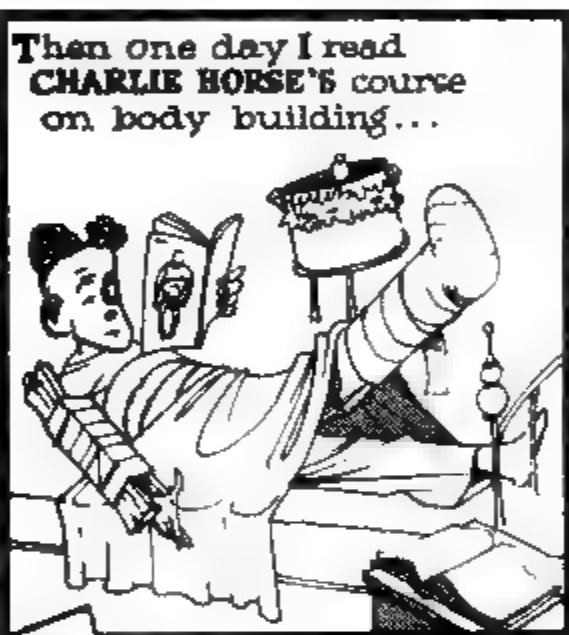
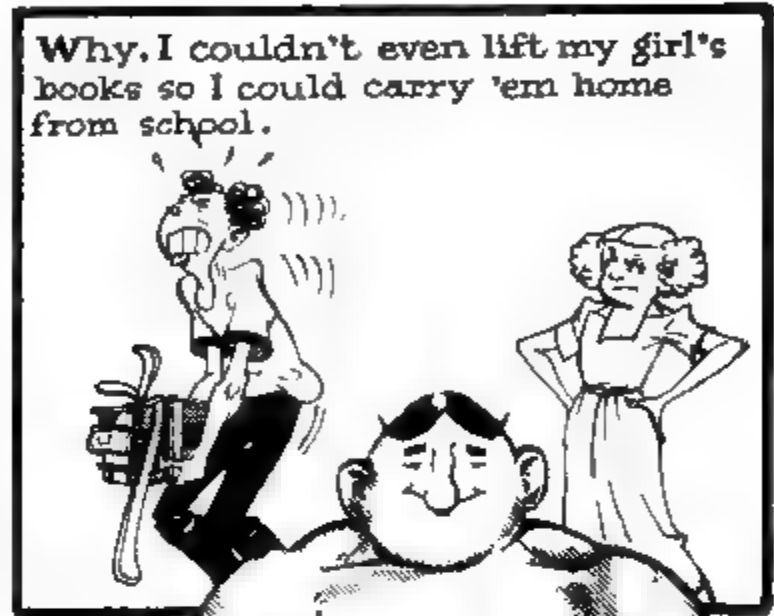
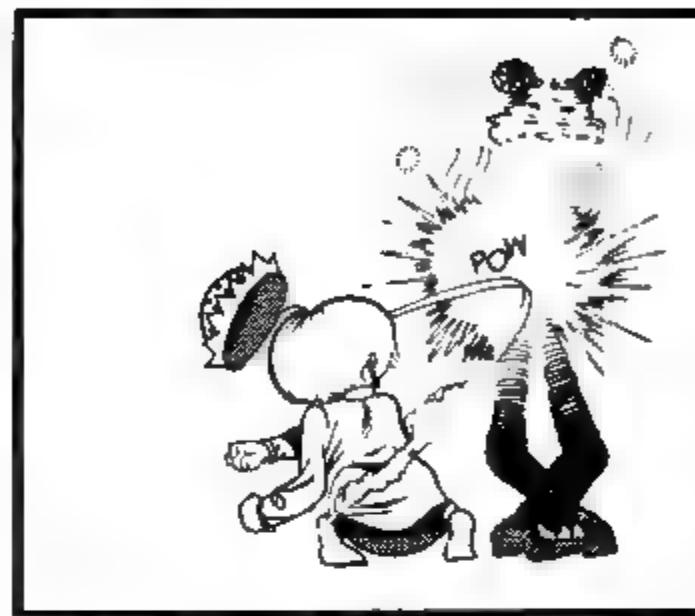




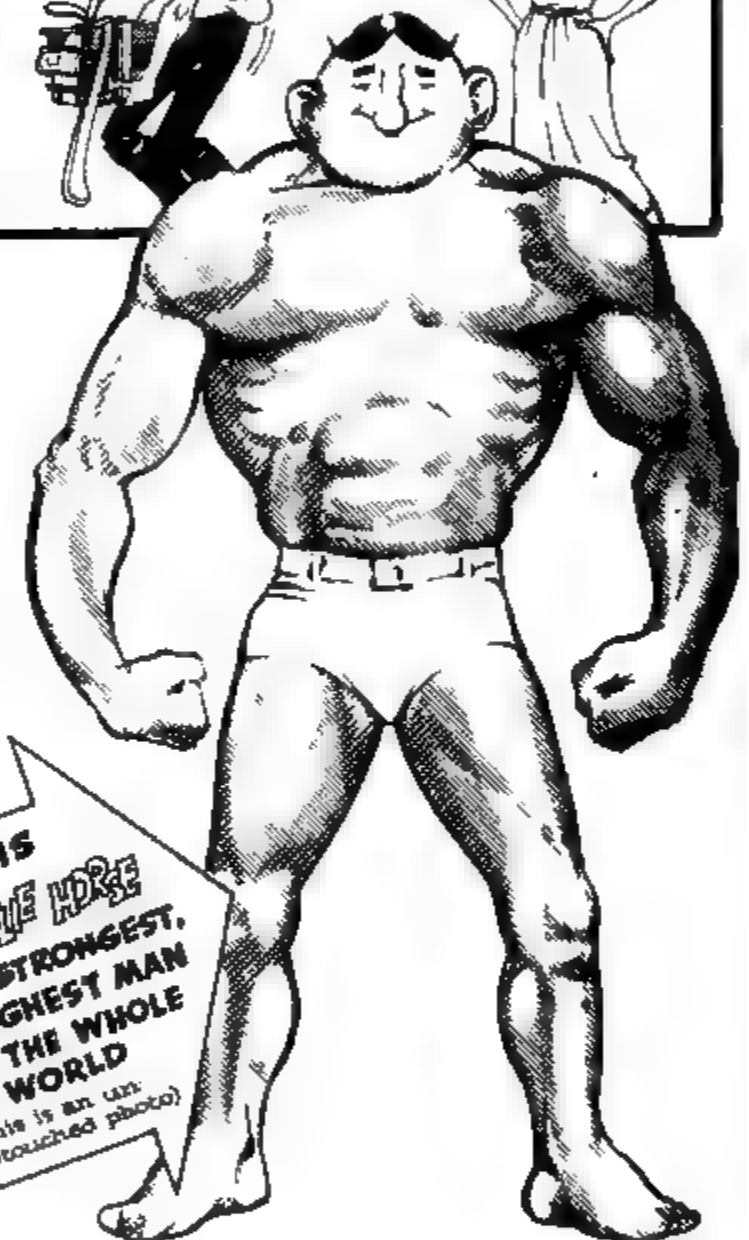




JUST ONE WORD MADE ME A MAN!



And... after only 15 minutes a day...



THIS IS CHARLIE HORSE THE STRONGEST, TOUGHEST MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD (This is an unretouched photo)

TEAR THIS COUPON AND MAIL NOW

THE SPIRIT BY WILL EISNER

Are you pushed around by kids half your size? Do people laugh when you go swimming? Don't be a SHNOOK! I know how it feels to be a weak little twerp. Yes, when I was 15 years old I was so weak I couldn't even snap the thread tied around my lunch box. Well, I did something about it...

"The Secret" The real secret is "flexing." Yes, I discovered that by...but you'd better read for yourself my big 584 page booklet, FREE.

So why wait? Write in now! By using my secret flexing exercise I can remake you so even your mother will be amazed. I don't care if you are 95 years old, with rickets, anemia, and lumbago. As long as you can still scratch your head, I can make a man of you.

Do it now!

Don't let the other guys who read this advertisement get the drop on you... Make sure it's **you** who does the beating up of all the other weak, helpless little kids on your block!





15 MINUTES A DAY
IN 100 DAYS... BUT
SUPPOSE AH TRAIN
FO' A WHOLE
HOUR PER DAY...
HMMMM...



YASSUH...
AND AT THE
RATE O' TWO
HOURS A DAY...
AH CAN BE
A **MAN** IN ONE
WEEK!

...AAHHH YES.. AS MR. CHARLIE
HORSE SAYS...AND WE QUOTE
FROM HIS ADVERTISING:

What red-blooded young
man wouldn't thrill to
new-found strength?

...to know you are a
fine specimen of manhood
will make you master of
your fate.

...no challenge will go unanswered...and the
things you will undertake will amaze you.

BUYIN' MAH
GAL SODAS, HEY?
WHY Y'LIL PUNK,
I'LL BEAT YO'
EARS SO FLAT,
YO'HAT'LL SIT
ON YO' SHOULDERS!

AH'LL
ASSEPT THAT
CHALLENGE,
SON..JES' ONE
WEEK FUM
T'DAY..!

SHRIMPS
CAN'T JOIN
DIS CLUB..
BEAT IT,
EBONY!

NEXT
WEEK
AH'LL JOIN..
AH'LL SEE
YO' THEN,
BULLY!

A.C.



GARR...

HMMMM... MAH
SCHEDULE IS
CROWDED...BUT
AH C'N FIT YO'
IN...NEX' WEEK..



...HMM...HOW
ABOUT JUST USING
ONE LEG OF MY
TRUNKS, EBONY...?
-CHUCKLE-

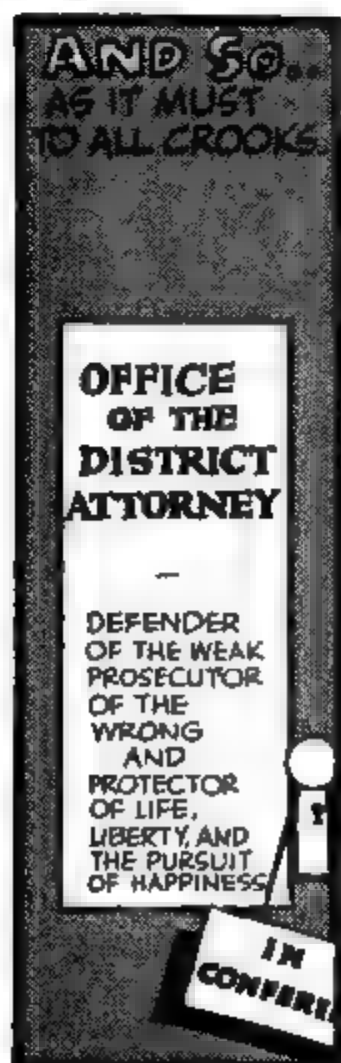
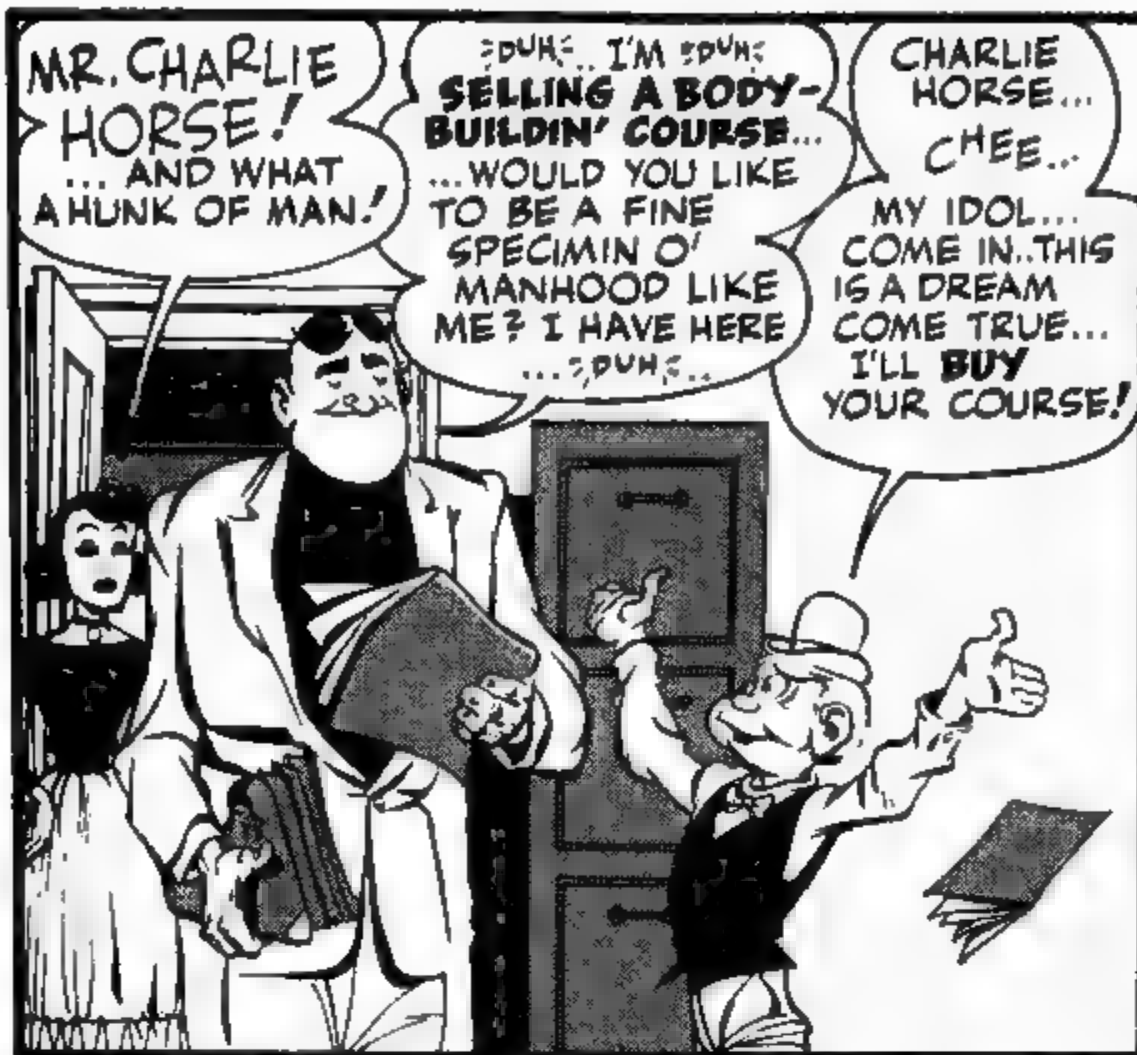
THIS AINT NO TIME
FO' LAFFIN', MIST'
SPIRIT... PLEASE GET
GOIN' WIF THAT
NEEDLE..AH GOTTA
START TRAININ'!

MEANWHILE



BUSINESS IS
AWFUL...AND THERE
HE SITS, READIN'
COMIC BOOKS!
DROPPER...THERE'S
A GUY TO SEE
YOU!

YES,
MOLL
M'DEAR..
HMMMM...
ONLY 15
MINUTES
A DAY...



ONE WEEK LATER...

ONE
TWO
THREE
FLEX

ONE
TWO
THREE
FLEX

JUST ONE WEEK, AND ALREADY THE DOUGH POURS IN... SEE WHAT I MEAN? WE WON'T EVEN HAFTA MAKE GOOD OUR THREATS!

HEY... LOOKIT THIS!

DEFIES RACKETEER

MR. BONES THE RACKETEER BUTCHER

EDITORIAL

Marrow H. Bones, local butcher, defies racketeers, wages a one-man war against the 'protection' organization run by the new Mukkle-Dropper combine.

Says Mr. Bones, "I don't see why citizens who pay taxes to support a police department should permit such conditions to exist. I'll give them a reception."

WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS...

YEAH! HE'S SETTIN' A BAD EXAMPLE FOR OUR OTHER CLIENTS... C'MON, CHARLIE!

ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR

MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

BAH!

THESE EDITORIALS ARE SURE POKING SLY FUN AT US... THEY IMPLY WE'RE INCOMPETENT!

I THOUGHT THE SPIRIT WAS IN ON THIS... NAH!

YOU KNOW HOW THOSE GLAMOROUS OUTLAWS ARE...

WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE GOT AN IDEA... THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET THE GOODS ON THEM...

GET ME A COUPLE OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND STATION 'EM OUTSIDE MARROW BONES' STORE... I'LL BET THE GANG TRIES TO "SOFTEN" HIM UP BEFORE LONG...

SHREWD, COMMISSIONER... VERY SHREWD...

CHUCKLE THE SPIRIT'LL PROBABLY SHOW UP NEXT WEEK WITH A COUPLE OF BEAT-UP CROOKS... BUT IT'LL BE MY EVIDENCE THAT'LL JAIL 'EM!

AND SO... AS DOLAN PREDICTED...

MR BONES

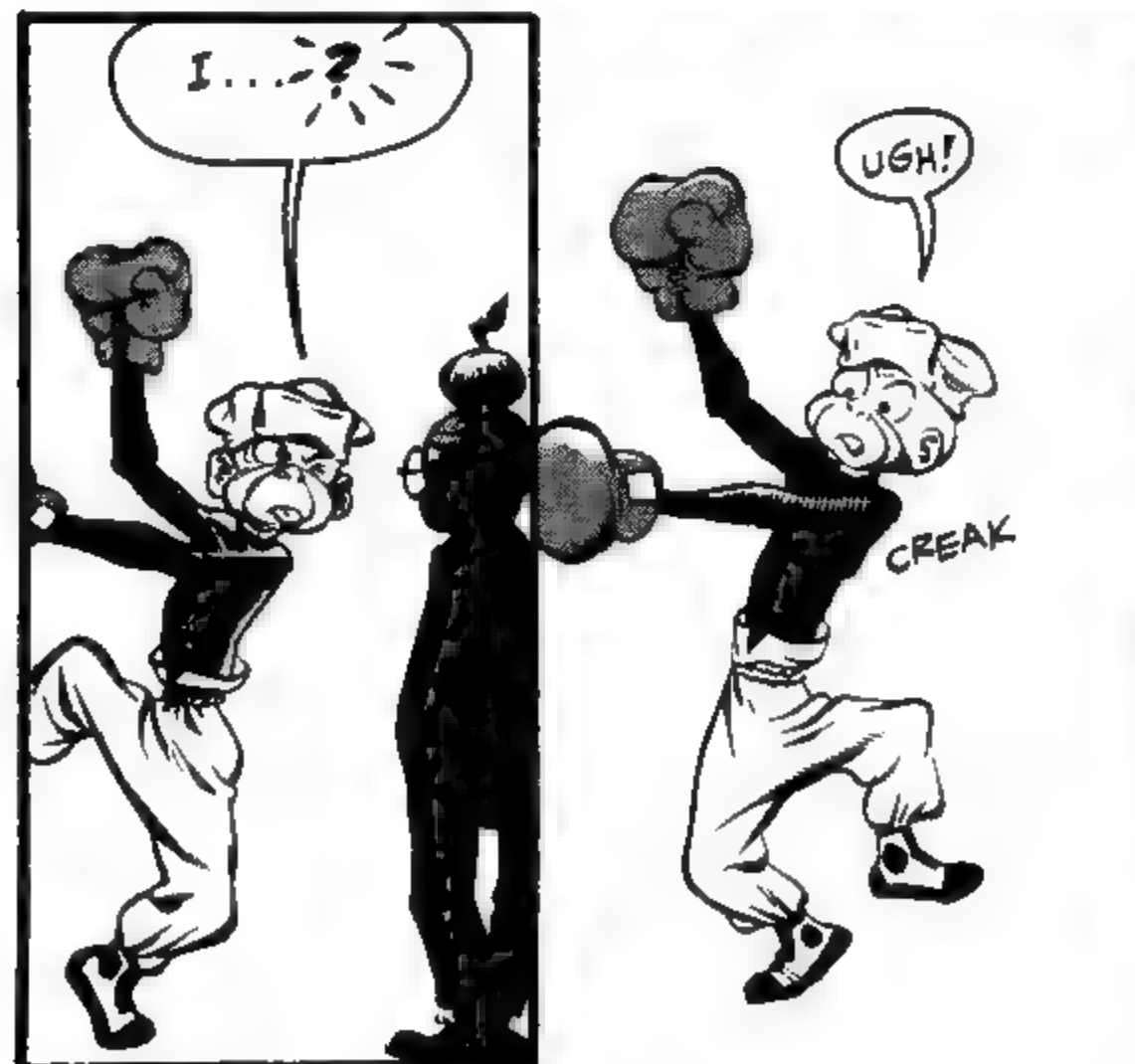
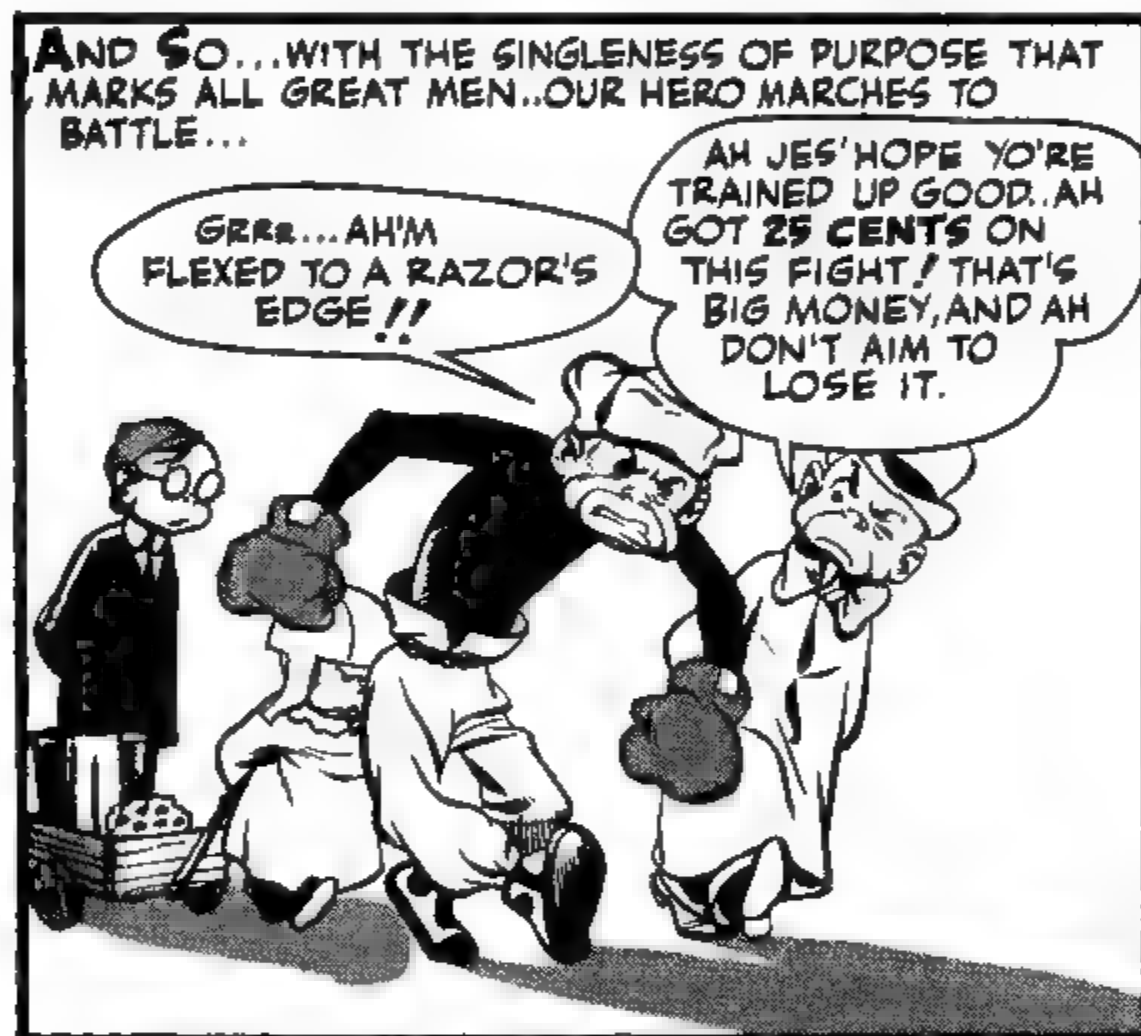
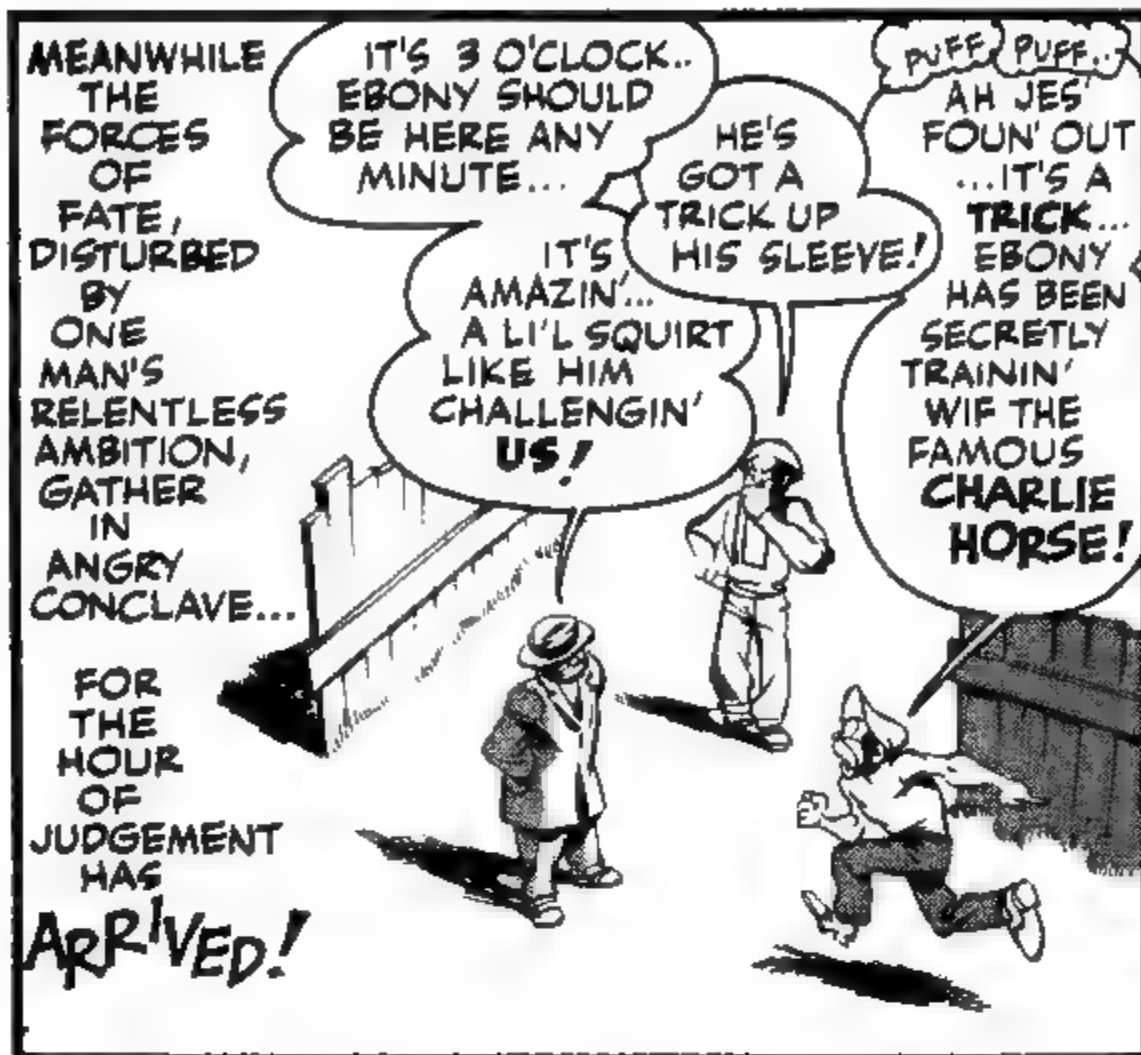
CRASH

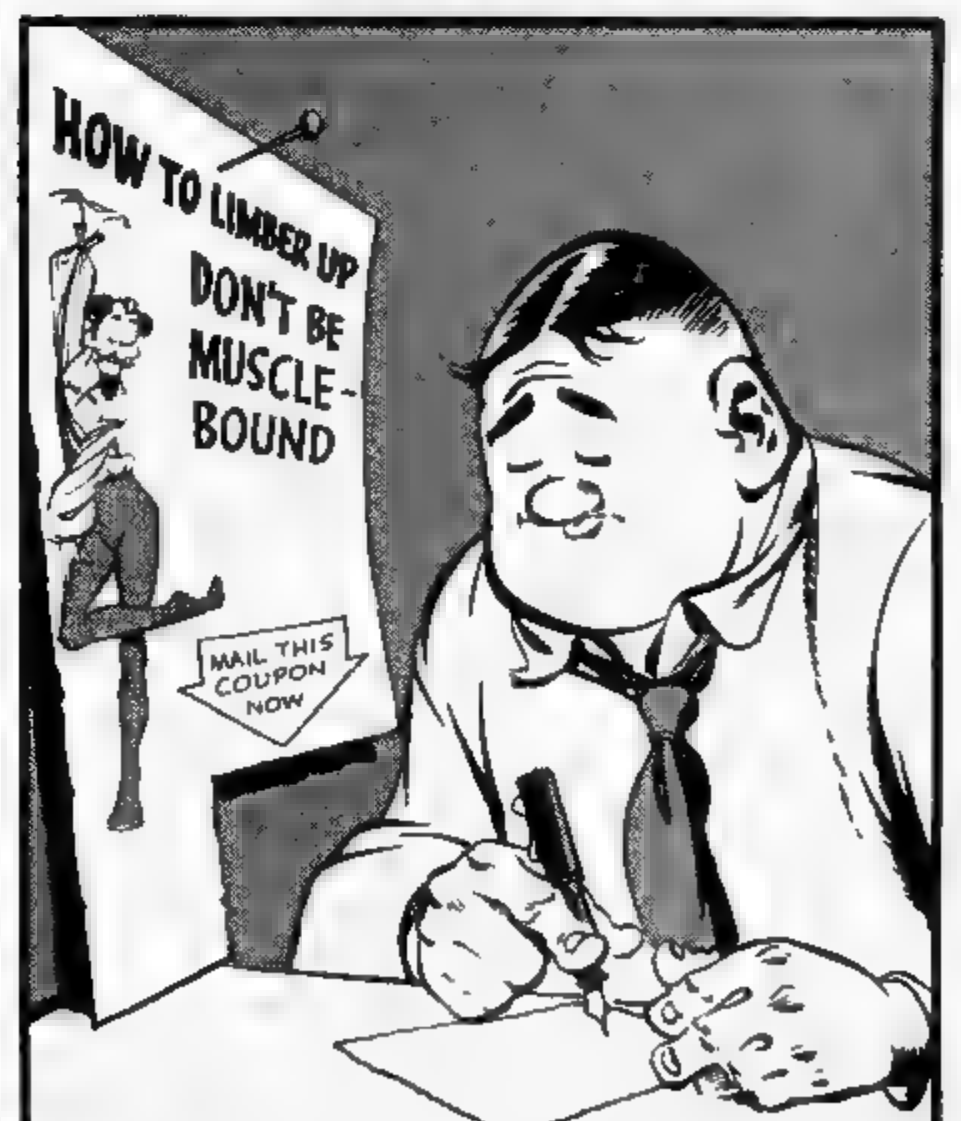
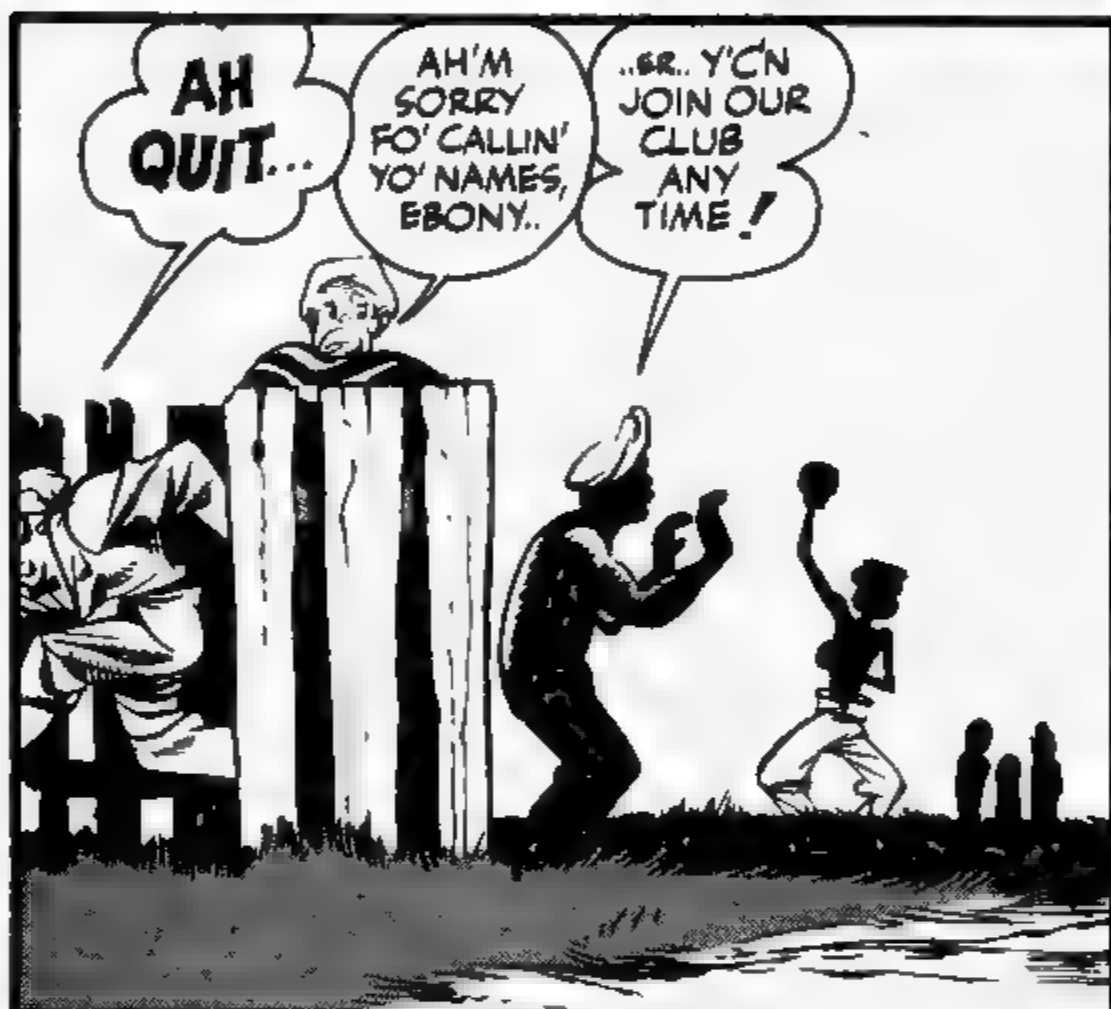
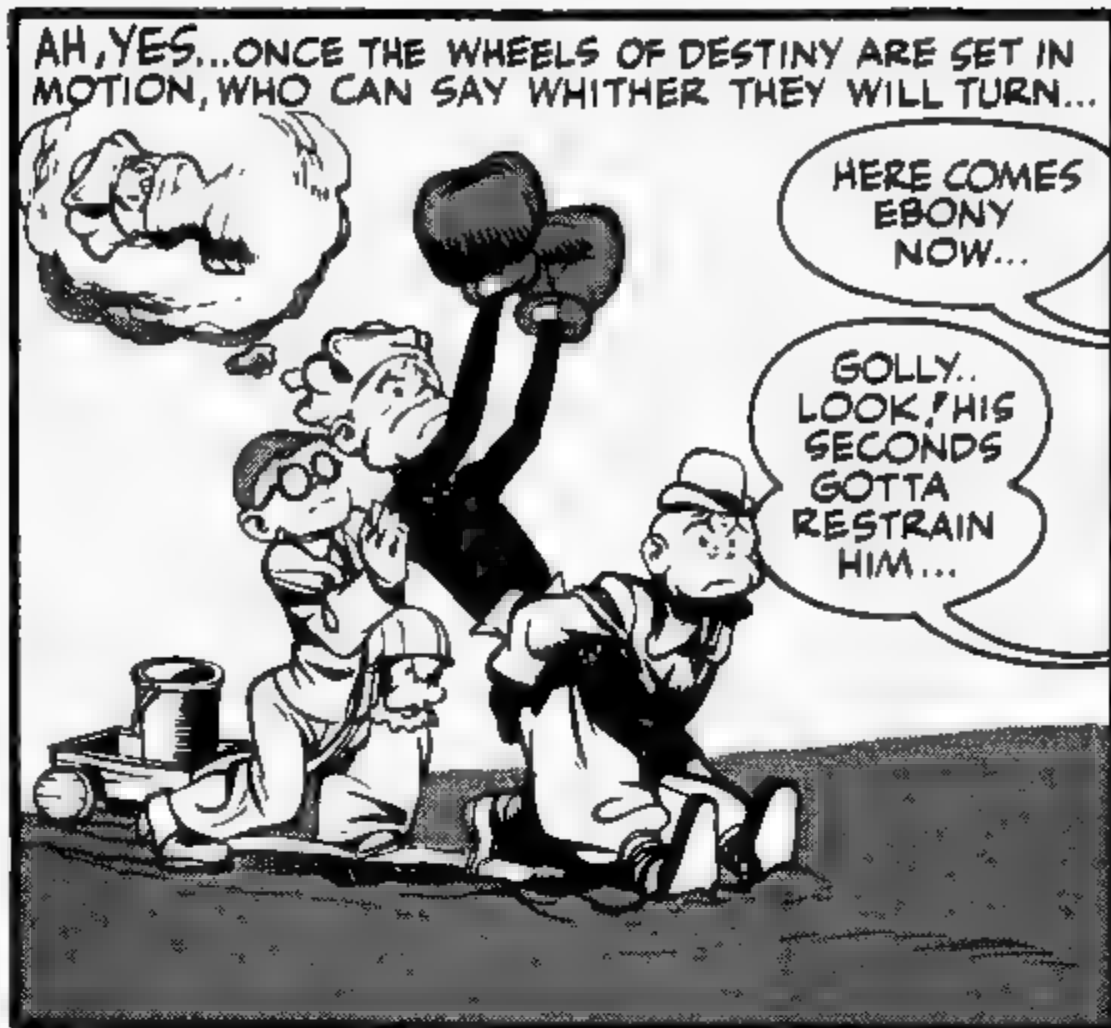
SOMEONE TOOK OUR PICTURE! CRASH!!

NEVER MIND THAT... WE GOTTA FINISH THE JOB NOW!

ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR

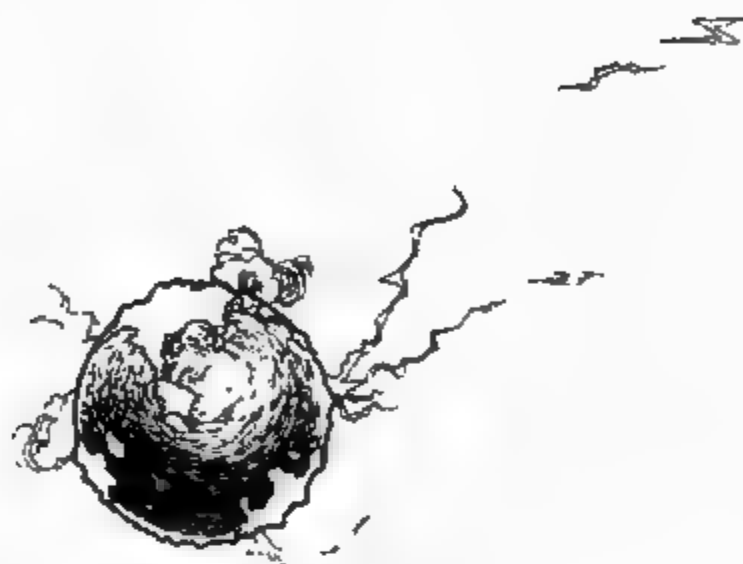






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Montabaldo



The SPIRIT BY WILL EISNER



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AND SO...AS THE SMOKE AND STEAM SLOWLY EBB INTO THE HEAVENS, A PRIMORDIAL DRAMA UNFOLDS... FISH, MAMMALS, WRITHE IN TERRIBLE AGONY, LUNGS BURSTING, BODIES SPLITTING IN THE NEW ATMOSPHERE.. WHILE THE HARDIER PLANT LIFE LIES GLISTENING IN THE MIST. AT LAST THE ISLE STOPS TREMBLING AND AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF BIRDS...AND MEN...



OVERHEAD...



SO, SPIRIT... IT'S **YOU** WHO'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME ALL THESE DAYS... I SUSPECTED IT WAS YOU, SOON AS WE LEFT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT...



RIGHT, **OCTOPUS**... YOU CAN TAKE OFF THE DISGUISE NOW... I'LL SEE YOUR FACE WHEN WE LAND IN CHILE ANYHOW...



IF I ARRIVE WITH YOU.. DID YOU THINK I'D ALLOW MYSELF TO BE TAKEN THIS EASILY?...I'D **RATHER DIE** THAN SUBMIT TO THE MOCKERY OF A COURT...

DON'T BE A FOOL, OCTOPUS... YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH BULLETS IN THAT GUN!



I'VE ALREADY BEEN A..FOOL BY PERMITTING MYSELF TO FALL INTO YOUR HANDS...

STAND BACK!

I'LL BLOW YOU ALL TO...

WAIT... DON'T JUMP

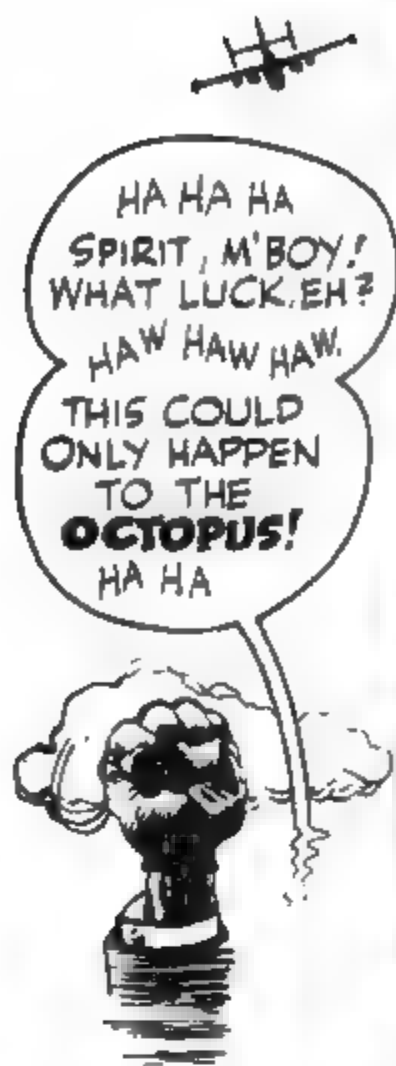


BETTER A WATERY GRAVE THAN HUMILIATING CAPTURE BY THE SPIRIT!

NO POINT IN CIRCLING ANY MORE, SPIRIT..THERE ISN'T A SPECK OF LAND WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF THIS SPOT...SEE THE MAP FOR YOURSELF..



AN ISLAND!



HA HA HA
SPIRIT, M'BOY!
WHAT LUCK, EH?
HAW HAW HAW.
THIS COULD
ONLY HAPPEN
TO THE
OCTOPUS!
HA HA



... I'M ON A NEWLY RISEN ISLE..
PROBABLY AN UNDERSEA
MOUNTAIN, PUSHED UP BY A
VOLCANIC ERUPTION... COUGH...
IT IS STILL HOT AND STEAMING..
PHEW.. AND THE COOLING
LAVA ... I MUST BE
CAREFUL...



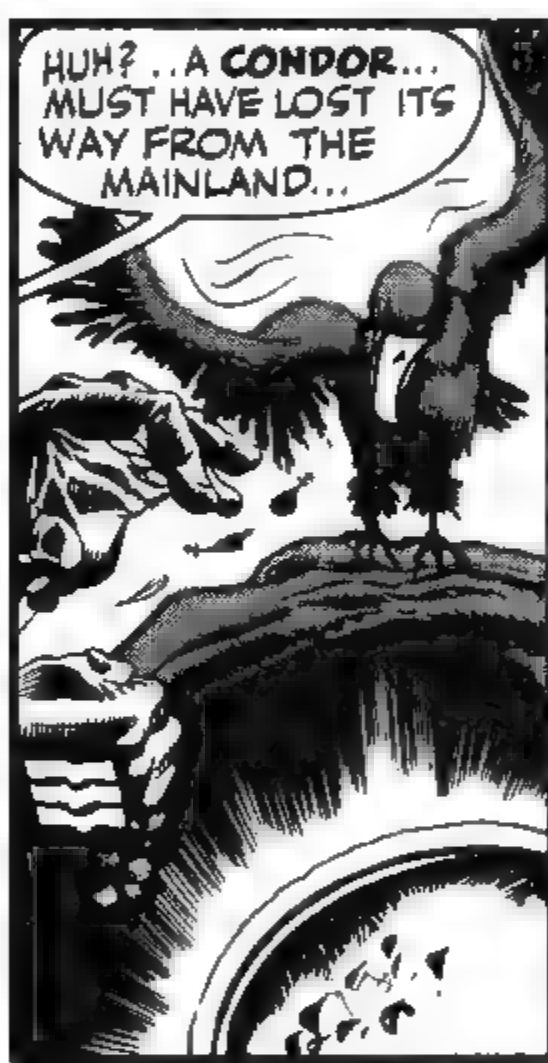
WHAT IS THIS?
... I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EYES...



AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION..
THIS ISLE MUST HAVE
RISEN EONS AGO... BEEN
INHABITED. . AND THEN
SUBMERGED...



GOLD... EMERALDS.. DIAMONDS!
HA HA HA HA .. HOW LUCKY CAN A
MAN GET? A KINGDOM
OF RICHES.. AND IT'S
ALL **MINE!**
HA HA HA..



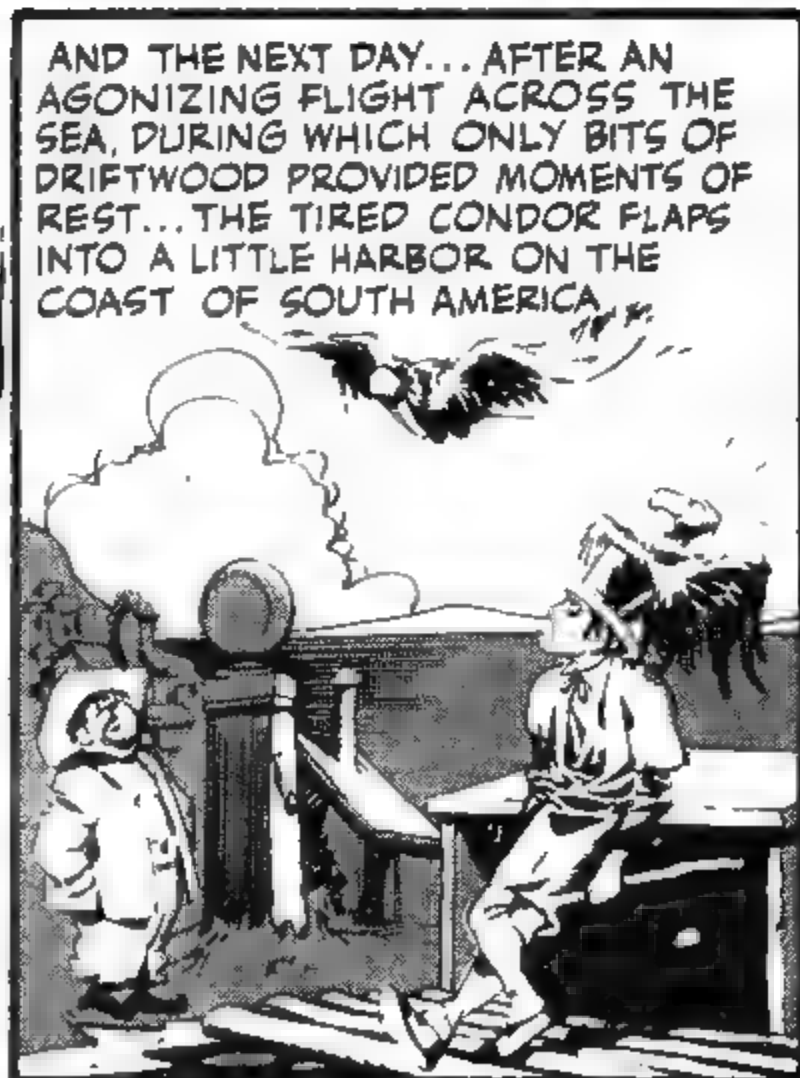
HUH? ... A **CONDOR**...
MUST HAVE LOST ITS
WAY FROM THE
MAINLAND...



BEAT IT!
Quack!!
Quack!!



**AND SO.. AS
IT HAPPENED
IN THE DAWN
OF HISTORY,
THE ANIMALS
RETRACTED
BEFORE
MAN, THE
CONQUEROR.**



AND THE NEXT DAY... AFTER AN
AGONIZING FLIGHT ACROSS THE
SEA, DURING WHICH ONLY BITS OF
DRIFTWOOD PROVIDED MOMENTS OF
REST... THE TIRED CONDOR FLAPS
INTO A LITTLE HARBOR ON THE
COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.



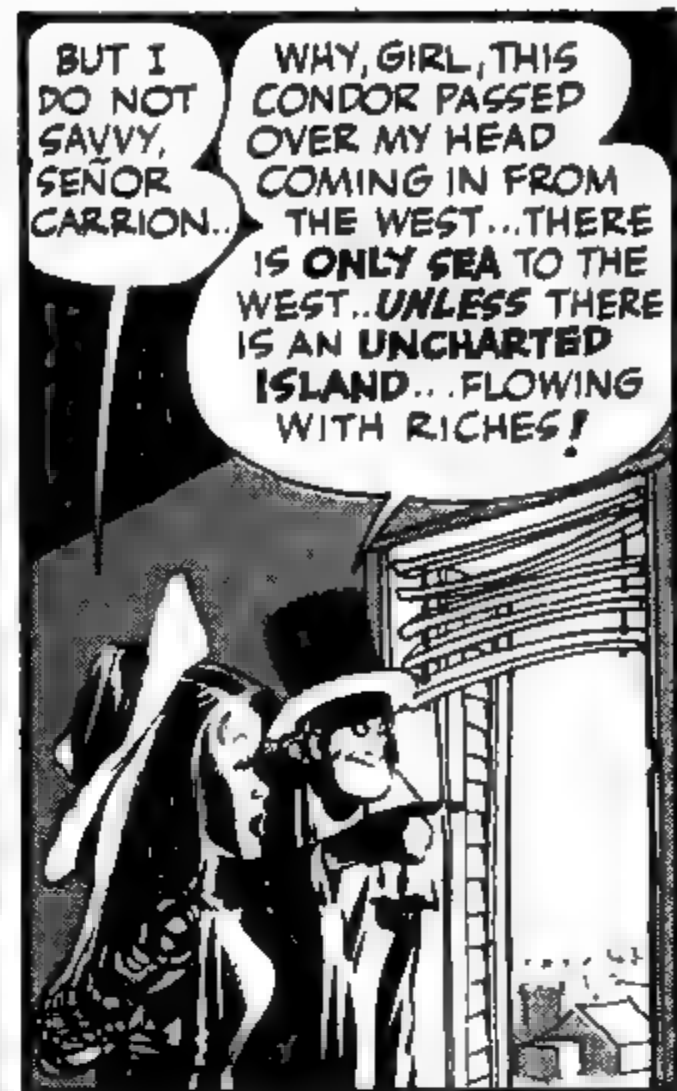
**JULIA..
JULIA!**
COME
BACK!

HAW HAW
LOOKS LIKE
YOUR LITTLE
BUZZARD
PEEK OP BOY
FRIEND, EH,
SEÑOR CARRION?

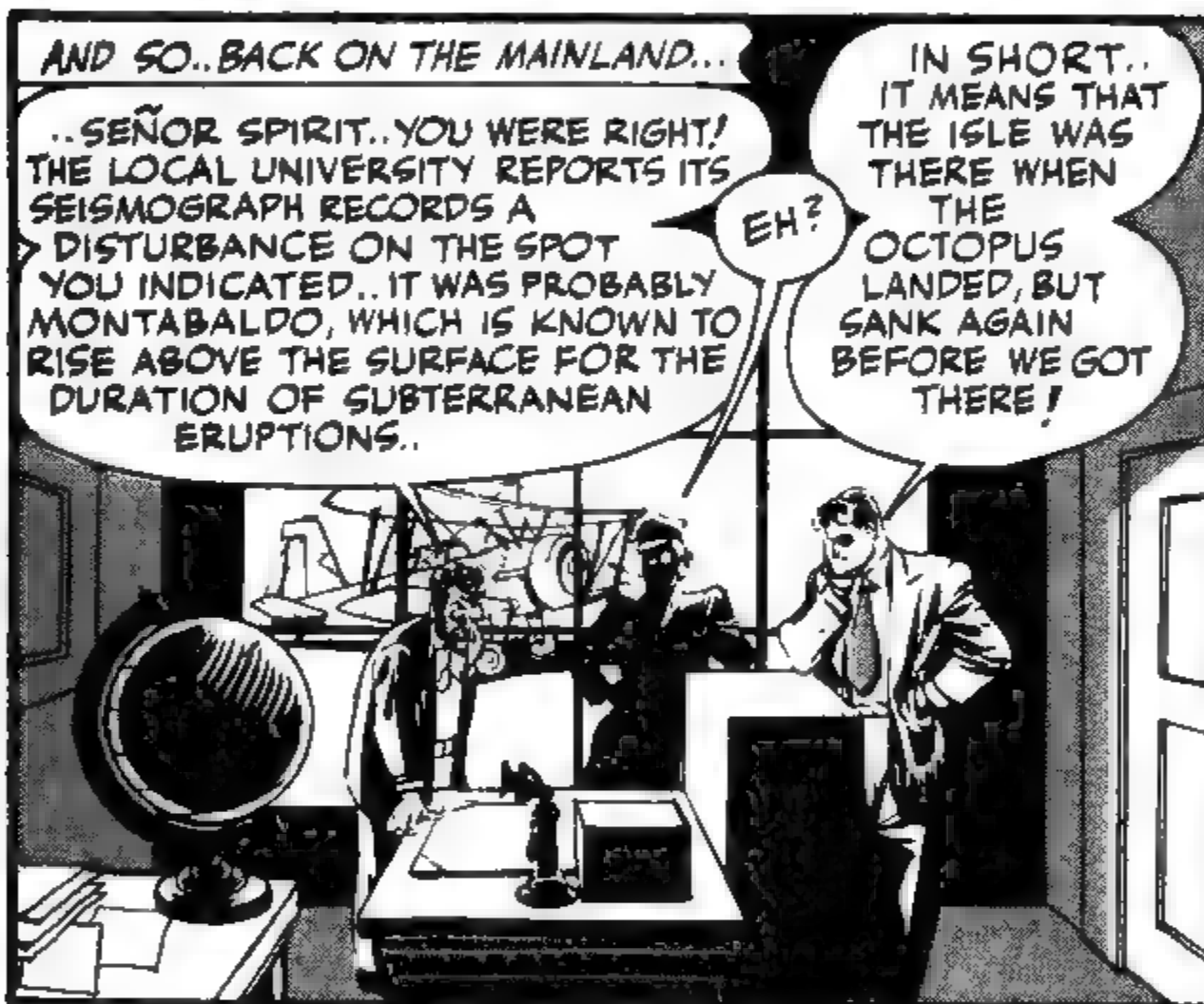


HERE.. FINISH
PROVISIONING MY
RAFT... I CAN'T
LOSE MY BELOVED
JULIA TO THAT
FEATHERED GIGOLO!









El Spirito (THE SPIRIT) BY Will EISNER



the days of Spain's greatness, there sailed from the port of Seville a soldier of chance, one Capitán el Muerto, in search of gold. Near the Azores he fell in with el Lobo, and their comrades sailed westward to Sargasso. There they parted company, el Muerto heading South.

El Lobo perished in the storm of Sargasso...and the remains of el Muerto's ship were washed ashore in Puerto Diablo 100 years later...

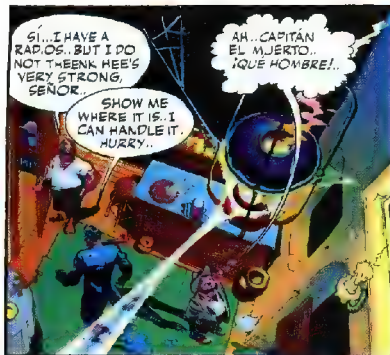


BUT JUAN...
WHERE DEED HE,
DIE, THEES CAPITAN
EL MUERTO?

IT IS SAID HE
LANDED ON MONTABALDO.
WHEECH AS WE KNOW
IS A SUNKEN ISLE,
200 MILES
FROM PUERTO DIABLO.

INNKEEPER... MY
PLANE CRASHED...
I'M THE ONLY
SURVIVOR. COUGH
DO YOU HAVE A
WIRELESS TO THE
MAINLAND?





SI... I HAVE A
RADIOS... BUT I DO
NOT THEENK HEE'S
VERY STRONG,
SEÑOR.

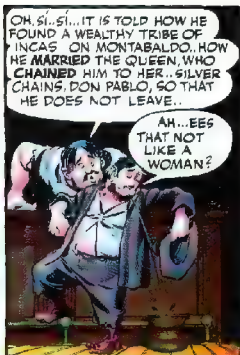
SHOW ME
WHERE IT IS... I
CAN HANDLE IT.
HURRY..

AH... CAPITÁN
EL MUERTO..
¡QUE HOMBRE!..



..NOW, WHAT WERE
YOU SAYING, DON
PABLO?

I WAS
NOT
SAYING! I
WAS THEENK
EL MUERTO
WAS A
DEVIL OF A
FELLOW!



OH, SI... SI... IT IS TOLD HOW HE
FOUND A WEALTHY TRIBE OF
INCAS ON MONTABALDO. HOW
HE MARRIED THE QUEEN, WHO
CHAINED HIM TO HER.. SILVER
CHAINS, DON PABLO, SO THAT
HE DOES NOT LEAVE..

AH... EES
THAT NOT
LIKE A
WOMAN?

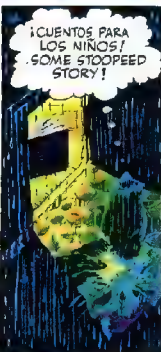


ONE DAY, EL MUERTO
TRIES TO ESCAPE.. THE
QUEEN WAKES UP TO
FIND THE CHAINS GOTT!
SHE SCREAMS A
CORSE, AND... OYE..
THE ISLE OF MONTABALDO
SEENK LIKE ROCKS...
"EL MUERTO WEEL
GUARD MY ISLE FOR
ETERNITY" SHE
SAID...



WEL..
SEÑOR...
TO
THIS
DAY
HE.

I DO
NOT
BELIEVE
THEES
STOFF!
GOOD NIGHT.



¡CUENTOS PARA
LOS NIÑOS!
SOME STOOPED
STORY!



PERDÓNAME,
SEÑOR...
WOULD YOU
DO ME A
FAVOR?..

?



BE KIND ENOUGH
TO TELL THE STRANGER
WHO EES SHEEPWRECKED
THAT CAPITAN
MANUEL EL
MUERTO WEECHES
TO SPEAK WEETH
HEEM OUTSIDE..

OH...
WISE
GUYS,
EH?



BELIEVE ME
I DO NOT
-OKE!

¡MADRE
MIA!



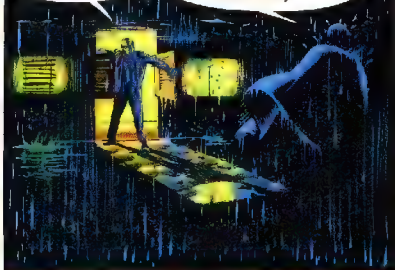
THAT RADIO
IS HOPELESS...
I CAN ONLY HOPE
I GOT THROUGH..
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
HIM?

HE'S GONE
CRAZY... SAYS
CAP TÁN
EL MUERTO
EES OUTSIDE
TO SPEAK
TO YOU!

HE VISTO
EL CAPITÁN
EL MUERTO
ARVERA..
DESEA HABLAR
CON EL
NORTEAMERICANO
HE VISTO
EL CAPITÁN.

WHAT'S THE GAG!!
PABLO SAYS THAT A
CAPTAIN EL MUERTO
WISHES TO SPEAK TO
ME OUT HERE...

SI, SEÑOR SPIRITO! I AM
CAPITAN EL MUERTO GUARDIAN
OF MONTABALDO...WHEECH AT
THESE MOMENT EES BEING
ROBBED OF EETS
TREASURE!



I DON'T GET IT...
WHO IS EL MUERTO?
WHERE IS
MONTABALDO?
AND WHY DO
YOU PICK ON ME?..
COME CLOSER
SO I CAN SEE
YOU!



YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY
BACK TO NORTH AMERICA
AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL
SORCH FOR A CRIMINAL
KNOWN AS THE OCTOPUS
...EH?



YOU SUSPECTED
HE LANDED ON AN
ISLE, BUT WHEN
YOU GOT THERE
THE ISLE WAS
GONE...
EH?



YOU GUESSED CORRECTLY,
FOR THE ISLE WAS
MONTABALDO, AND
EET SONK.. BUT NOT
BEFORE EET WAS
DISCOVERED
THAT EET CONTAINED
UNTOLD RICHES!



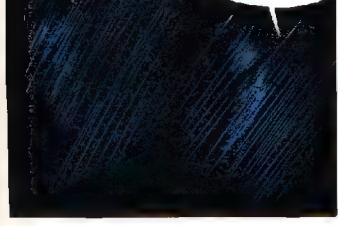
SO, SEÑOR CRIMEFIGHTER,
THE OCTOPUS EES
QUITE ALIVE, AND
WEETH THE AID OF
MODERN MACHINES
EES GALVAGING
THE SONKEN TREASURE
RIGHT NOW!



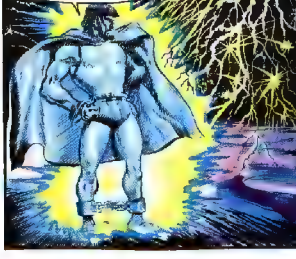
...WE..L I
STIL.. CAN'T SEE
WHY YOU WANT
MY AID.



BECAUSE, SEÑOR, I AM QUITE
DEAD, AND, AS YOU SEE, CHAINED!
THIS SOUNDS
FIGHTY TO
ME... LOOK,
MISTER
EL MUERTO,
I'M NO TOURIST
TO BE TAKEN IN
BY...



SEE FOR
YOURSELF!
NOW COME QUEEKLY...
MY GALLEON AWAITS!



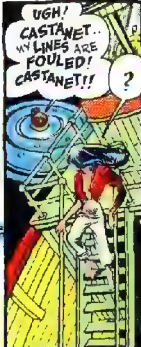
JUMPING
FEGNOGS!
HIT BY
LIGHTNING, AND
STILL STANDS!!
O.K., I'LL GO.



IT RIDES AT ANCHOR WHILE ITS
DONKEY ENGINE PUMPS
AIR THROUGH LIFE LINES
TO A DIVER, WHO THRASHES
SUDDENLY TO THE
SURFACE.



TWO
HUNDRED
MILES
SOUTH-
WEST
OF PUERTO
DIABLO,
A SMALL
BUT WELL-
EQUIPPED
OCEAN-
GOING TUG
WALLOWED IN
A ROLLING
SEA...



UGH!
CASTANET...
MY LINES ARE
FOULED!
CASTANET!!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER ABOARD THE TUG...



THANKS PUPP PUPP
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE.
LOOK AT THIS HAUL... 10 POUNDS
OF UNCUT DIAMONDS! OLD
MONTABALDO IS
LIMITLESS.

AH, OCTOPUS,
PERHAPS WE HAVE
EEN OFF NOW...
EES 50 POUNDS
OF JEWELS NOT
PLENTY? WE CAN
COME BACK
AGAIN...



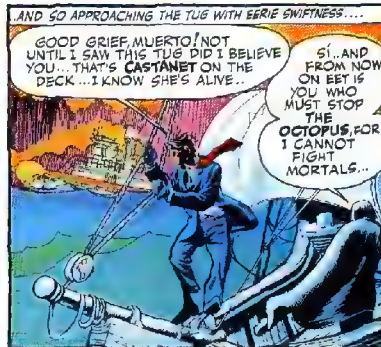
NO... I THINK NOT...
SOMETHING VERY WEIRD
S CONNECTED WITH THAT
SLUNKEN SUB... EVERY TIME
I GO DOWN, AN ACCIDENT
OCCURS... THIS
TIME I LL GET
TO THE THRONE
ROOM AND...

LOOK.. A
BOAT!
I DID NOT SEE
IT CREEPING UP
ON US!



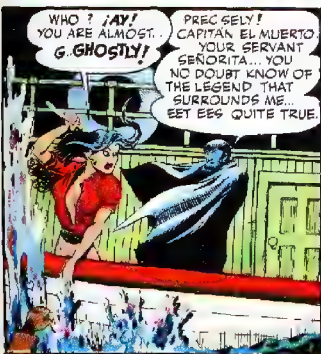
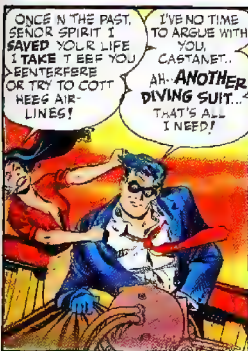
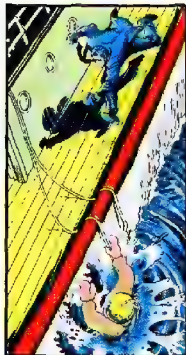
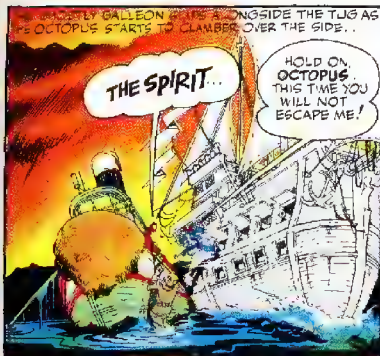
I'LL TAKE THIS
MAGNETIC MINE AND GO
DOWN ABOUT SEVEN FATHOMS.
YOU STAY HERE AND TALK
THEM OFF... IF THEY GET
TOO NOSY, TUG ON
THE LINE THREE TIMES AND
I'LL LET THIS FLOAT TO THE
SURFACE AND BLOW THE
SHIP TO TOOTHPICKS!

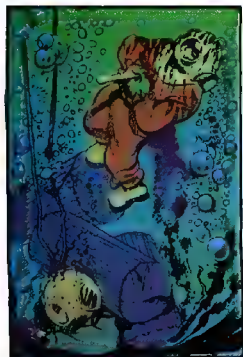
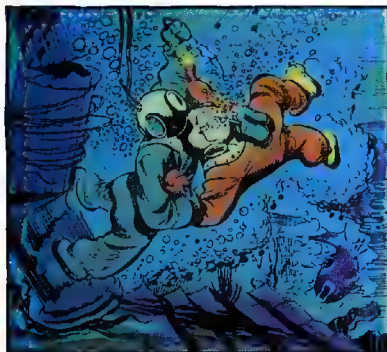
S... HURRY...
I UNDERSTAND...



GOOD GRIEF, MUERTO! NOT
UNTIL I SAW THIS TUG DID I BELIEVE
YOU... THAT'S CASTANET ON THE
DECK... I KNOW SHE'S ALIVE...

SI... AND
FROM NOW
ON EET IS
YOU WHO
MUST STOP
THE
OCTOPUS, FOR
I CANNOT
FIGHT
MORTALS...

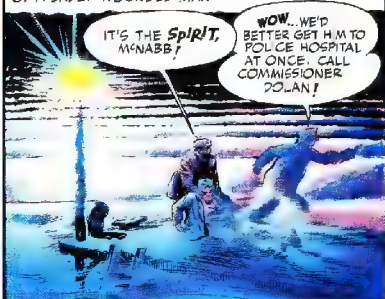




PLUNGING THE EARLY HOURS OF YESTERDAY MORNING, THE ARMY RADAR MONITOR OUTSIDE CENTRAL CITY'S HARBOR PICKED UP WHAT APPEARED TO BE AN APPROACHING VESSEL...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON PIER 55, NOT FAR FROM THERE, A DOCK PATROLMAN FOUND THE LIMP BODY OF A BADLY WOUNDED MAN.



THIS MORNING... AFTER AN ANXIOUS NIGHT...



BLACKMAIL

WINTER CAME LATE THIS YEAR, AND EVEN THOUGH IT'S FEBRUARY, A FLUFFY "DECEMBER SNOW" STILL BLANKETS ABANDONED WILDWOOD CEMETERY. FROM HERE, IN QUARTERS BUILT UNDER A HEADSTONE MARKED "DENNY COLT", THE SPIRIT OPERATES.



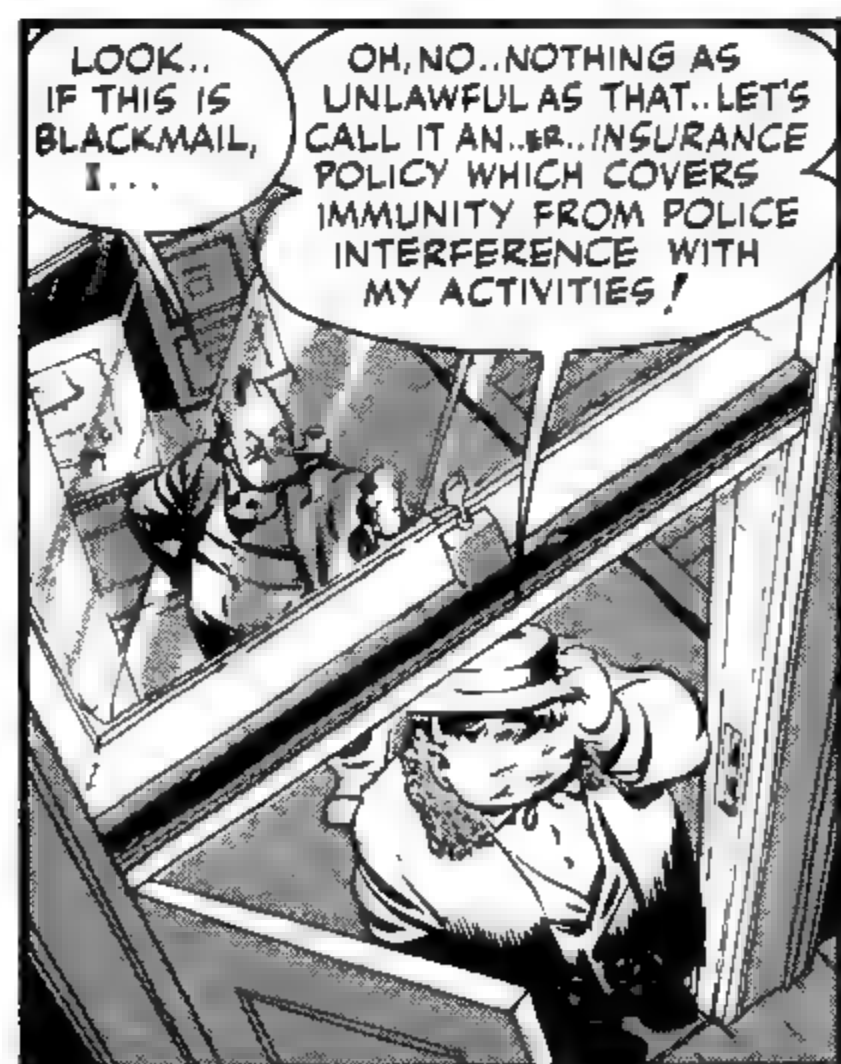
TO THE CENTRAL CITY PRESS
AND TO WHOMEVER ELSE
THIS MAY CONCERN:

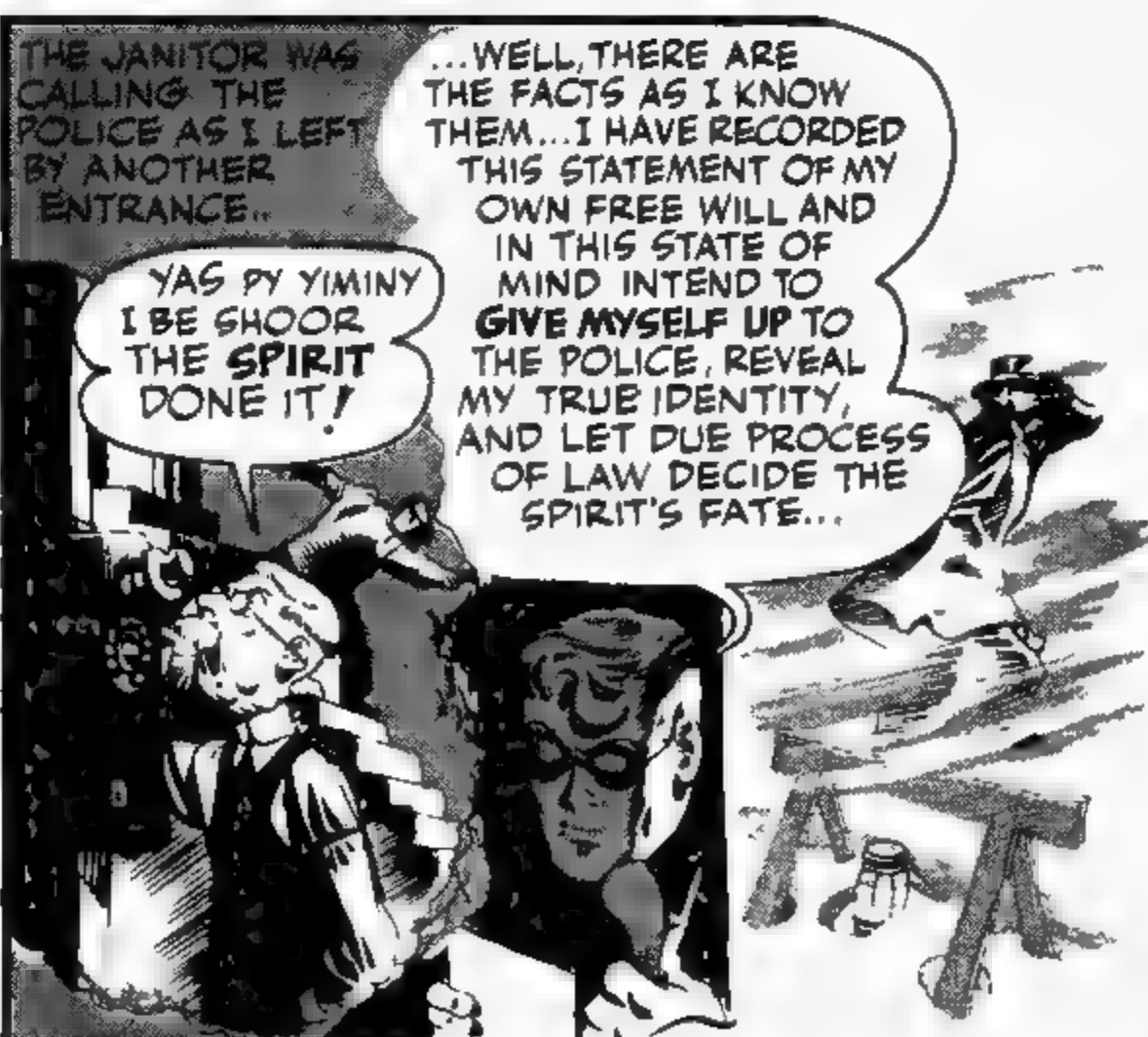
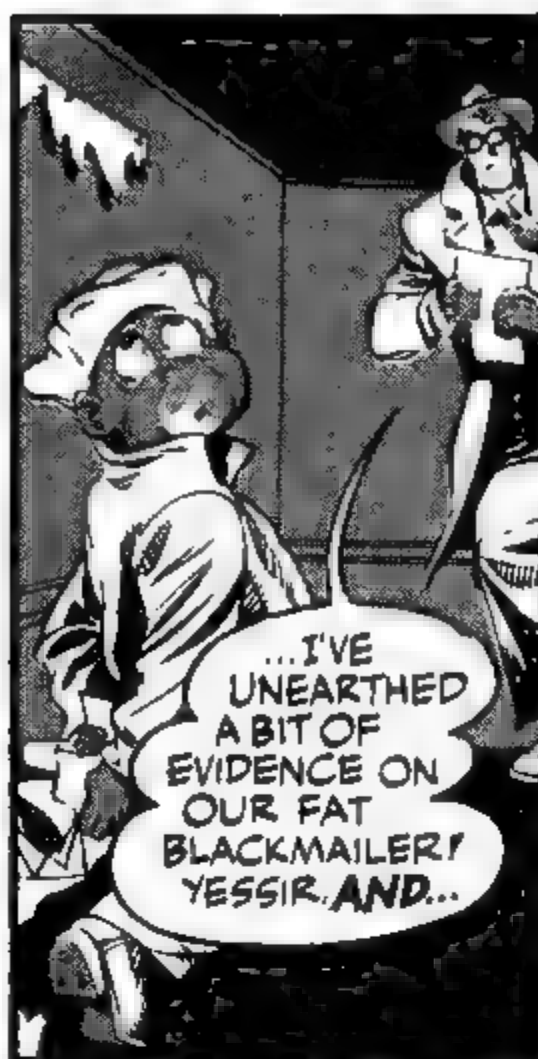
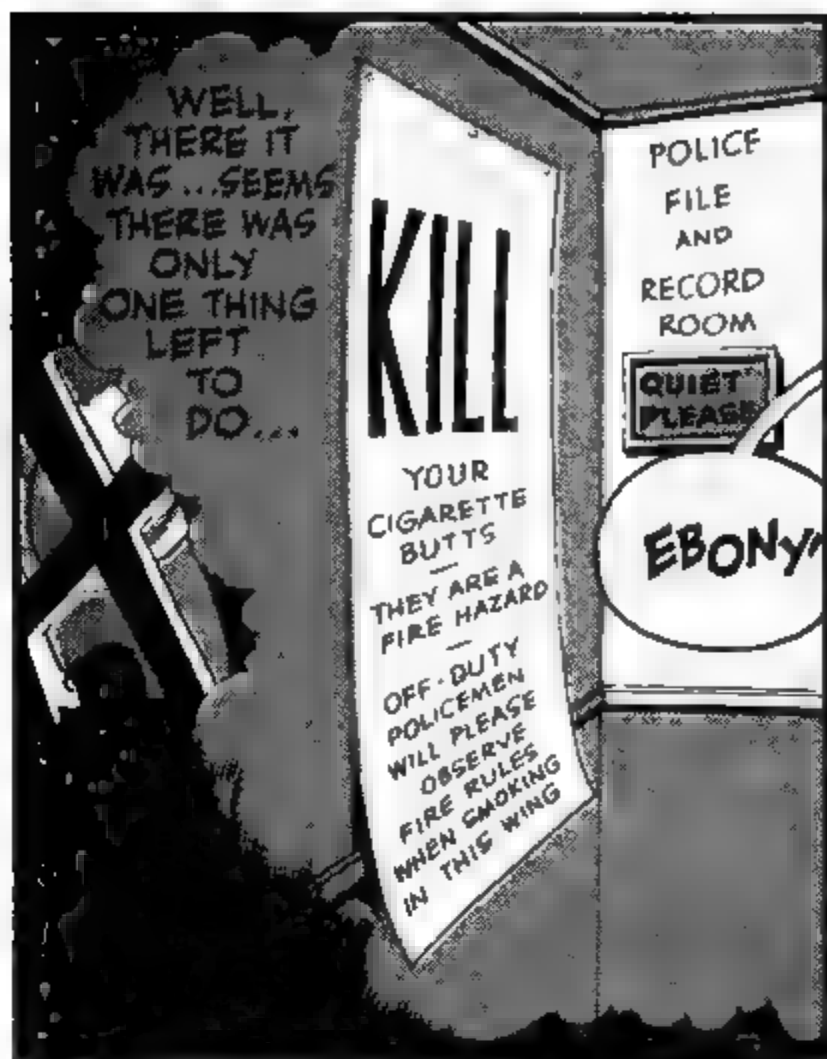
I, DENNY COLT, WHO FOR ALMOST EIGHT YEARS HAVE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO FIGHTING CRIME OUTSIDE THE LAW, DO HEREBY DECLARE TO THE WORLD MY SECRET. IN 1940 I WAS, TO ALL APPEARANCES, KILLED--AND BURIED IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY. IN THE PUBLIC RECORDS, DENNY COLT WAS DEAD. BUT 24 HOURS LATER I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, AND REALIZED THAT I HAD BEEN A VICTIM OF A PECULIAR AND UNDETECTABLE FORM OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION...

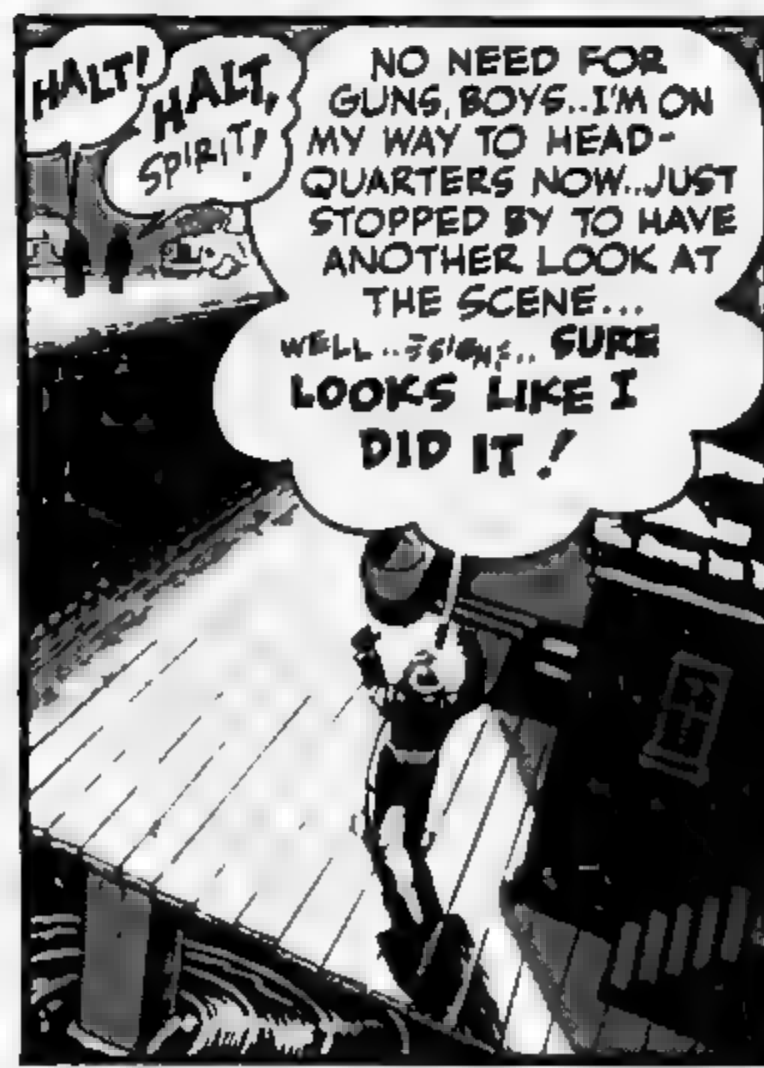
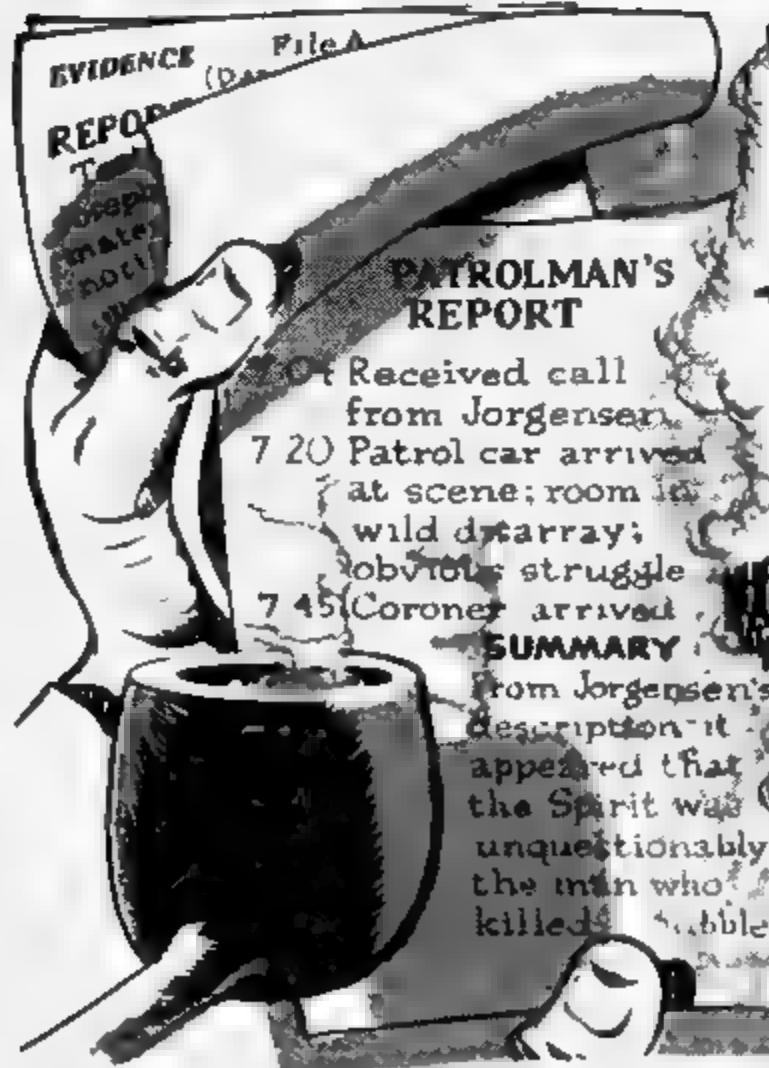
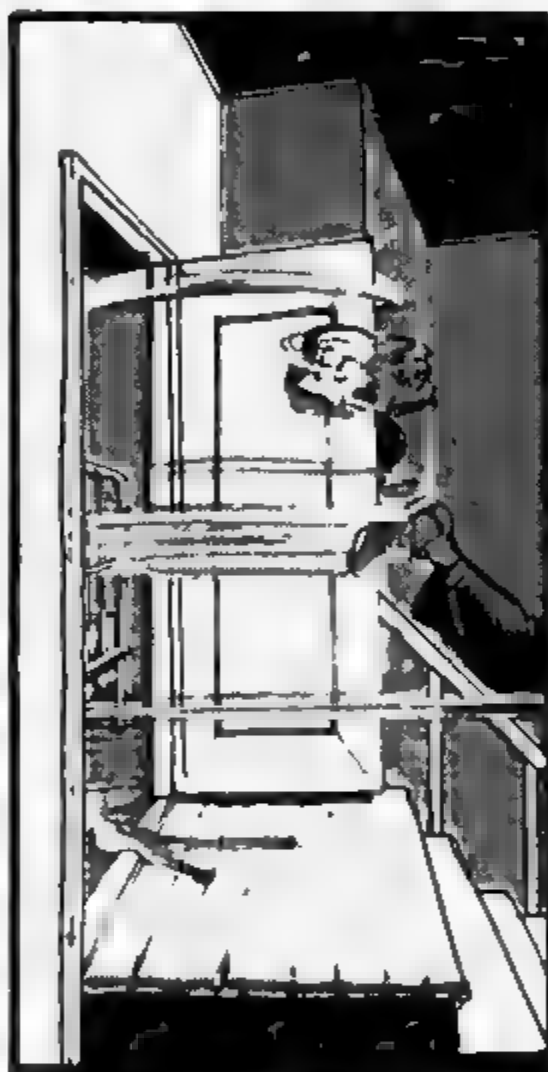
AWED AND HUMBLLED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I WAS LIVING ON BORROWED TIME, I DETERMINED TO DEVOTE THIS TIME TO THE PUBLIC INTEREST. I WAS TRAINED IN CRIMINOLOGY, AND LEGALLY DEAD... I COULD FOLLOW CRIMINALS BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW. I TOLD ONLY MY FRIEND, COMMISSIONER DOLAN... AND, MY IDENTITY CONCEALED BY A MASK, TOOK UP MY CAREER AS...
THE SPIRIT.

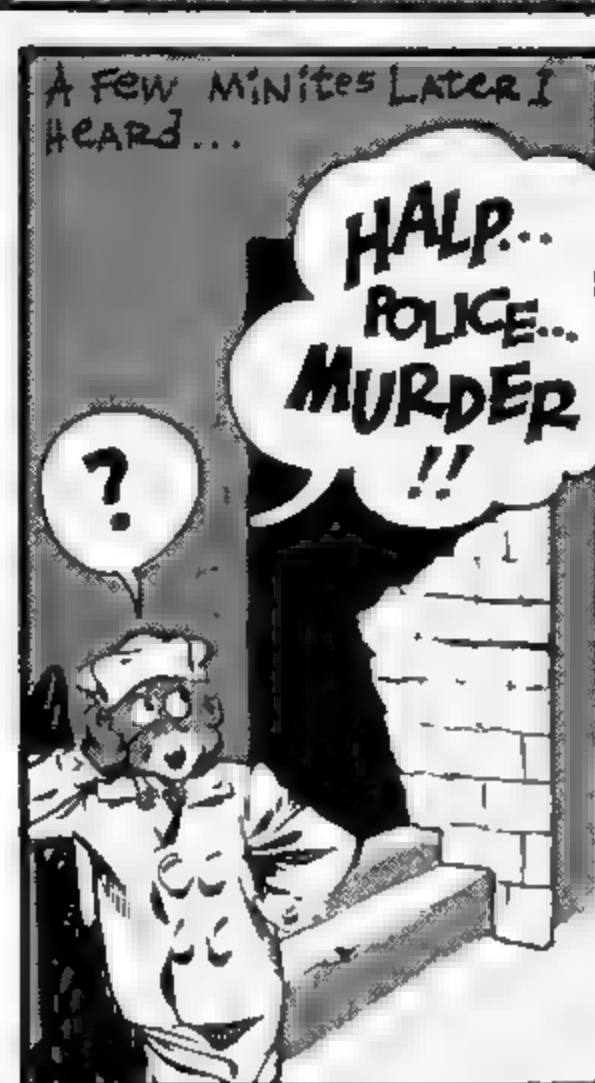
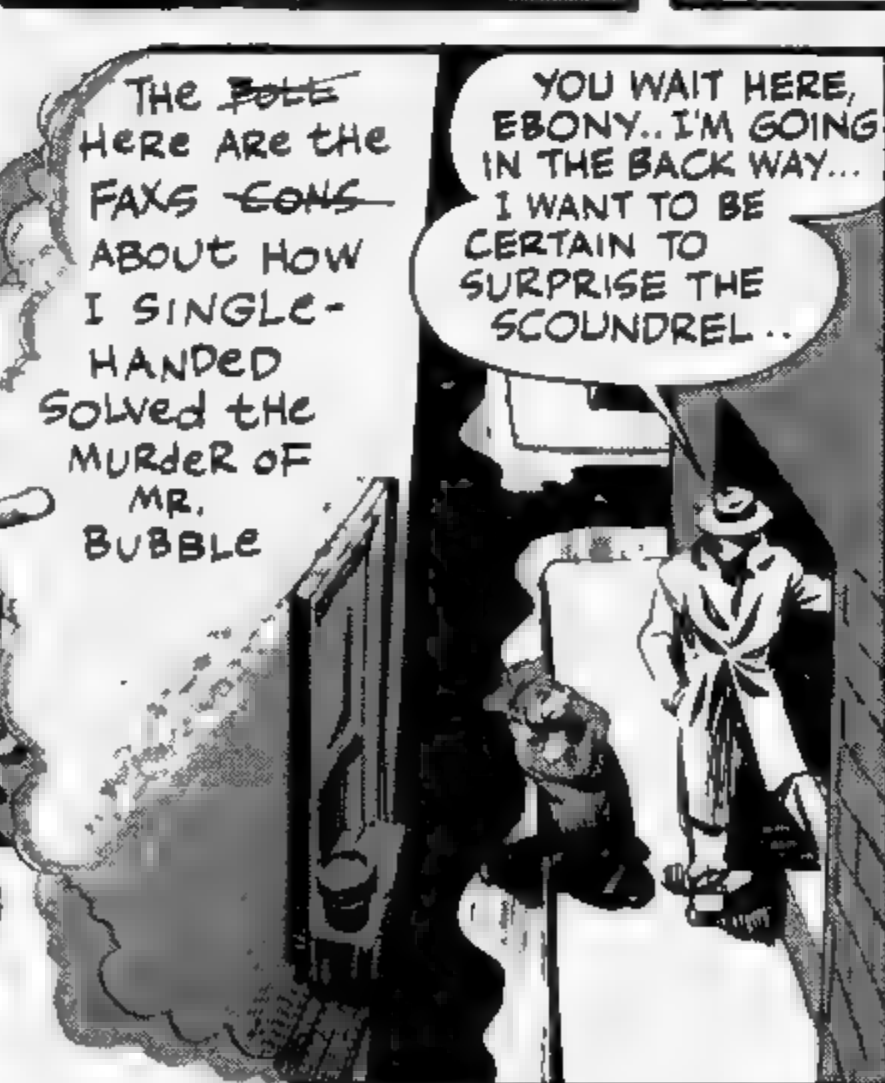
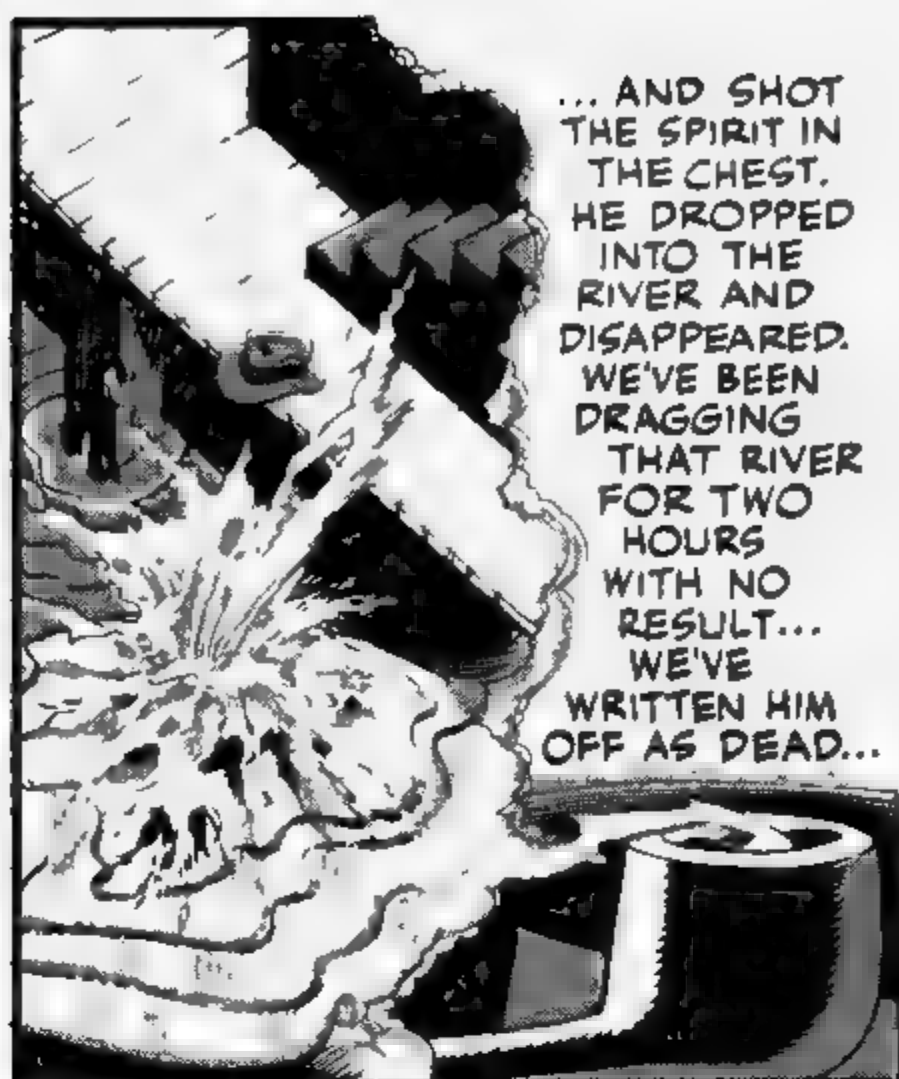
AND NOW, BECAUSE OF THE FOLLOWING EVENTS.... MY CAREER MAY END TODAY!





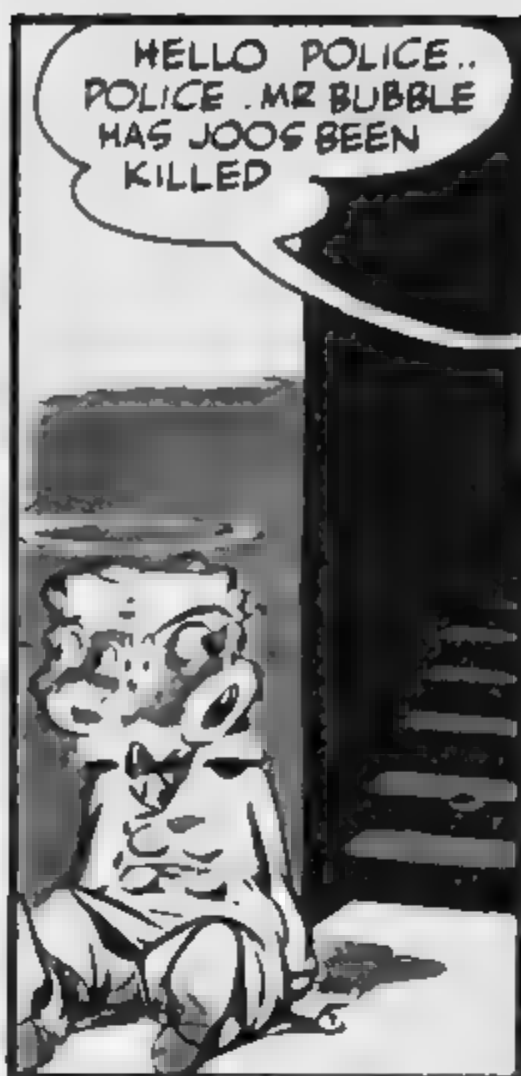








THEN THE NEXT
THING I KNEW



HELLO POLICE..
POLICE..MR BUBBLE
HAS JOOS BEEN
KILLED



BEIN' A NACHEREL
DETEKTIF, I KNEW ZAKLY
WHAT TO DO. I PURSUE
I FOLLERD.

HEY.
WA'T!



O.K..MISTER
KILLER...I GOTCHA
TRAPPED..Y'CAN'T FOOL
ME BY HIDIN' IN THERE..
AH KNOWS THAT'S A
CLOSET..

SO..IT'S A
LITTLE SQUIRT
THAT'S BEEN CHASIN'
ME... O.K. JUNIOR..
LET'S GET THIS THING
TIED UP..

He kep me tied up ALL NITE
AN THE NEXT MORNING AH
HEERD THE SPIRIT TALKIN
TO SOME COPS RIGHT
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...

HAW! WHAT A BREAK..
THE SPIRIT'S GOT HIS
BACK TURNED TO
DIS WINDOW!



NO NEED FOR
GUNS, BOYS..I'M
ON MY WAY TO
HEADQUARTERS
NOW...



THE BULLIT MISSED THE
SPIRIT AND KNOCKED
OFF A COP'S HAT..
THE POLICE, THINKIN' THAT
THE SPIRIT FIRED THE
SHOT - LET HIM HAVVIT!
The po' Spirit dropped
INTO THE RIVER...
Shot bad...



THE KILLER WAITED
UNTIL THE COPS WENT
AWAY.. THEN, JEST AS
HE WUZ GONNA MAKE
A RUN FOR IT...

YOU!!
I THOUGHT
THEY
CROAKED
YA...



I, "Case" Phingle, willingly confess to the murder of Mr. Bubble, who hired me to help him collect evidence to prove the spirit is really Penny Colt. When I realized the value of these papers, I decided to kill him and keep the papers myself... I was in Bubble's room when the spirit came in... I knocked the spirit out, and realizing that the spirit would be blamed for it, I framed him and continued to take advantage of the lucky coincidences.

signed Philip "Case" Phingle



403. Originally published February 15, 1948

The TRAGEDY of MERRY ANDREW

OR
THE MAN WHO LAID THE
SPIRIT LOW



TO-DAY A RECITATION

TOLD WITH FEELING AND
GESTURES, EMBELLISHED BY
KINETOSCOPE AND MUSIC.

BY
THAT PURVEYOR OF
MYSTERICAL HISTORICAL

Will EISNER ESQ.

PROGRAMME :

THE PLOT

BEING THE BEGINNING
OF A NEFARIOUS DEED

THE PLOT THICKENS

IN WHICH THE HERO IS
LURED AND FOULLY DONE IN

RETRIBUTION

IN WHICH THE VILLAIN
REAPS HIS JUST DESERTS

Starring

FOR THIS PERFORMANCE ONLY

The

SPIRIT

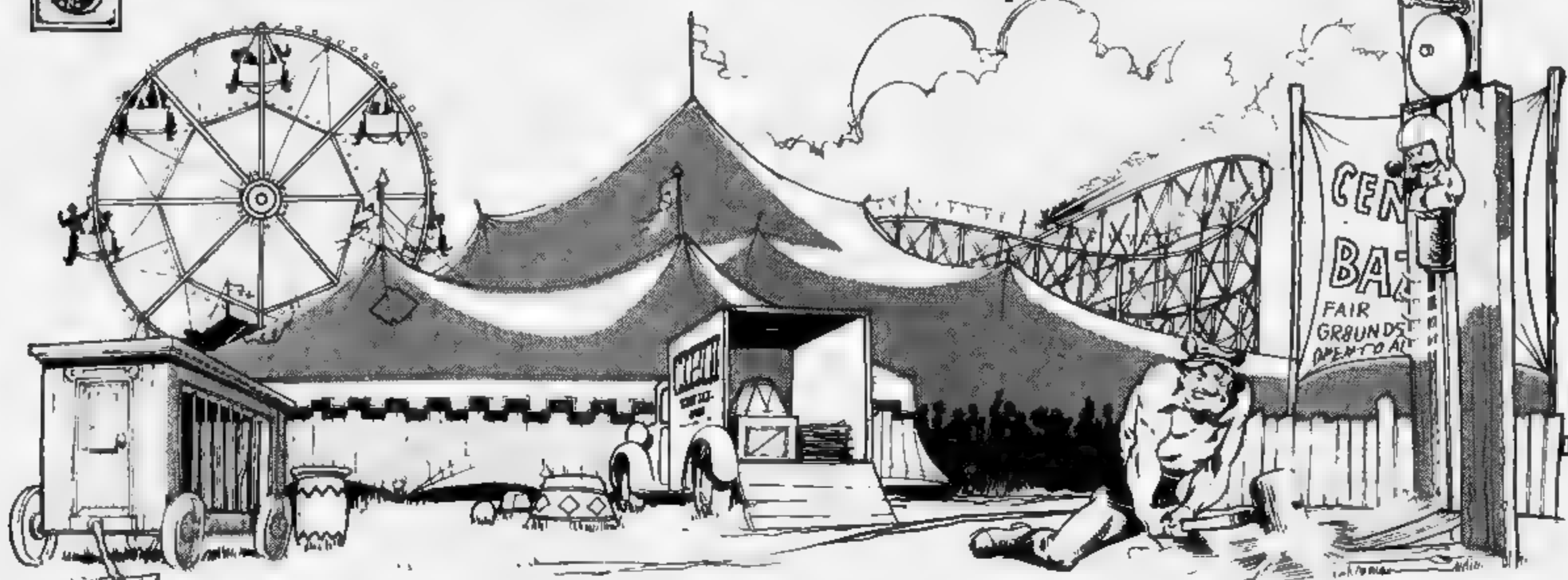
THAT RENOWNED DEFENDER OF
THE PUBLICK WEAL, THAT
PARAGON OF PURPOSE, THAT
MASKED AND SEMI-INVINCIBLE
SCOURGE AND TERROR OF
THE THIEVES AND BOUNDERS
OF THE UNDERWORLD

CHILDREN ADMITTED ONLY IF
ACCOMPANIED BY PARENTS



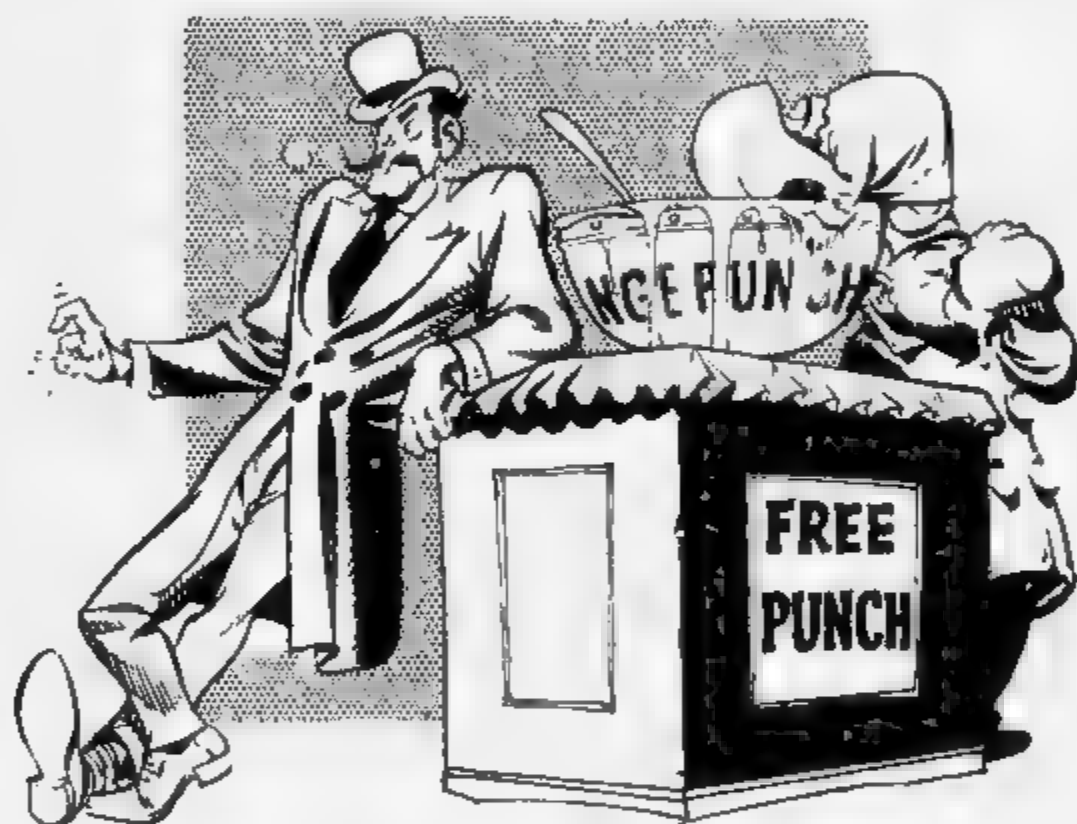
entral City gave a party;
All the town was there.

Dolan, Klink, the Fifth Precinct,
And the Spirit had a share.



Seems the cops had reached the top
In a drive to aid the poor;
Some dough they made for 'Ladies Aid',
Ten thousand to be sure.

Now in the midst of all this joy,
Near charity's free brew,
A dapper gent on mischief bent—
Stood merry sly Andrew.



With sly deceit and cunning neat
When all receipts were in,

Snide Andrew 'spiked' the public punch...
Slipped in a Mickey Finn.



Ahh, Merry Andrew's thinking was
So simple when laid bare;
He merely rose and struck a pose,
And challenged those who'd dare.



To look at Merry Andrew's form
You'd think he was quite daft...
Sunken chest--no biceps left--
A weakling fore and aft.



When all had laughed and passed remarks
About how soft he was,
Our Merry Andrew calmly drew
"...Five grand for him that does!"



Win more dough for the purse they had??
...And by a gloved combat??
Big and small and short and tall
They all threw in their hats.



But Dolan thought he'd play it shrewd...
Eliminate a loss;
He ordered up the Spirit, and...
The ten-grand purse, of course.



**YOU MAKE THE
RULES!**

(THE SIMPLE FOOLS...
HOW COULD THEY EVER
KNOW)

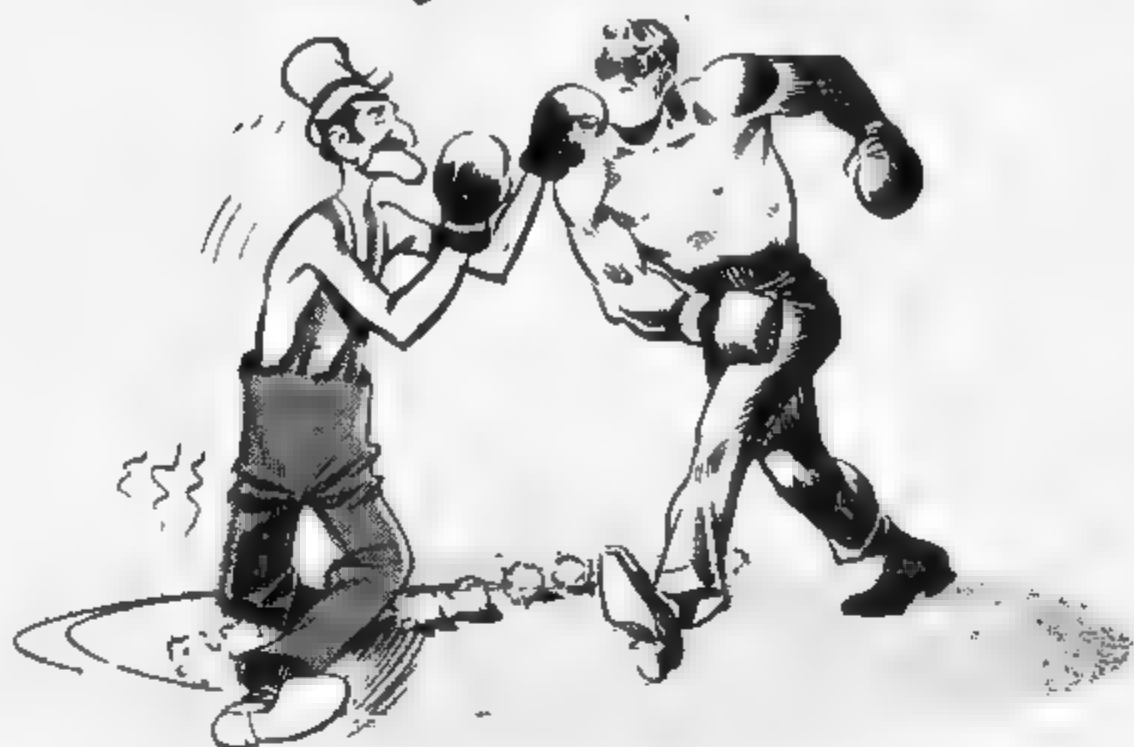
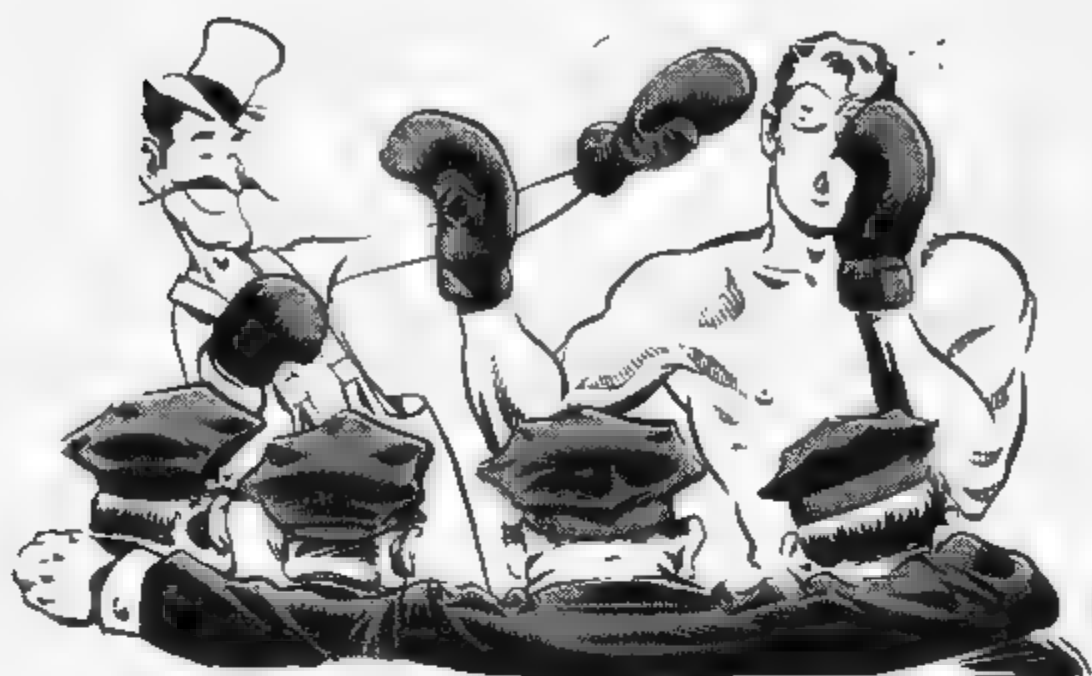
(TO SPARE HIS HIDE
I'LL MAKE IT QUICK)

**I CHOOSE A
THREE-ROUND
GO!**



Oh Merry Andrew laughed out loud,
 'Twas just as he had planned;
 The Spirit would soon where he stood,
 Lie face-down in the sand.

To stall 'til time (and Mickey Finn)
 Would dull the Spirit's will,
 Andrew jabbed and he ducked or danced,
 Just waiting for the kill.



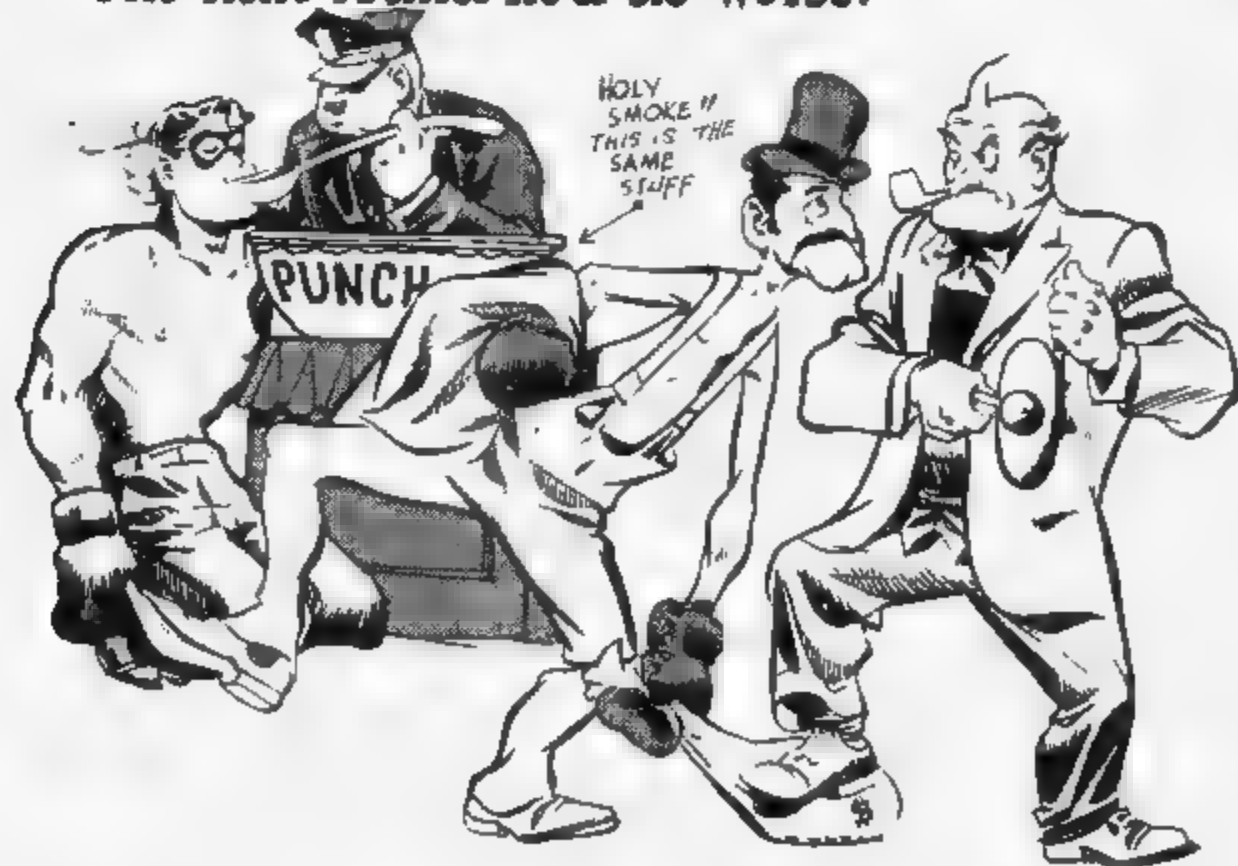
He hadn't long to wait, the rat,
 The Spirit soon did reel...
 Befogged, with brain and forearms dead...
 ...Gad, what a rotten deal.

Oh Merry Andrew laughed out loud,
 'Twas quite as he had planned;
 One left hook and a rabbit punch---
 The Spirit hit the sand!



Oh Merry Andrew looked quite proud,
 And made to take the purse;
 But time-bells bonged and so he vowed
 The next round he'd do worse.

And true to plan, like jungle beasts,
 The Spirit, Andrew slugged;
 The crowd grew sore, it booed and swore,
 Not knowing he was drugged.



The second round and in the third
 Ol' Andrew had the lead;
 The Spirit took from jab to hook
 What Andrew chose to feed.



Then toward the end when time grew close,
 Did Andrew wind one up;
 Then let it go... the crowd gasped 'OH'...
 The Spirit doubled up!



Oh Merry Andrew laughed out loud
 ... A scornful, spiteful crow.



He wanted all the world to hear

HE'D LAID THE SPIRIT LOW!



Joy had left all Central City
 As they closed the fair;
 Gad!.. Even heaven wept bereft...
 Our hero... lay ... right... there...



And as grim darkness settled down.
 The villain thumbed his dough;

**YES, MERRY ANDREW WAS THE MAN
 WHO LAID THE SPIRIT LOW!**



There is nothing like success in life.
The fruits of it are sweet;
You've friends and chums and pals galore
All there to help you eat.



Now news of Andrew's victory
Was met by crooks with cheer;
But none of them quite saw its worth,
'Cept Musclehead M'Sneer.



To Andrew he gave leadership
Of a gang so known to fame
That even at the 5th Precinct
A quiver met its name.

"Precisely what I plan and plot:
We'll let the Spirit know,
For Merry Andrew, our new chief,
Will lay the Spirit low!"



THE NEXT ATTACK
IN QUEST OF JACK
WE'LL DO WITHOUT MUCH FEAR!

BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE SPIRIT,
PAL?
WILL HE NOT INTERFERE?



YOUSE DID IT BEFORE

AND YOUSE CAN
DO IT AGAIN!



WE BEG YOUR
Indulgence
WHILE OPERATOR
CHANGES REELS

HEY,
SKINNY!
Y'MUDDER
WANTS
YA!

AAHH...I WANNA
SEE D'SHOW
AGAIN!

HEY
USHER!
ME KID
BRUDDER
FELL UNDER
D'SEAT

PEANUTS
POPCORN
PEANUTS
POPCORN..

The People's Bank at Sixth and Vine
It trembled from a blast;
And from its vaults with dough et al
M'Sneer's big gang fled fast.



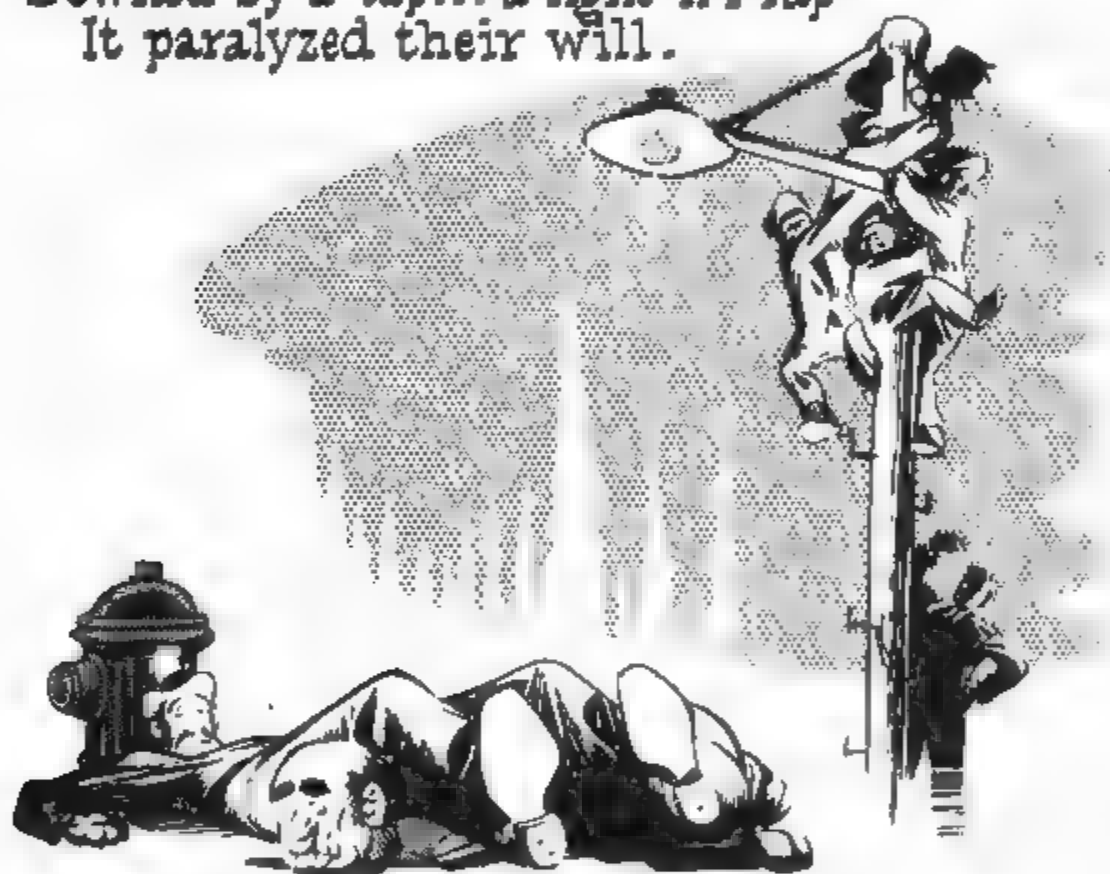
THE SPIRIT!

UH, HUH...

A silence grim and fraught with doom
 Descended over all;
 Like vultures gathered round to watch
 The mighty Spirit's fall.



And what was worse and hard to take,
 Their champion lay quite still;
 Downed by a tap... a light li'l rap
 It paralyzed their will.



Nothing's so slight as success in life
 That's won by talent thin;
 Embark on crime in any line
 And you c'n never win.



Like cymbal's clash in symphonies
 Their ears rang with the crack;
 Oh terror, fear, dismay, and rage,
OUR ANDREW'S ON HIS BACK!



Oh Merry Andrew cried and cried
 To think the world would know
 That he had won by tricks so base
 The city's poorhouse dough!



And Merry Andrew to this day
 So bowed by shame and woe
 Will still recall, for pittance small,
 He laid the Spirit low.



LIFE BELOW

A CITY
IS A LIVING
THING...

IT IS A
BREATHING,
PULSATING,
MAN-MADE
PHENOMENON
WHOSE
FOUNDATIONS
GO DEEP
INTO THE
EARTH...

THERE, IN
THE WET
CATACOMBS
OF ITS ROOTS,
TEEMS A
LIFE QUITE
UNKNOWN
TO US IN THE
FOREST OF
TOWERS
ABOVE..

by Will Eisner



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So remote is the thought of life beneath the streets that in the chill rainy dawn of December 26, 1947, police commissioner Dolan laughed when "Tattler" Jeeks said "The Worm" would come from the grave to keep him from squealing about where the bank money was hidden.

NONSENSE! THE WORM WAS SHOT MONTHS AGO, AND POLICE SAW HIM FALL INTO A SEWER... HE WAS WASHED OUT TO SEA! BESIDES, THE AREA IS SURROUNDED.. A FLY COULDN'T GET AT YOU..

BRRR. ACHOO! IT'S RAINING AGAIN... LET'S TAKE A STAFF CAR TO THE CELLS, DOLAN.

YEAH...HEY, KLINK... GET US A STAFF CAR.. WE'RE TAKING TATTLER TO CELL BLOCK #10 FOR FINGERPRINTING... HURRY..THIS RAIN IS SOAKING ME!

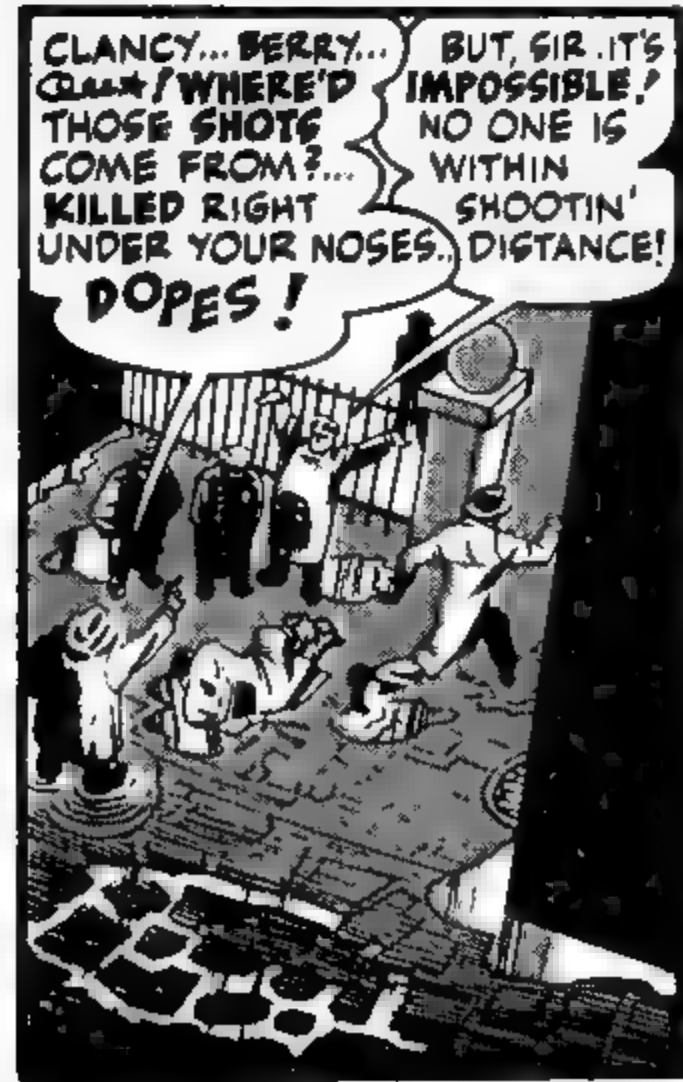
YES, SIR.

NOTHING TO FEAR, TATTLER...YOU'RE IN THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS COURTYARD!

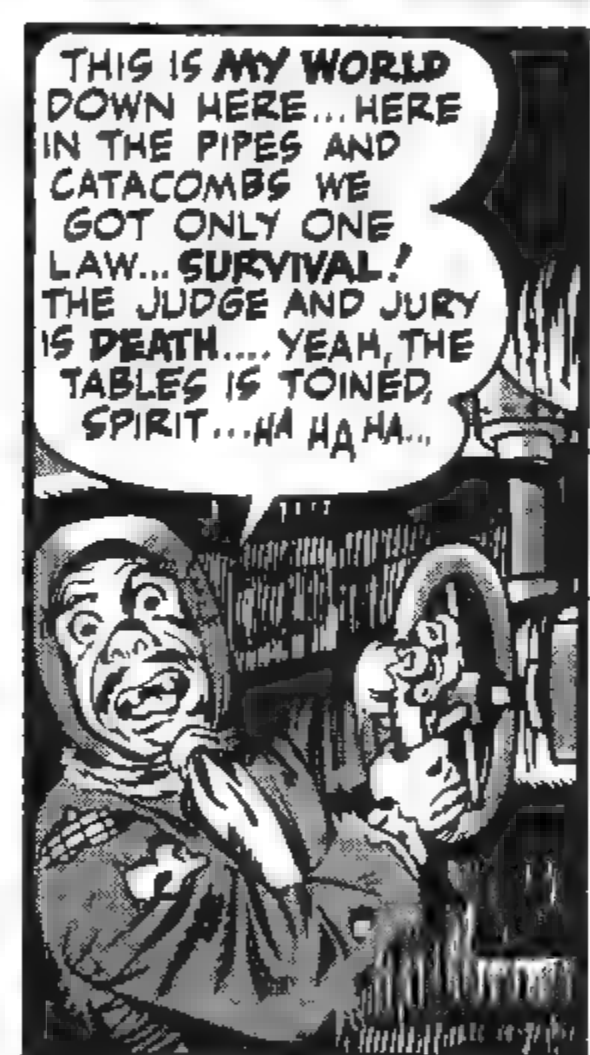
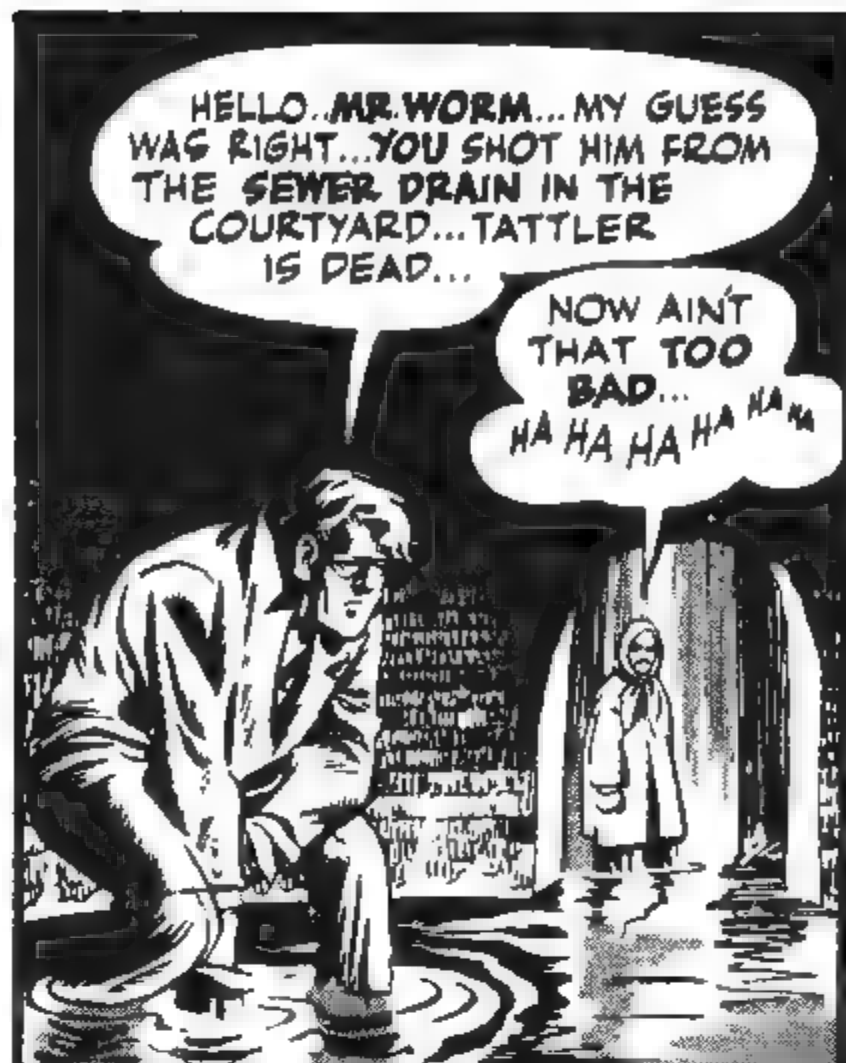
I..I..I K-KNOW.. B-BUT THE WOIM AINT DEAD.. HE'LL COME FROM BELOW... TO GET ME...

B-B-BUT A W-WOIM COULD!

HA HA HA HA..



...And so...
in the silence of
the city beneath....





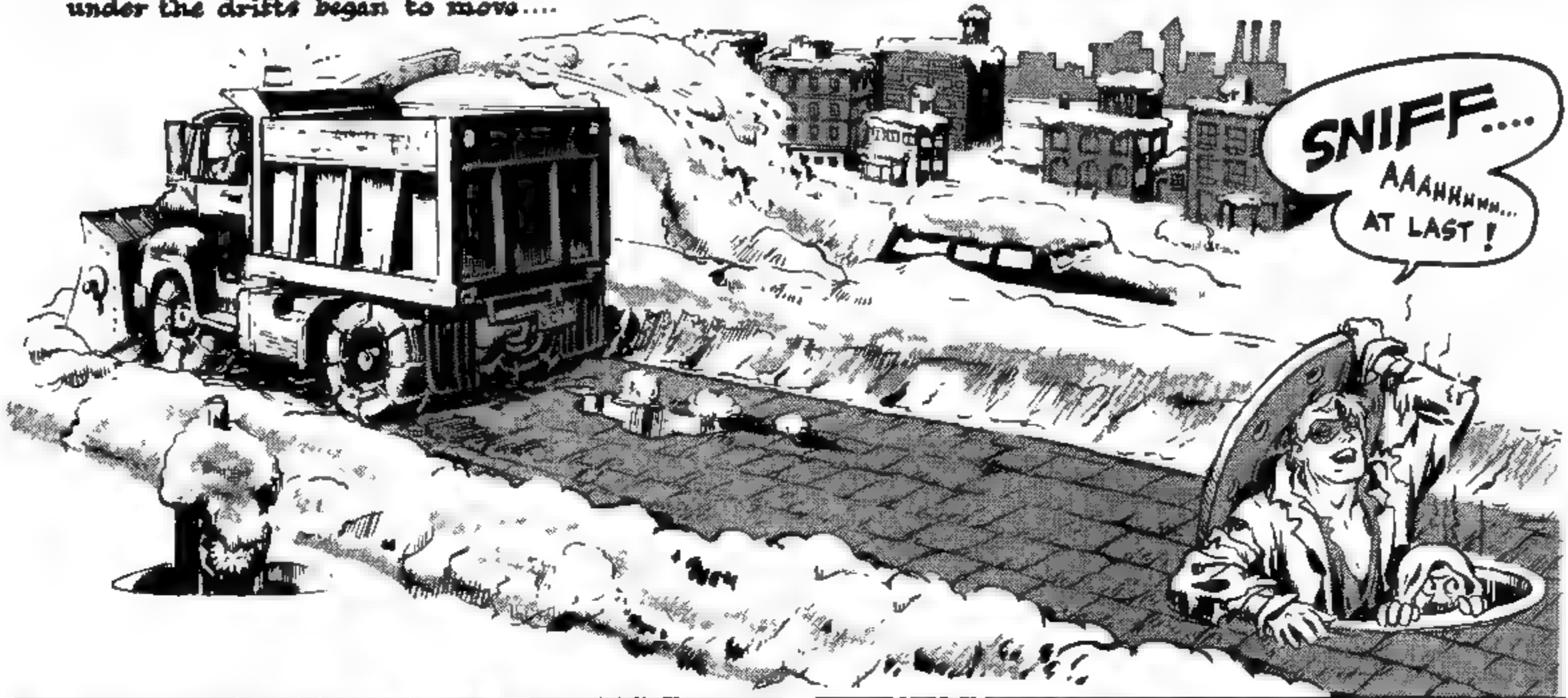


It was now midnight of the 26th of December, 1947... a snowfall greater than the blizzard of '88 had fallen and the city lay prostrate under 25.8 inches of snow...railroads were halted...power lines down...cars and trucks lay abandoned in the streets...the once-busy metropolis lay inert and silent under a shroud of white. Atop the manhole cover stands a 2½ ton truck...immovable..





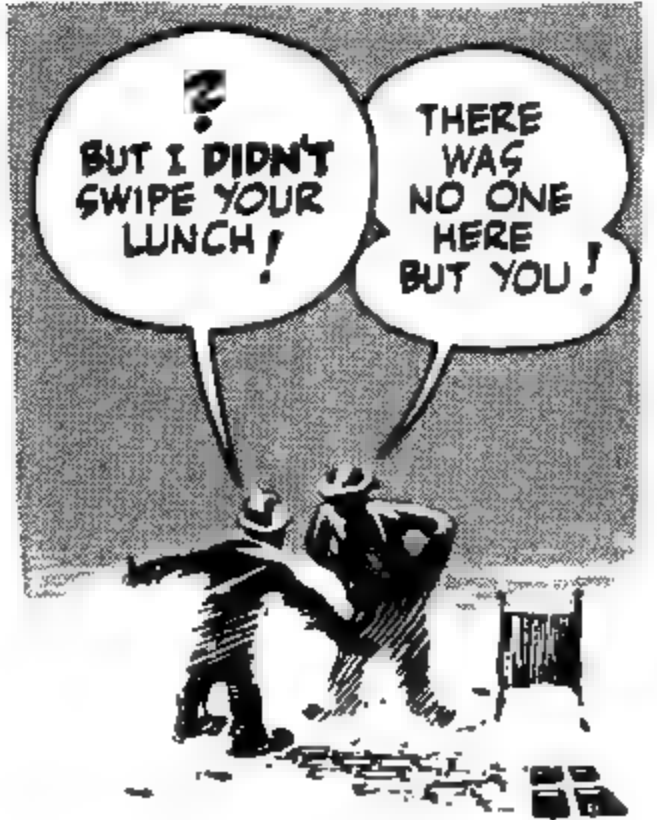
On the morning of the 27th, the city with military precision moved huge equipment into the streets and began the million-dollar job of snow removal ... life began to regain its tempo, and things long buried under the drifts began to move....



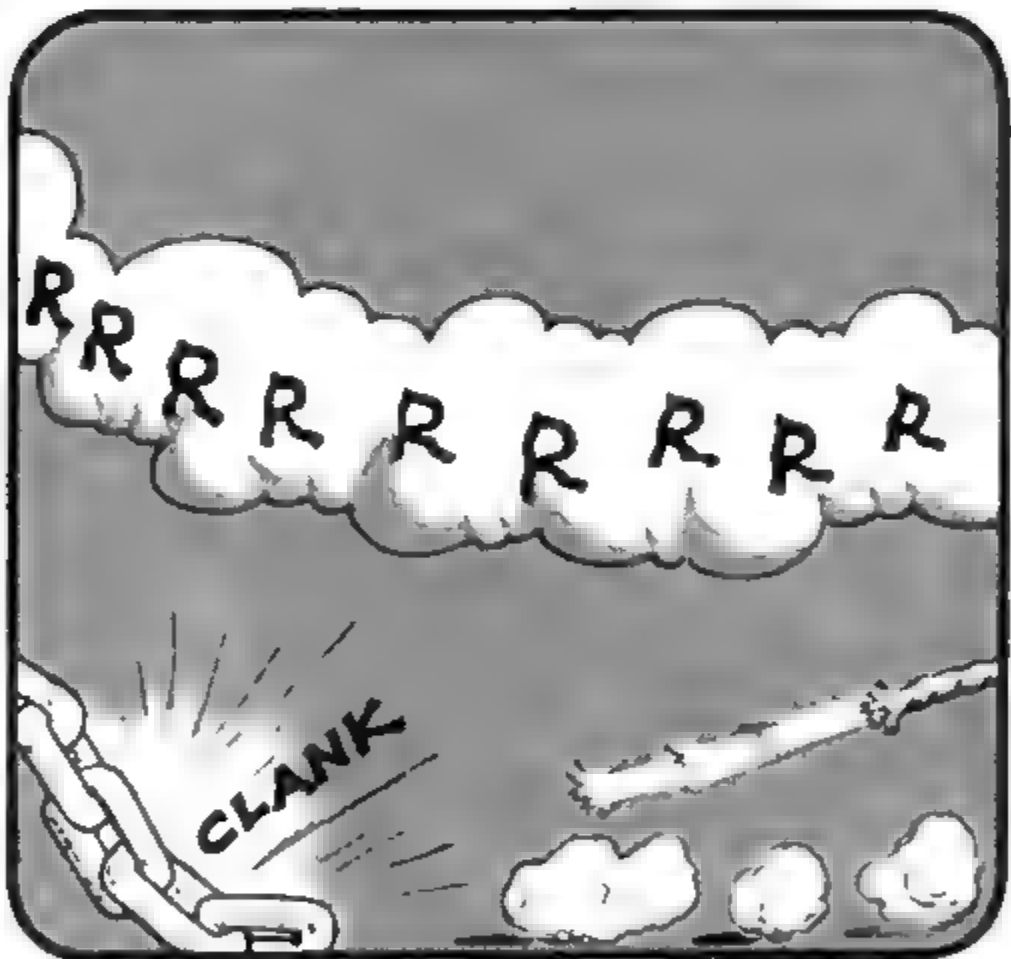
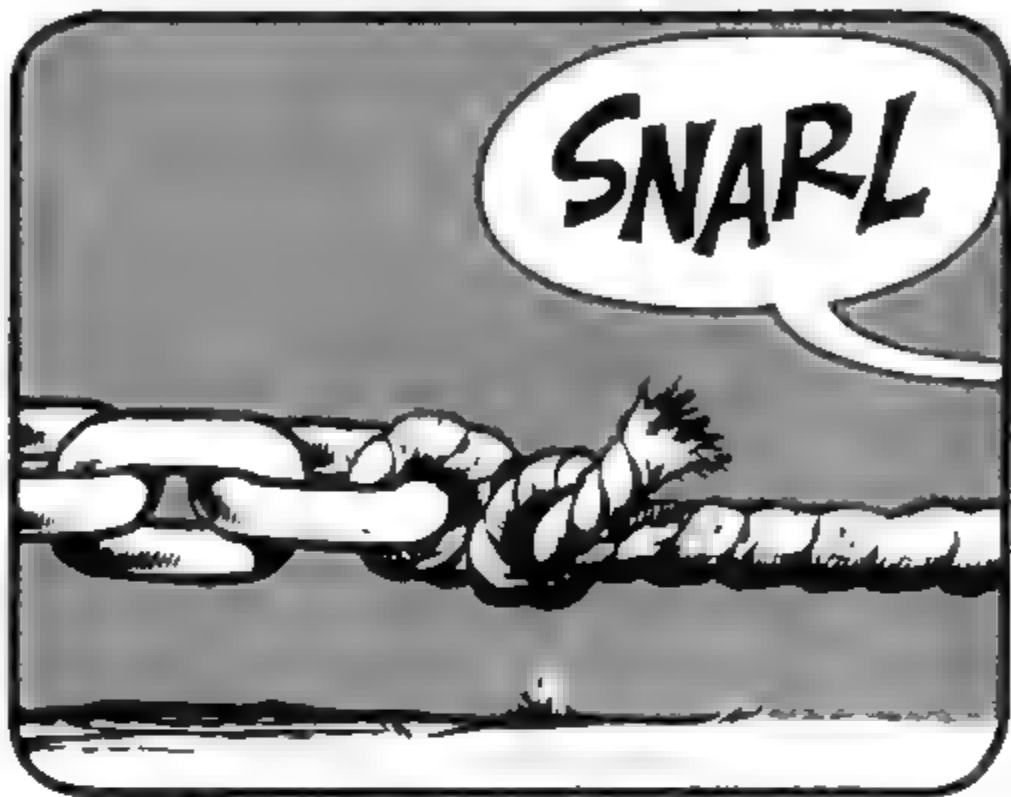
Within 48 hours the temperature dropped ... a soft rain melted the snow, saving the city millions of dollars...

....and all was normal above...

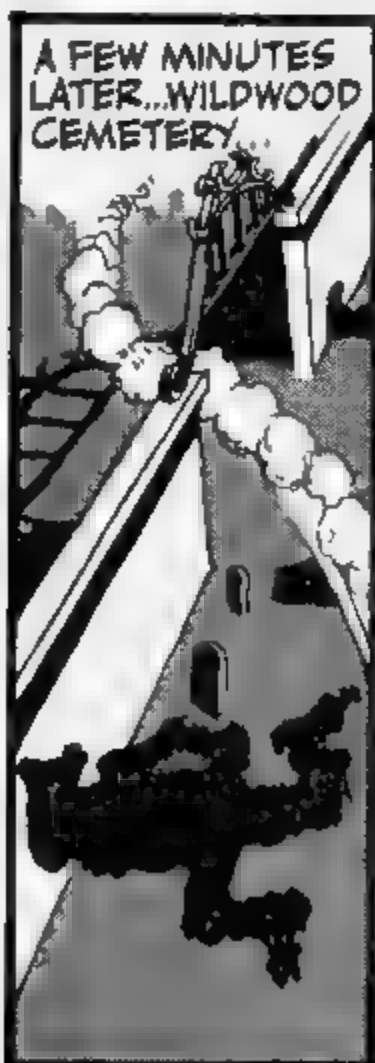
... and below the city..



The RETURN of ROGER

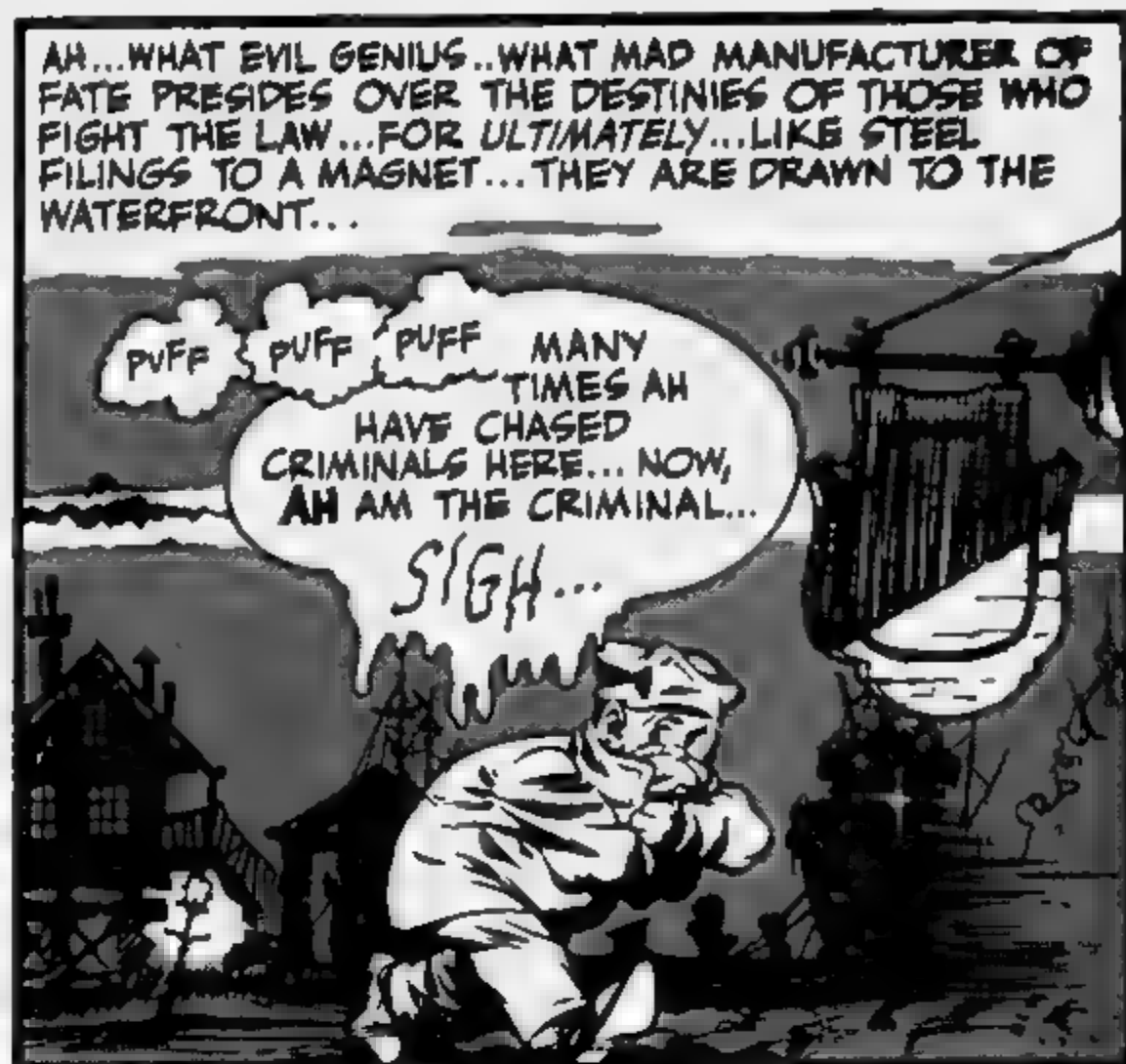








AH'LL
NEVUH GIVE
YO' UP...
NEVUH.
NEVUH!



AH...WHAT EVIL GENIUS...WHAT MAD MANUFACTURER OF
FATE PRESIDES OVER THE DESTINIES OF THOSE WHO
FIGHT THE LAW...FOR ULTIMATELY...LIKE STEEL
FILINGS TO A MAGNET...THEY ARE DRAWN TO THE
WATERFRONT...

PUFF PUFF PUFF MANY
TIMES AH
HAVE CHASED
CRIMINALS HERE... NOW,
AH AM THE CRIMINAL...
SIGH...



EBONY...

OH...
MR.
PILFER...
AH'M ON THE
LAM...C'N YUH
HELP ME
HIDE
OUT...?



AH'M BEIN'
ACCUSED O'
STEALIN'
THIS DOG..
AH GOTTA
HIDE OUT
UNTIL AH C'N
GET TO
CARTER CITY
AND BEG THE
REAL OWNER
TO LEMME
HAVE HIM
F'KEEPS...

SURE,
PAL...I
OWE
YOU AN' THE
SPIRIT A
FAVOR,
ANYHOW....
C'MON
IN
HERE!



MERTON...
MEET **EBONY**...
HE'S HOT AND
NEEDS A RETREAT
TO BEAT THE
HEAT AN' COOL
HIS FEET.

WHAT?



WHY, YOU STOOPID
FOOL...THIS KID
IS BEIN' USED TO
TRAP US...HE'S A
SPY!



YOU TURNED
CROOK?...DO YOU
TAKE ME FOR A
FOOL?

TELL THE SPIRIT
TO TRY ANOTHER
TRICK!

SIGH...
CRIME
SURE DOES NOT
PAY...



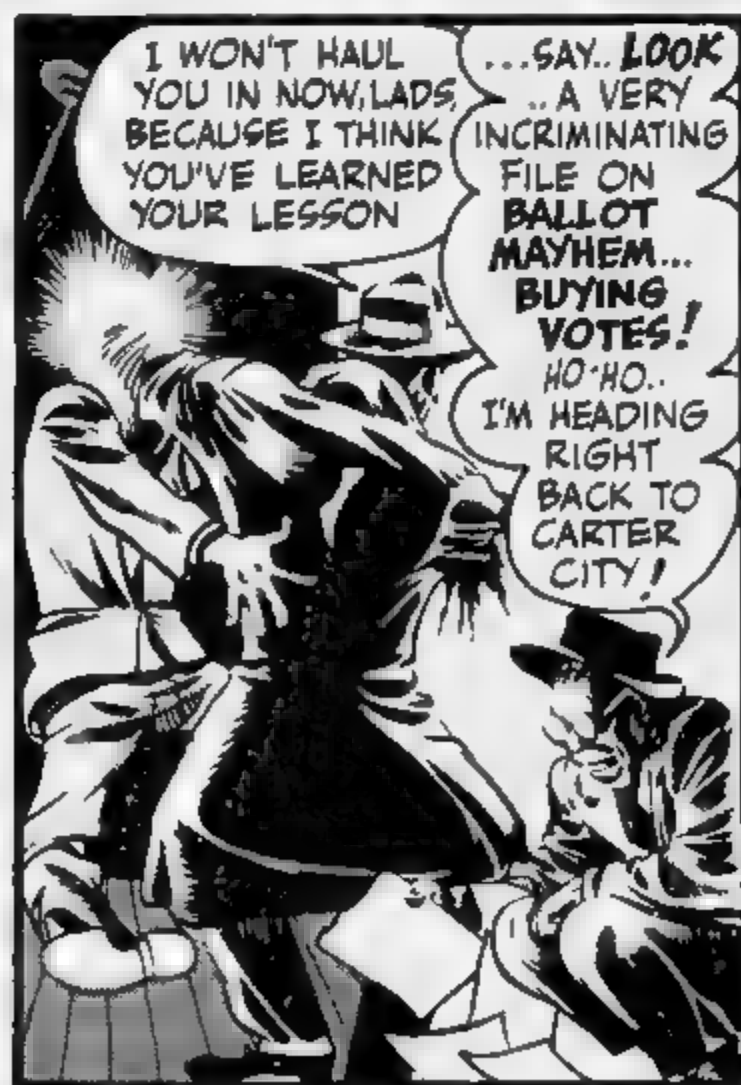
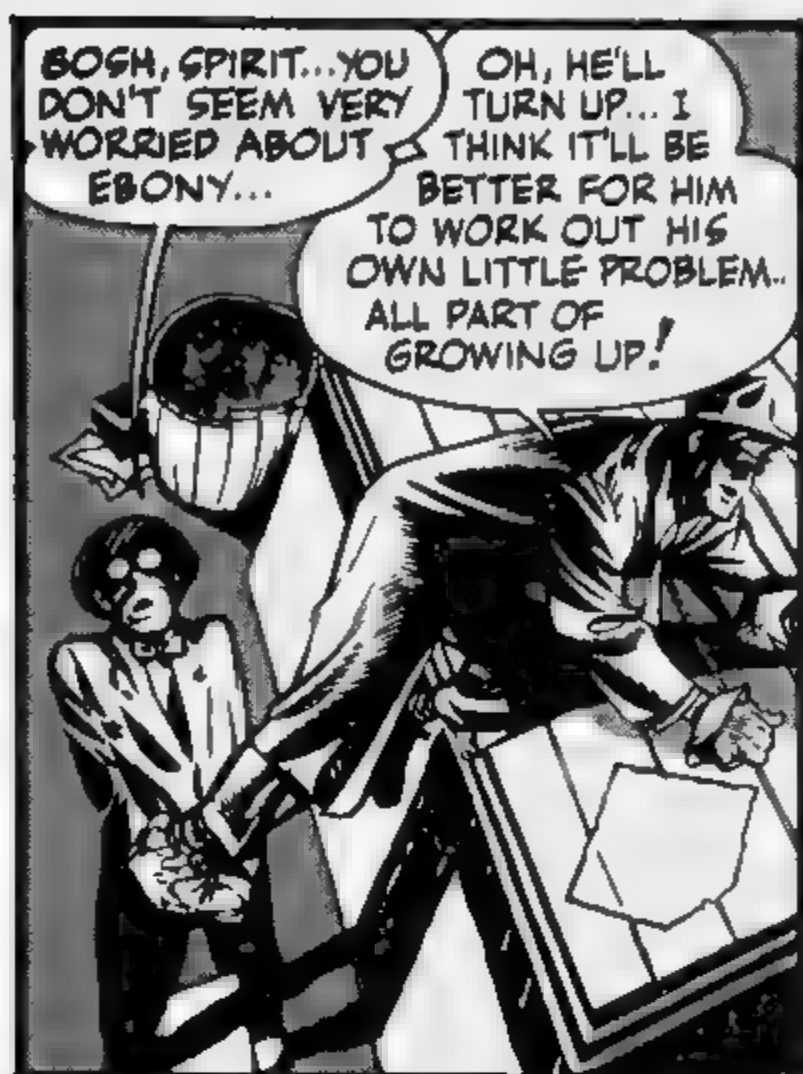
MEANWHILE, AT
WATER ST. AND
DOCK'S END...

STILL
WAITING
FOR
EBONY,
LIEUT. GRAY?
HE'S **CHUCKLE**
GONE ON
THE LAM...

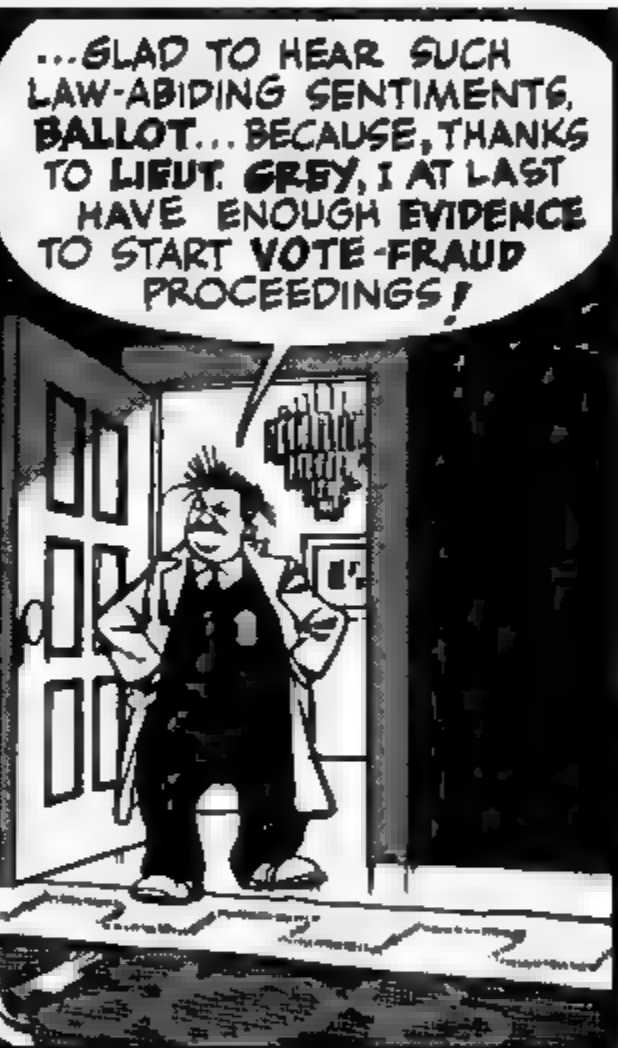


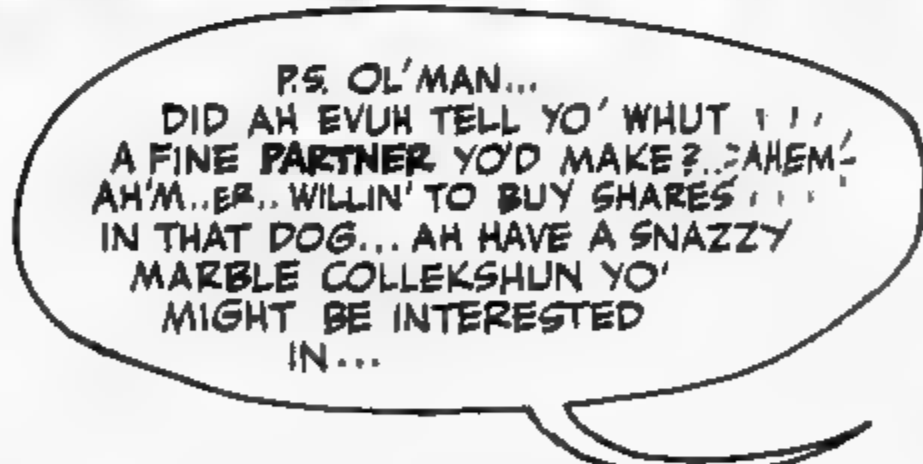
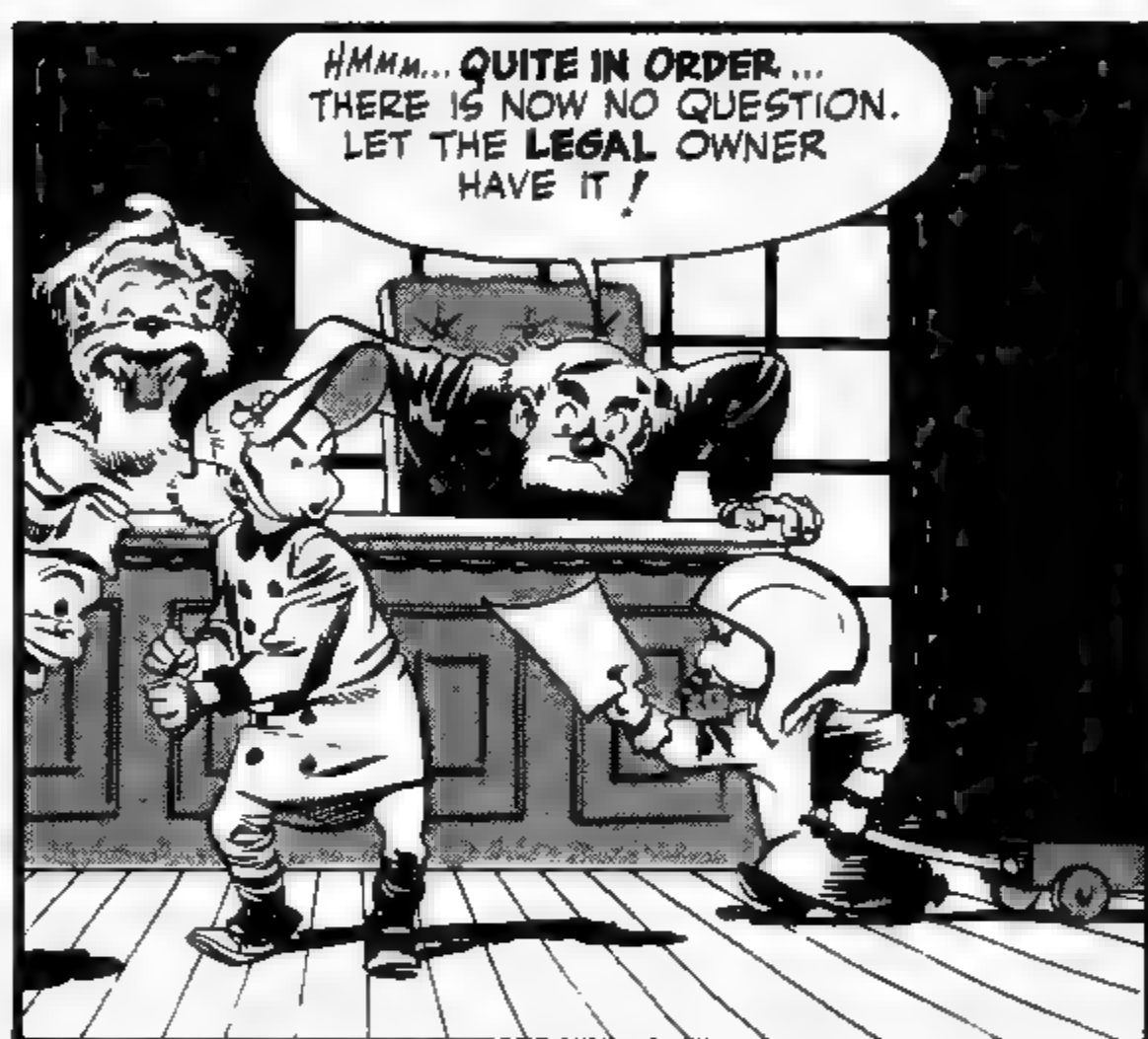
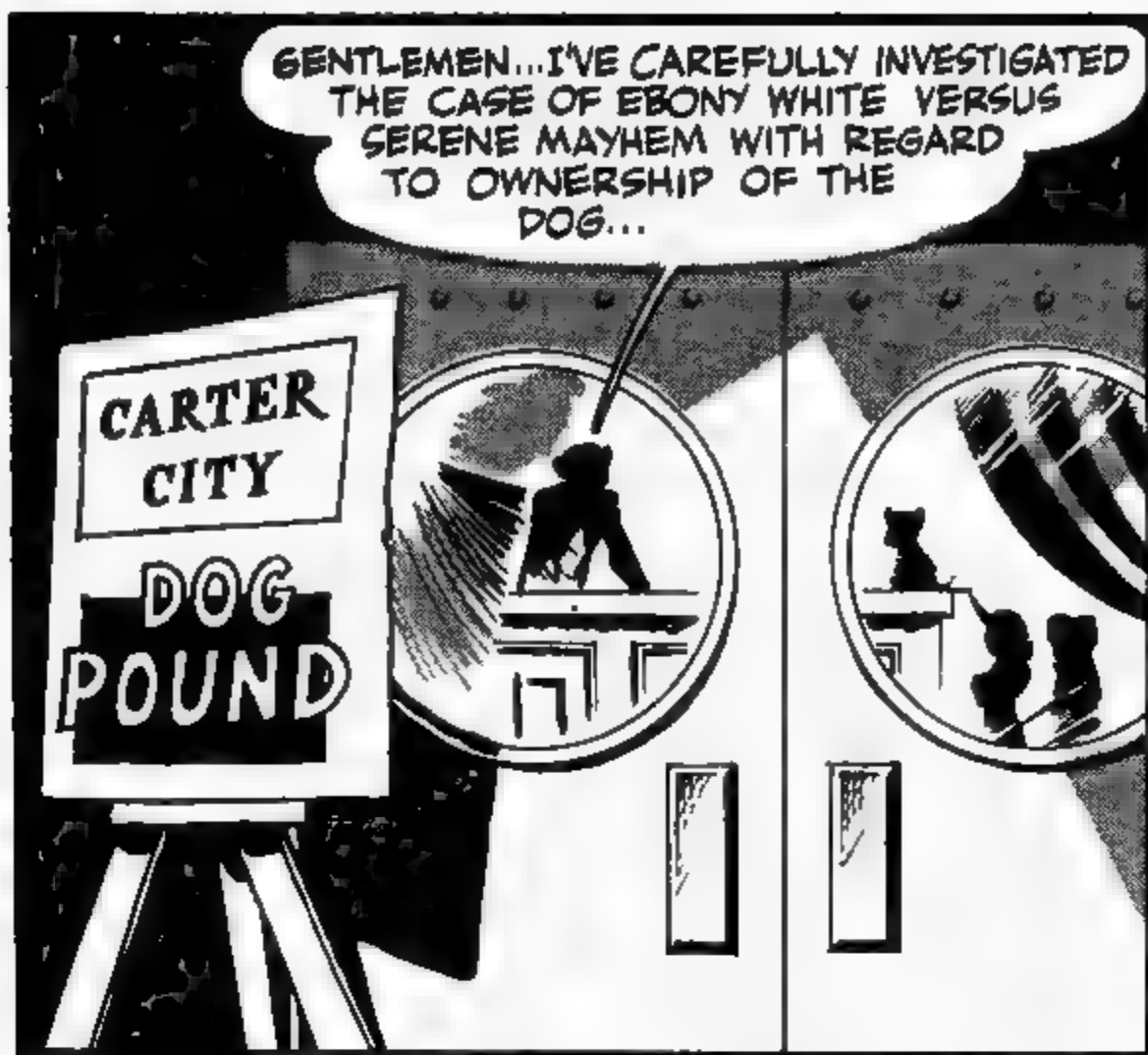
SPIRIT... NICE TO
SEE YOU AGAIN...
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING DOWN
HERE...

A BLACKMAIL
CASE..MERTON
AND PILFER ARE
AT IT AGAIN....
WANT TO HELP?



SO...AS NIGHT DEEPENS,
A MERCILESS RAIN DRENCHES
CARTER CITY, A TIRED
FUGITIVE STRUGGLES UP
THE ROCKY ROAD OF
PENANCE....





THE SPIRIT

HOMICIDE : UNSOLVED

The Strange Case of Mrs. PARAFFIN:

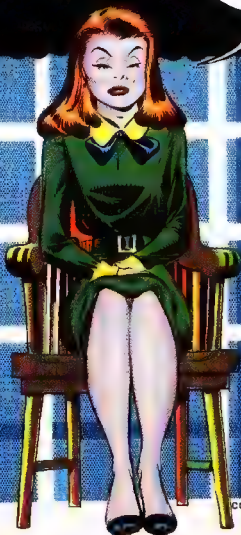
On Jan. 12th a young woman walked into Police Commissioner Dolan's office and, with a coolness that gave us goosepimples, announced that she wished to be BOOKED for MURDER!

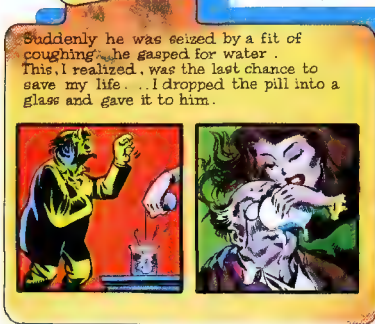
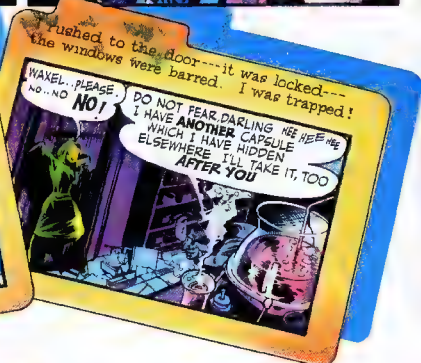
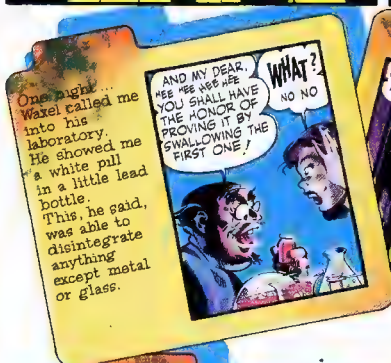
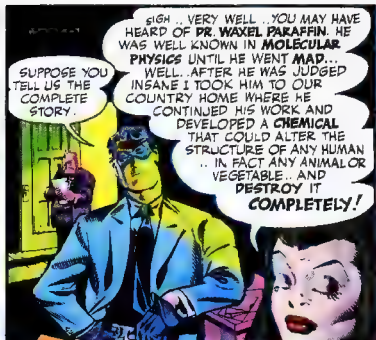
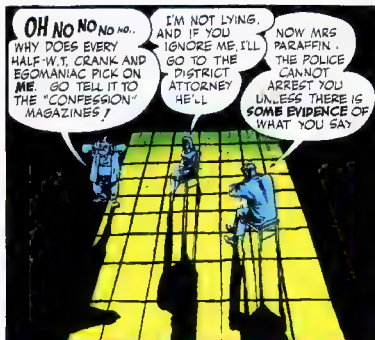
We asked why---- and her reply started me on one of the weirdest cases I have ever failed to solve.

filed--Wildwood--March 7, 1943

BY WILL EISNER

I HAVE
JUST MURDERED
MY HUSBAND!

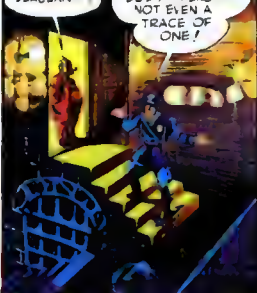




Perhaps it was her calmness her level tone or just plain curiosity that made Dolan send a squad scurrying to the Paraffin home on the edge of town.



Y BACK SO SOON SERGEANT



YES SIR THERE ISN'T ANY BODY THERE NOT EVEN A TRACE OF ONE!

HELLO MISSING PERSONS BUREAU ROUTINE CASE LADY'S HUSBAND'S RUN OFF SHE THINKS SHE KILLED HIM

BUT I DID KILL HIM HE EVAPORATED
DISINTEGRATED
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



COMPLETELY DESTROY MOLECULAR ARRANGEMENT BY A CAPELLE? FAH! IMPOSSIBLE!

NEVER IN ALL MY RESEARCH HAVE I HEARD SUCH ROT...AND I'M A SPECIALIST!

THE MISSING PERSONS' BUREAU CANNOT LOCATE YOUR HUSBAND THERE'S NO REASON TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY...NOW GO HOME LIKE A NICE LADY

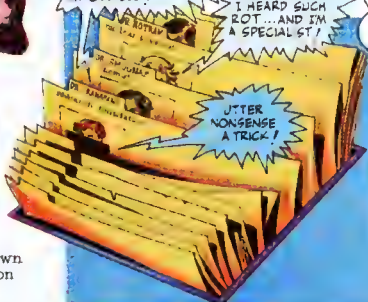
NO! I'VE TALKED TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. HE'LL TRY ME ON MY AFFIDAVIT



She turned and looked at me



I couldn't resist...I began my own investigation



UTTER NONSENSE A TRICK!



MRS PARAFFIN YOU KNOW NO COURT IS GOING TO CONVICT YOU OF MURDER ON SUCH A FLIMSY STORY
...F YOUR HUSBAND HAS DISAPPEARED, YOU'LL GET AN AUTOMATIC DIVORCE IN FIVE YEARS AND THEN YOU'LL BE FREE

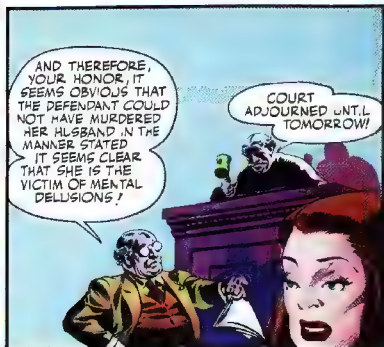
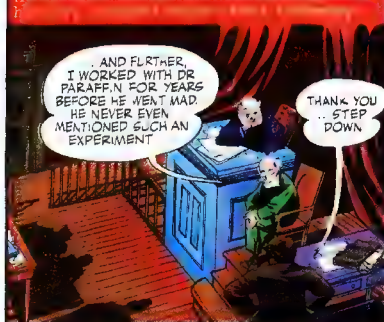
BUT I DON'T WANT A DIVORCE I JUST WANT TO DIE. I HAVE A CHOICE OF DEATHS AND I PREFER THE LEGAL OUT.... CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WON'T **SOMEPOPY** UNDERSTAND?



Many times in my career I have been asked to prove someone innocent but now for the first time I had to prove someone **GUILTY OF MURDER**

...and what was worse...I had the feeling she was telling the truth.

At the court examination...the next day...



As she was leaving the courtroom, she... Dolan and me...



That night I sat up thinking about the case---if the "atomic pills" existed at all, then there must be a written formula ..Dr Paraffin would not destroy the formula of such a momentous discovery...

Sure!.. he would hide it! But WHERE? ..How?

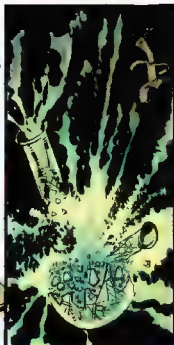




The laboratory had been searched thoroughly --therefore the formula must have been hidden in a place so obvious that the police would overlook it--- I saw a pile of old scientific journals lying on top of Paraffin's desk..

I began leafing through them, and sure enough, halfway through the pile --stuck between the pages of a tattered old magazine---I found The FORMULA!



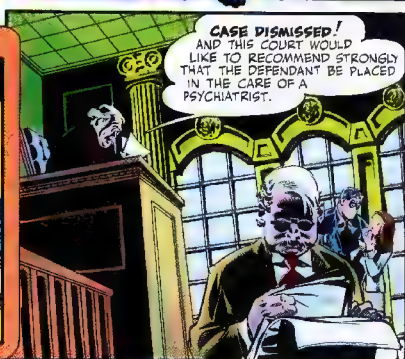


When the smoke cleared away, the lead bottles were empty-- there was no cat --- no paper -- nothing but a hole in the wooden top of the laboratory table.



He was right-- for at the next court session...

AND ACTUALLY ALL THIS WITNESS HAS TO BACK UP HIS STATEMENT IS A HOLE IN A TABLE TOP WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A SIMPLE CHEMICAL BURN!



AND SO, AS THE COURT DECREED, MRS. PARAFFIN WAS COMMITTED TO MENTAL OBSERVATION.

WEEB THAT SHE GETS THE BEST OF EVERYTHING DOG... SHE'S HAD IT ROUGH.

SURE. BUT I'M CERTAIN SHE'S QUITE NORMAL.



MATRON'S REPORT

The next day a letter arrived, addressed to Mrs. Paraffin -- It had been lying in the dead-letter office..

IT'S FROM MY LATE HUSBAND. TH. THE POSTMARK SHOWS HE MAILED IT BEFORE HE DIED ..

OPEN IT... READ IT MY DEAR... MAYBE IT CONTAINS A WILL! AND TAKE YOUR ASPIRIN.



MATRON'S REPORT

I busted myself with the Innens -- my back was turned, and I can only report what I heard... She was trying to shake something out of the envelope.



MATRON'S REPORT

I heard a "plink"... I turned... she was looking in the envelope... She said...

...IT'S EMPTY. FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THERE WAS A CA... CAP.



OH YOUR HUSBAND PROBABLY PLACED A KEY TO HIS VAULT IN IT. AND IT FELL OUT THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE BOTTOM. NOW TAKE YOUR ASPIRIN!



MATRON'S REPORT

I heard her drink---I turned--- and she was gone!



SHE ESCAPED.. CRAWLED OUT THE WINDOW!

IMPOSSIBLE... WE'RE 20 STORES UP.. AND THE WINDOW'S BARRED... THIS IS A STEEL CELL

IF YOU'LL EXAMINE THAT ENVELOPE, YOU'LL SEE THAT IT MIGHT HAVE CONTAINED A CAPSULE OR PILL ..



HOLY COW...ARE YOU TRYING TO IMPLY THAT THE CAPSULE WAS THE OTHER PILL DOG PARAFFIN SAID HE HID?



YES, DOLAN. AND THESE BITS OF METAL TOOTH FILLINGS SHOE BUCKLES. BLTTONS. ARE ALL THAT REMAIN OF MRS. PARAFFIN...



407. Originally published March 14, 1948



IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME NOW SINCE WORLD WAR II UPROOTED AMERICAN MEN---DASHED THEM AGAINST ENEMY BEACH-HEADS---AND THEN LEFT THEM LYING TIRED AND DAZED ON THE HEAPS OF ECONOMIC DEBRIS....

BUT... THEIR ARMY LIFE IS BUT A MEMORY---THEY HAVE PICKED UP THE THREADS OF THEIR INDIVIDUAL CAREERS...AND ONCE AGAIN WE CAN FIND MEN READJUSTED AND HAPPY IN THEIR WORK.... I.E....VIZ....



ONE HOUR LATER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS...





THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DOLAN, IS YOU KNOW TOO MANY POLICE REGULATIONS.. **WATCH THIS..!**

WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?

WHO KNOWS? IT'LL BE SOMETHING FANTASTIC, I'M SURE.



... HELLO?? HELLO?... AH.. HELLO, HOMACYDE.. ER.. ANEM.. DIS IS.. ER.. BUN.. SLEAZLE-DE-WEAZEL... D' COPS ARE TRYIN' T'MAKE ME SQUEAL ON YUH..



?

Hsst.. GET A MOTORCYCLE AND SIDECAR, DOLAN.. **HURRY!**

MEET ME AT 10TH AND VINE... ER IN THE ALLEY...



SPIRIT.. WHY DO YOU ALWAYS MAKE ME LOOK SILLY IN FRONT OF MY COPS ?!



AND SO...

Hsst.. HOMACYDE

COME A LITTLE CLOSER, WEAZEL..



THANKS F'R CALLIN' ME.. NOW I'M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU WON'T SQUEAL... EVER..



BANG

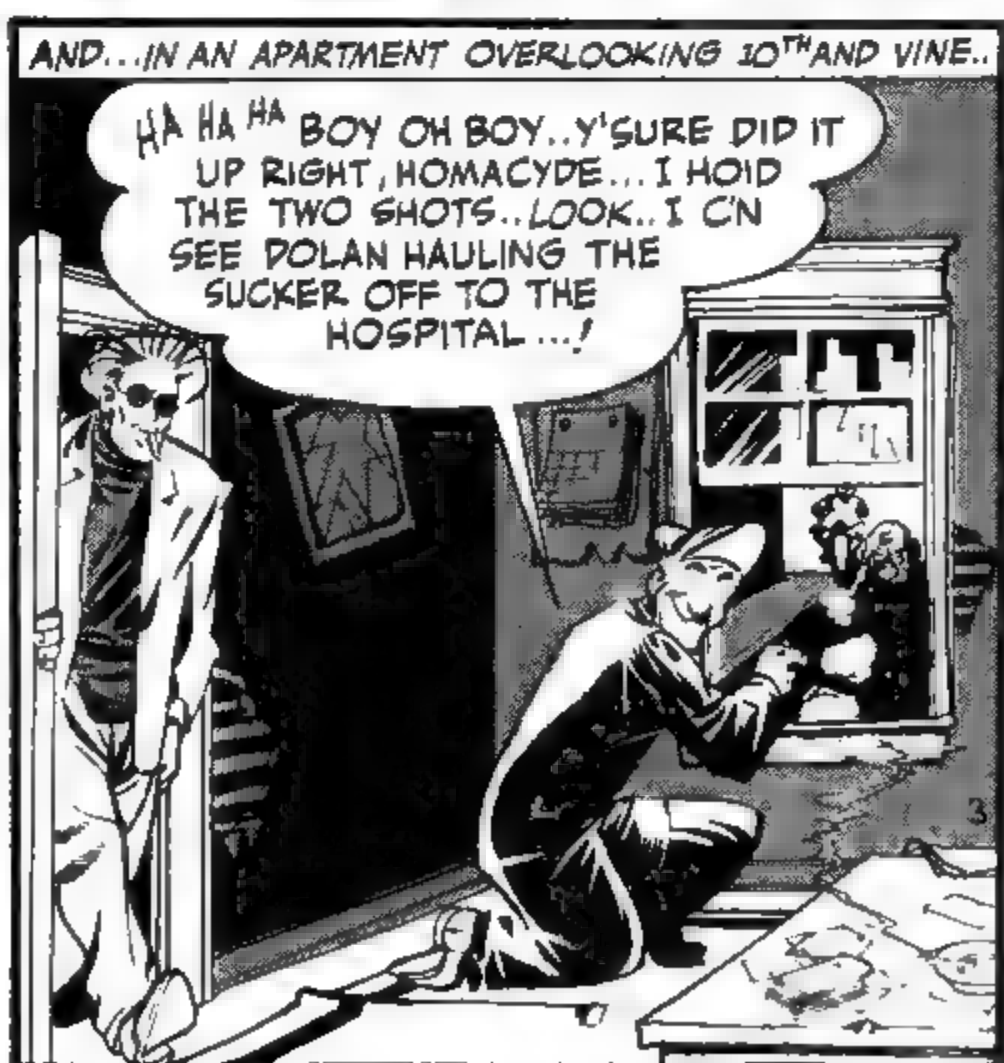
BANG



HERE.. TAKE HIM BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, DOLAN... AND IF ANYONE ASKS YOU, THE SPIRIT WAS SHOT WHILE TRYING TO CAPTURE HOMACYDE... GET IT?

NOW

I GET IT.. **HA HA HA HA**



AND... IN AN APARTMENT OVERLOOKING 10TH AND VINE..

HA HA HA BOY OH BOY.. Y'SURE DID IT UP RIGHT, HOMACYDE... I HOID THE TWO SHOTS.. LOOK.. I CN SEE DOLAN HAULING THE SUCKER OFF TO THE HOSPITAL...!



BUT MEANWHILE ... LET US RETURN TO THE HIDEOUT OF HOMACYDE... ER.. THAT IS, WHAT HIS GANG THINKS IS HOMACYDE





AND WHILE THE SPIRIT
GROWS A FINE SET OF
AGGRAVATED ULCERS,
LET US RETURN
MEANWHILE....

TO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



BACK AT THE HIDEOUT...





THE SUNDAY SUN

BALTIMORE, MD.

ACTION
Mystery
Adventure

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1948

ME...TUMBLERS
MEVAULT...THE GREATEST
SAFE CRACKER IN THE
U.S.A...DIGGIN'
TUNNELS!

DO NOT FEEL BAD,
OL' CHUM...WE ARE
GETTIN' WAGES
BEFITTIN' OUR TALENTS.
BUT *WHY*, IS WHAT
I WANNA KNOW...
WHY?

BECAUSE, STUPID,
BOSS HEALY WANTS WE
SHOULD MEET THE CITY TUNNEL
AT A PREDETERMINED POINT AND
PREVENT THEM FROM
CONTINUIN'!

HIM AND HIS COLLICH
EDJUCASHIN'...WHAT'S
HE MEAN?

HE MEANS IF THE DIGGERS'
CONTRACTIN' COMPANY DON'T
FINISH THE TUNNEL ON TIME,
OUR BOSS WILL GET THE
CONTRACT AT A PROFIT!

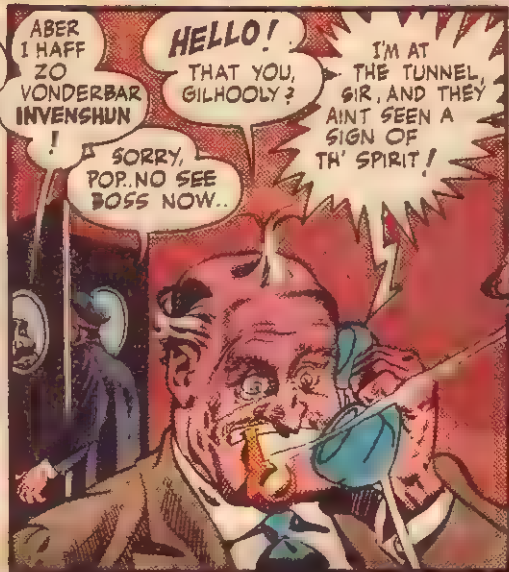
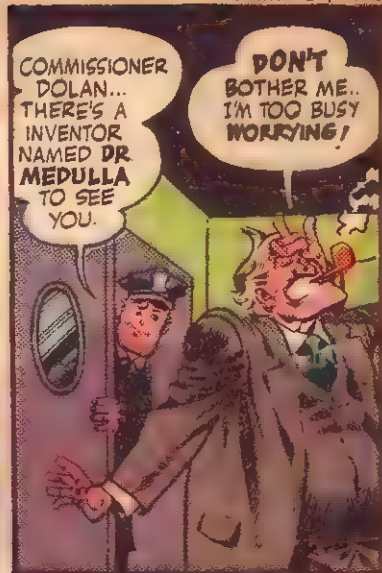
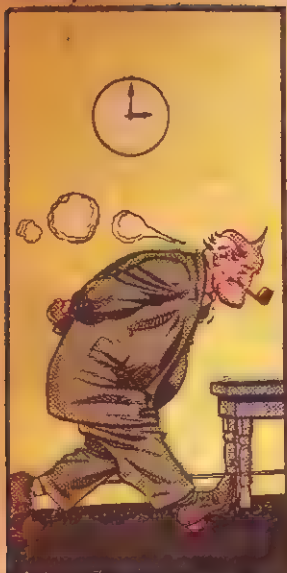
THAT'S THE OLD
AQUEDUCT... WE
SMASH RIGHT
THROUGH.

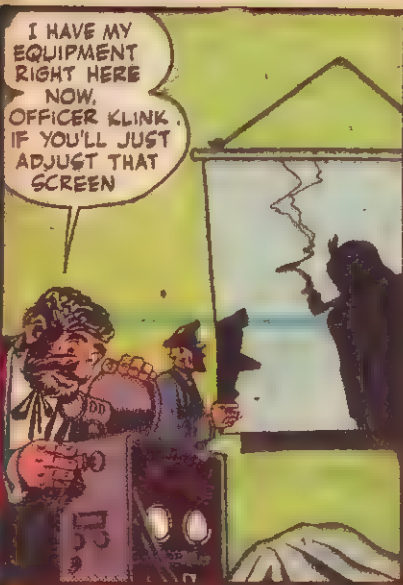
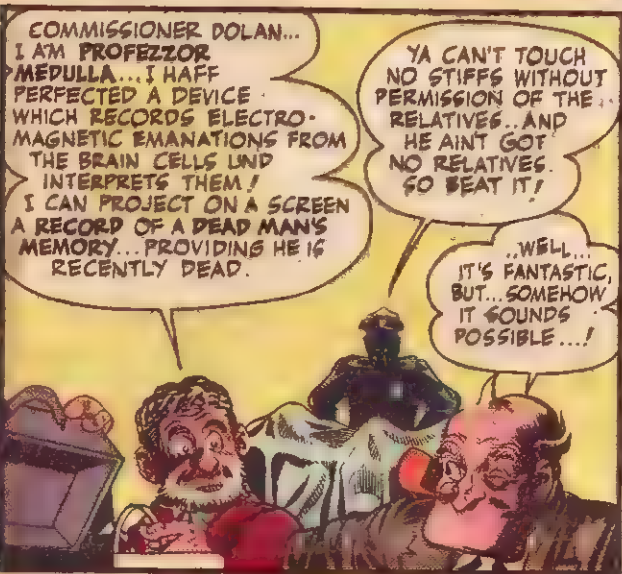
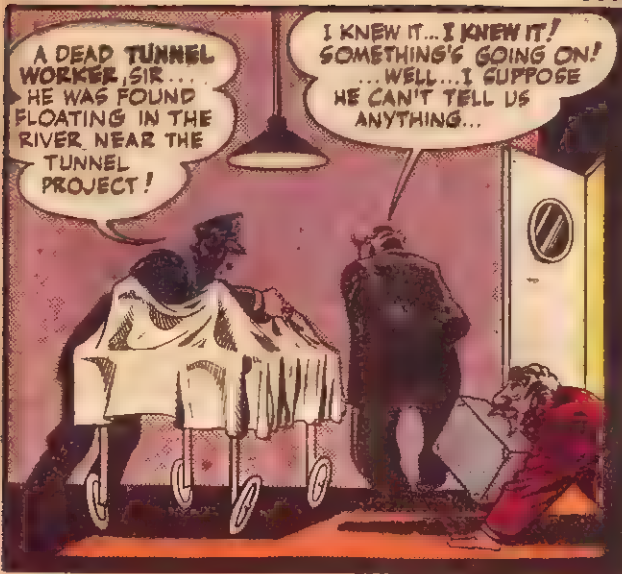
THE SPIRIT

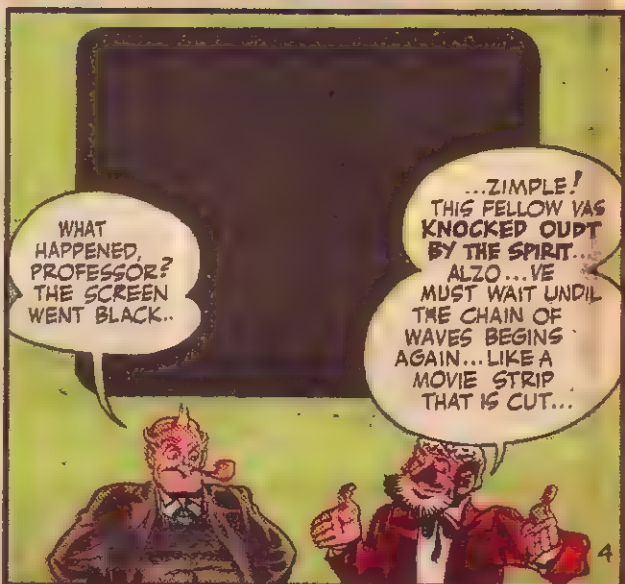
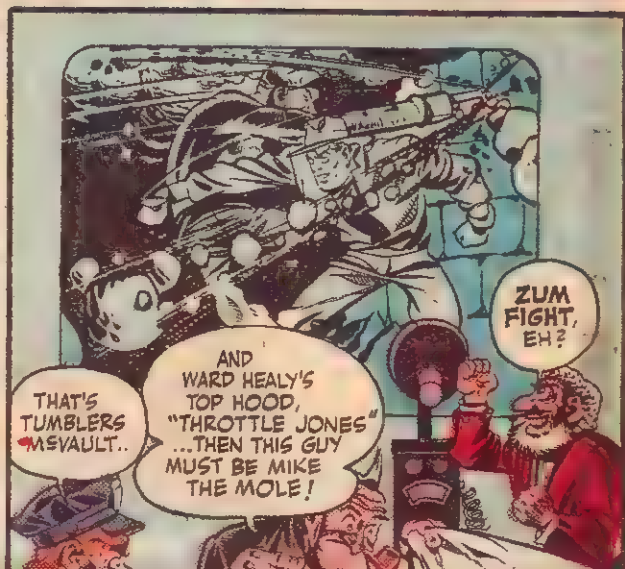
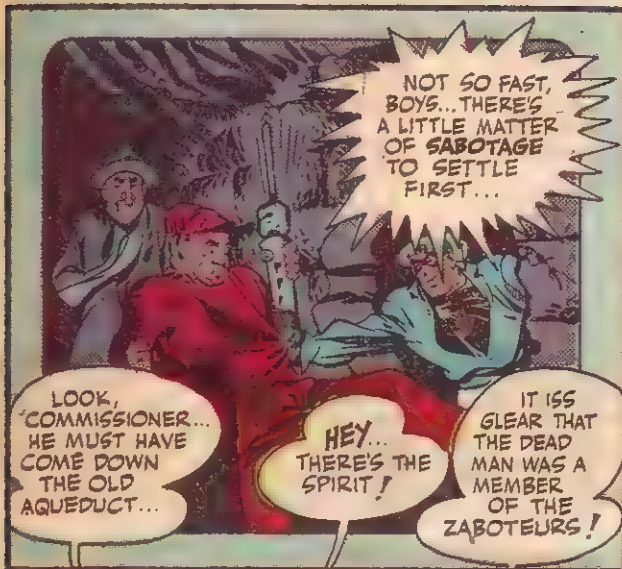
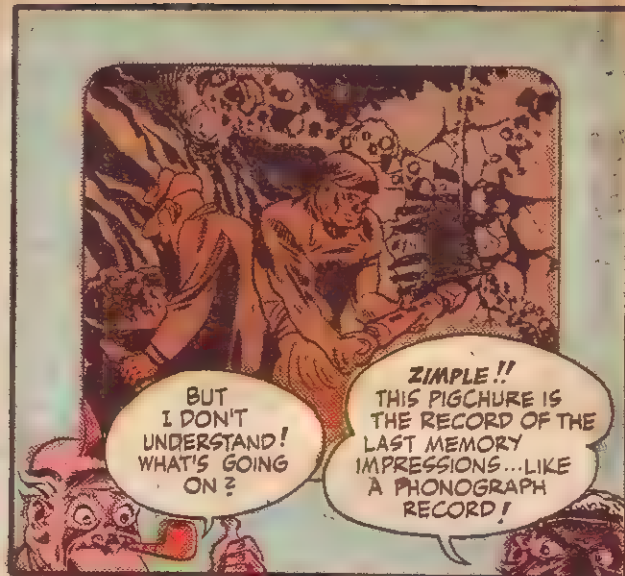
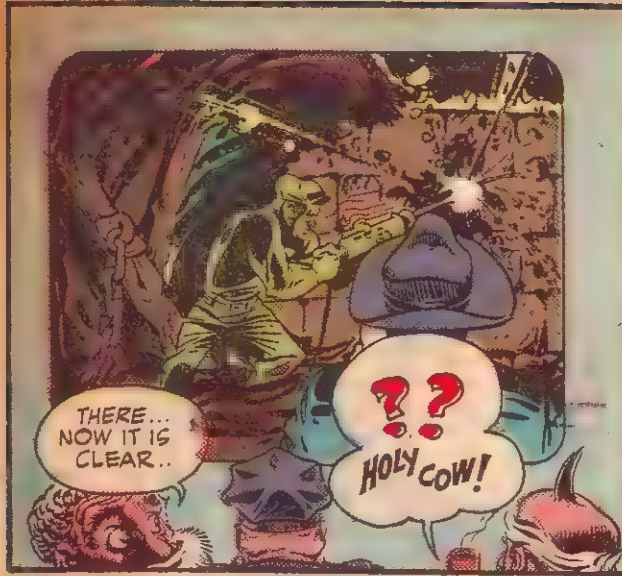
HEY
LOOK!

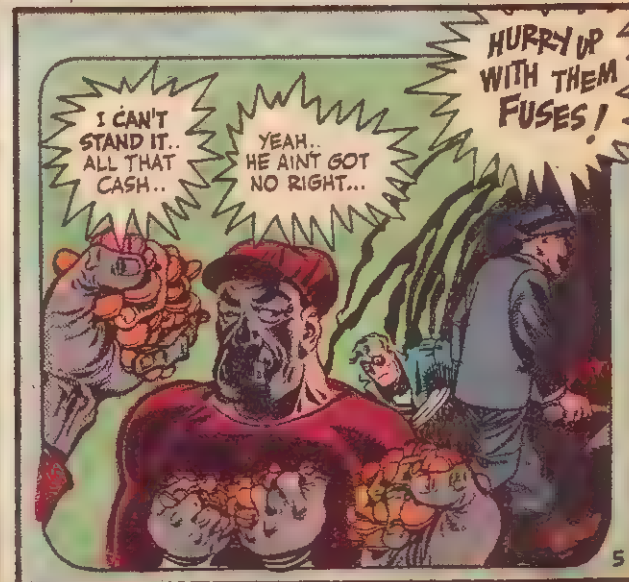
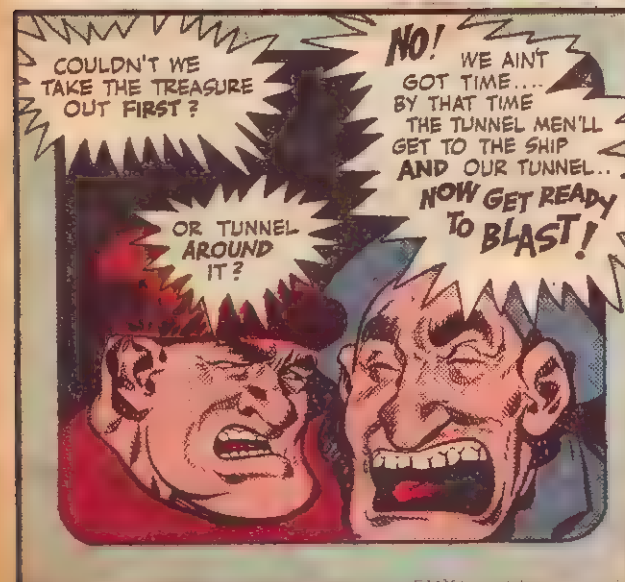
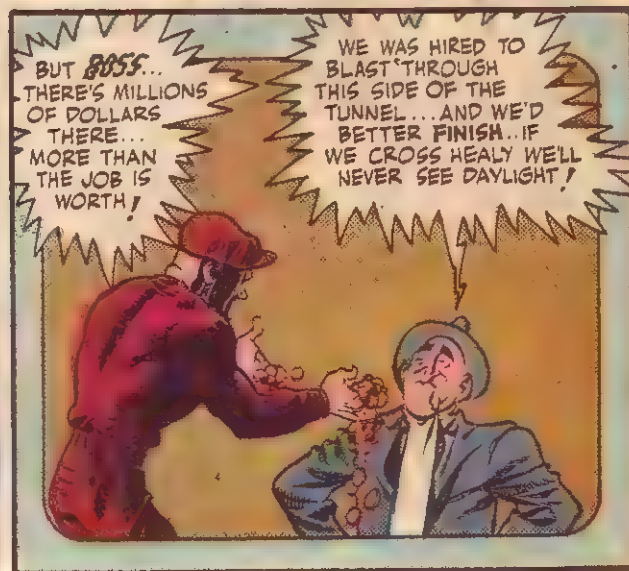
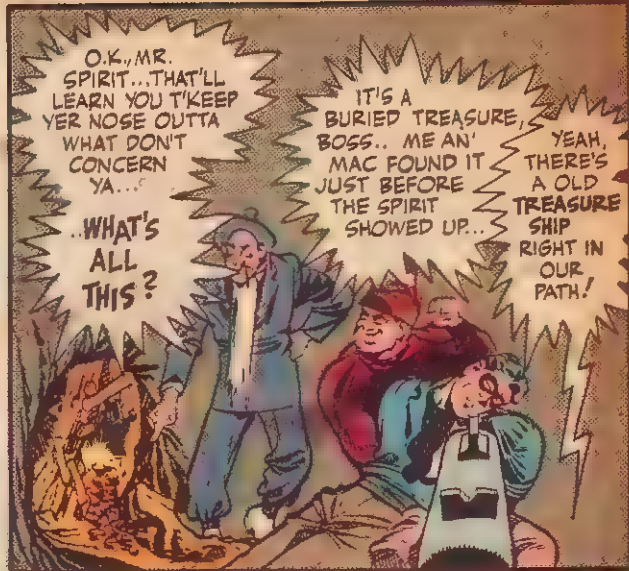
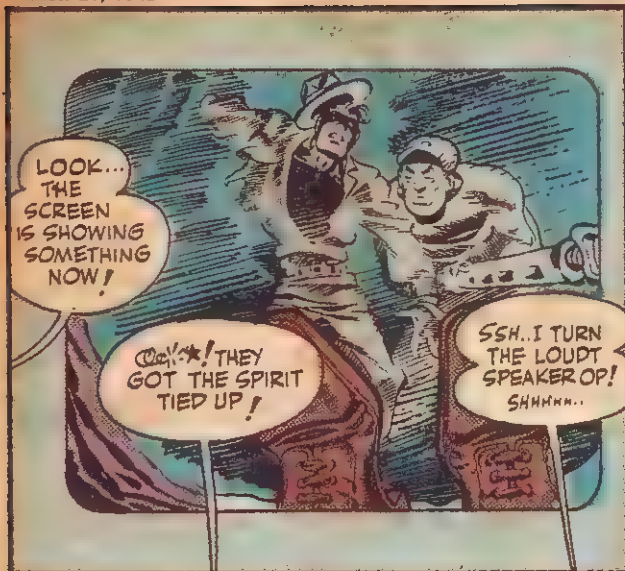
AND BY
WILL
EISNER
TOO!

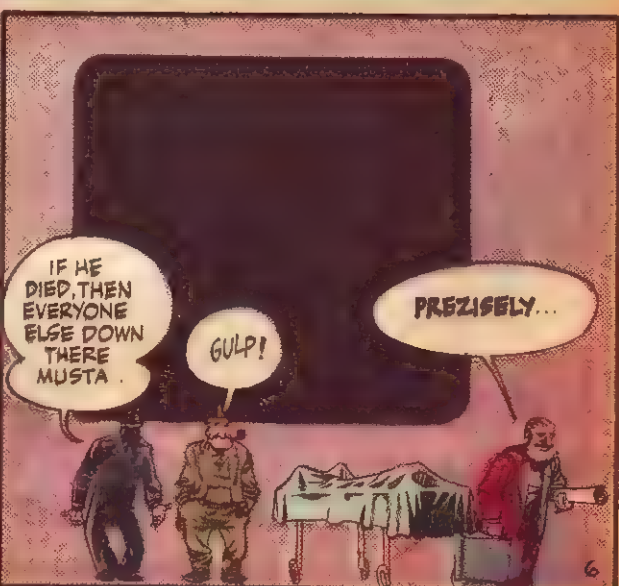
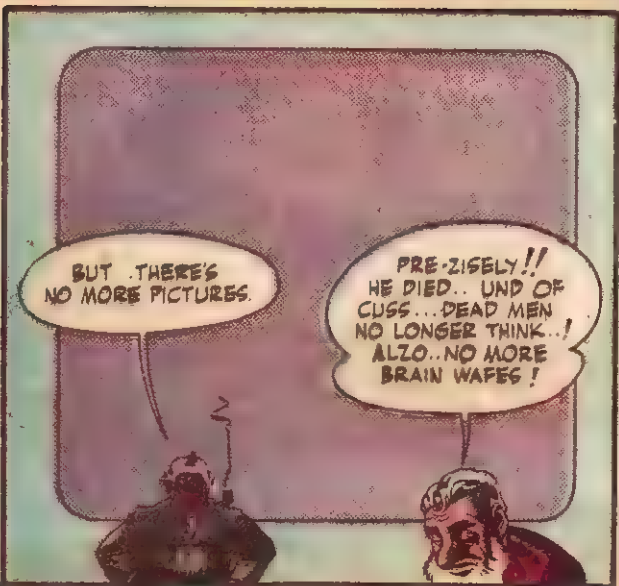
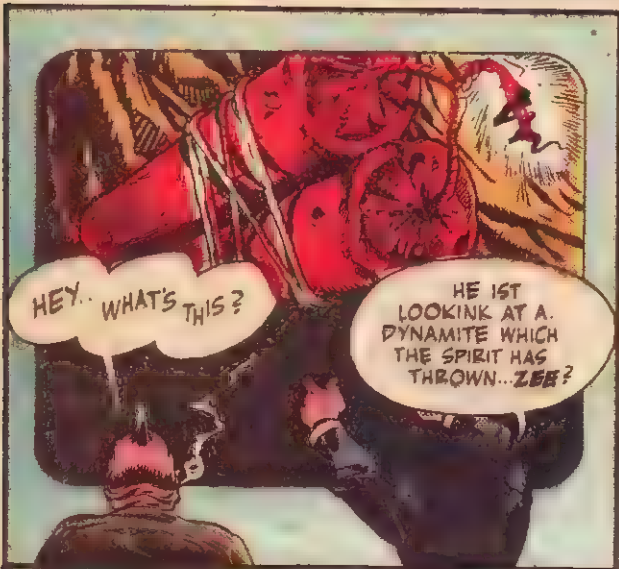
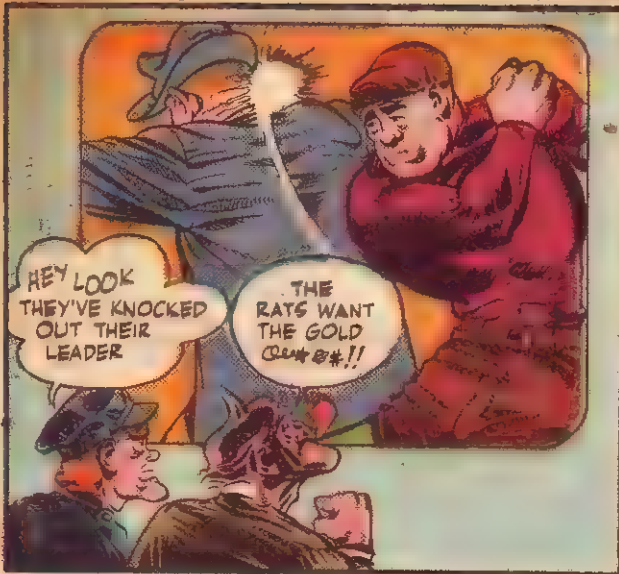


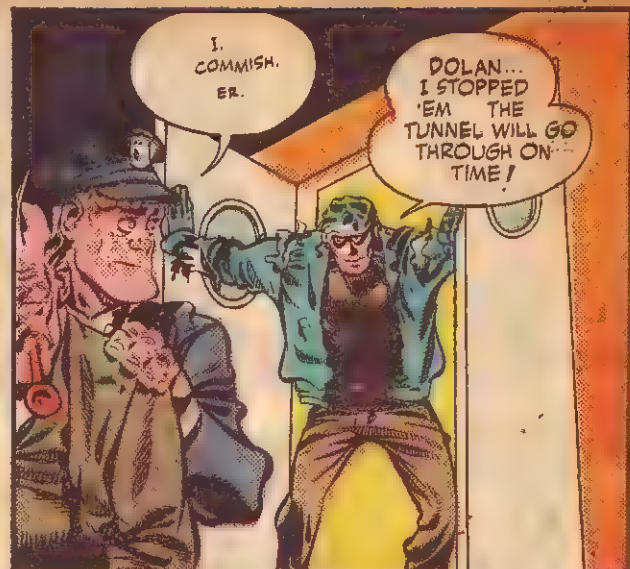
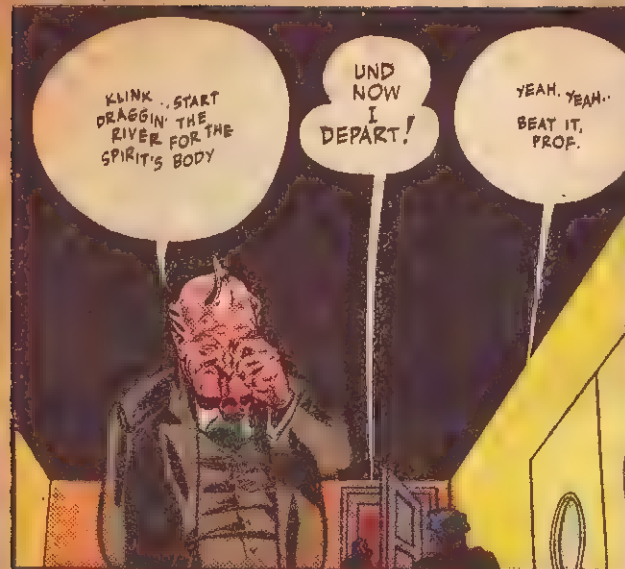




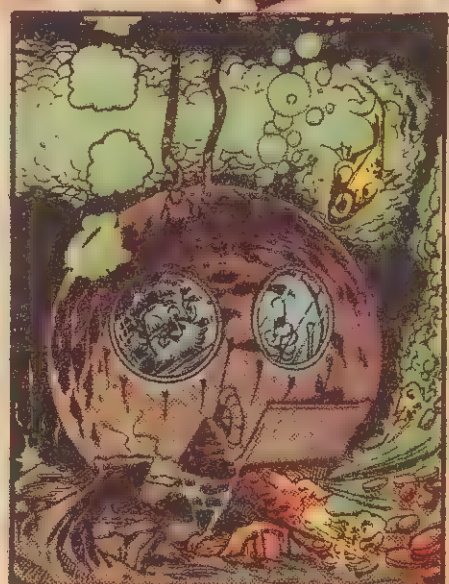
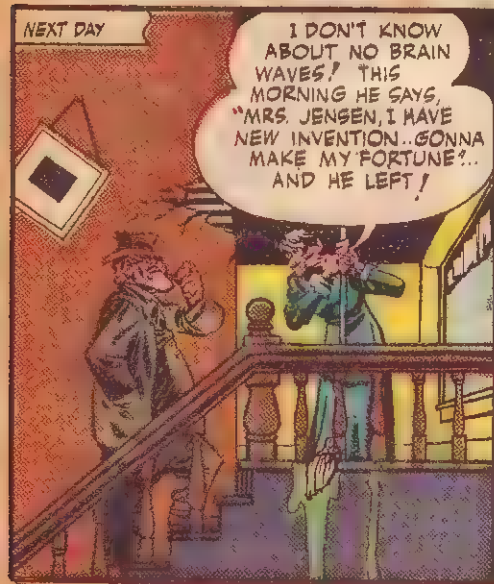
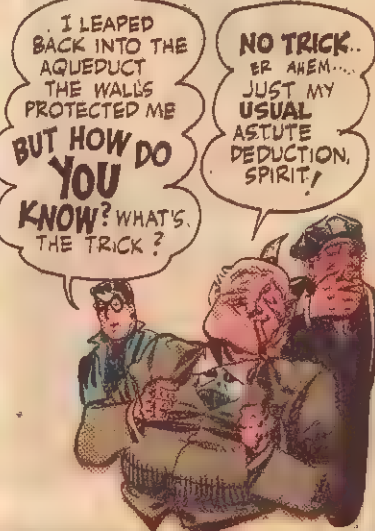


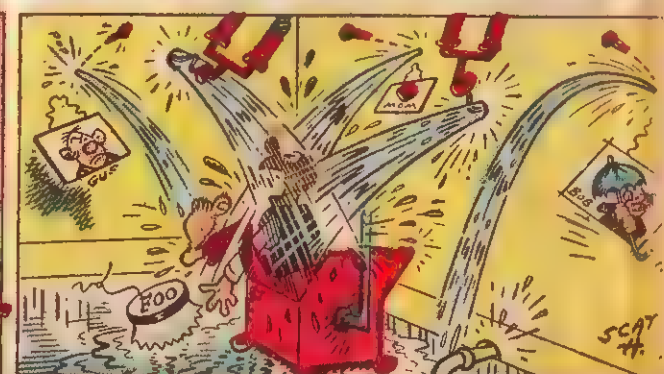
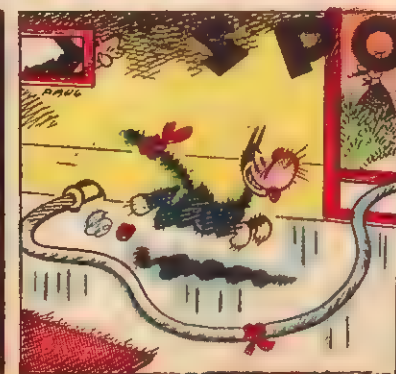
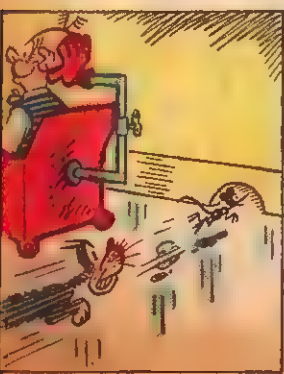
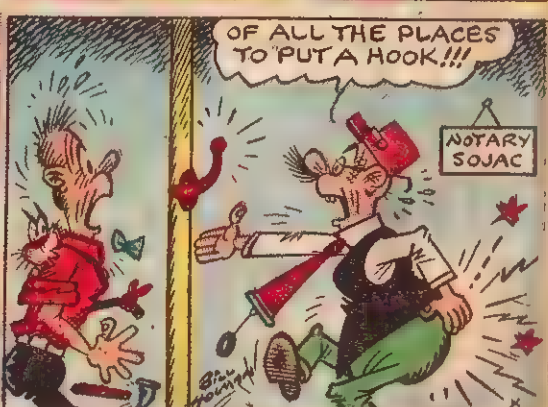
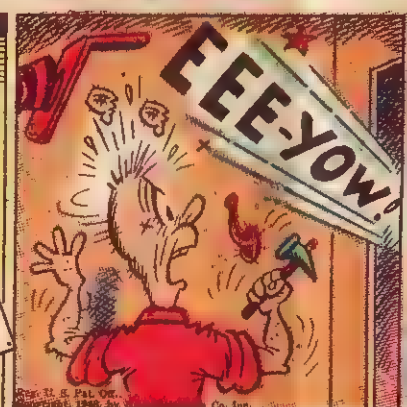
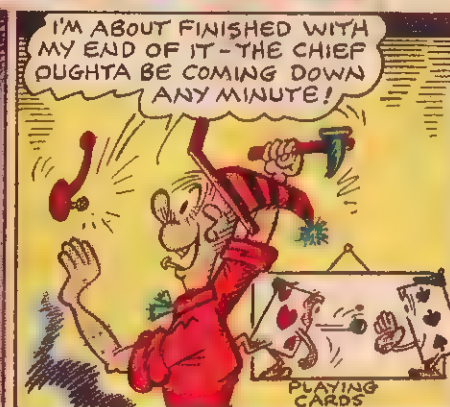
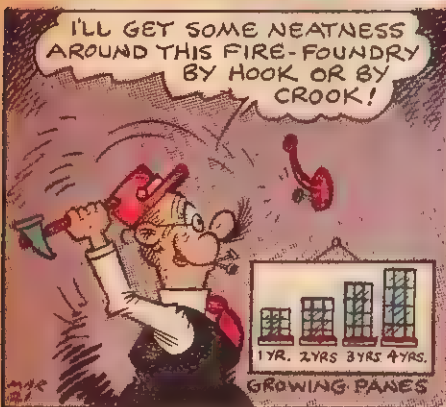
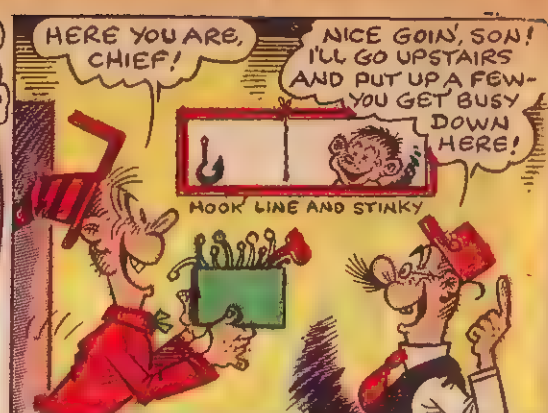
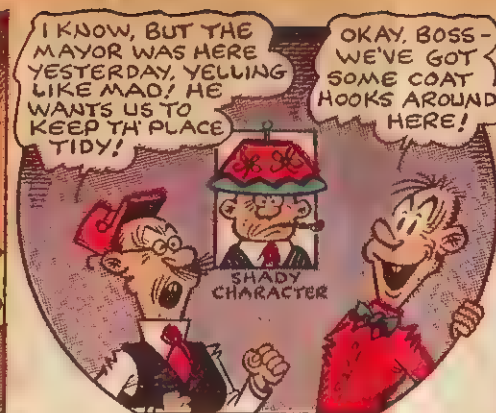
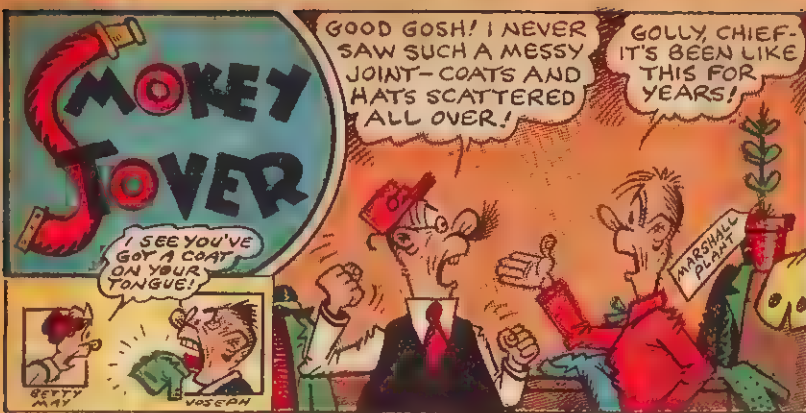






AND A FEW MINUTES LATER



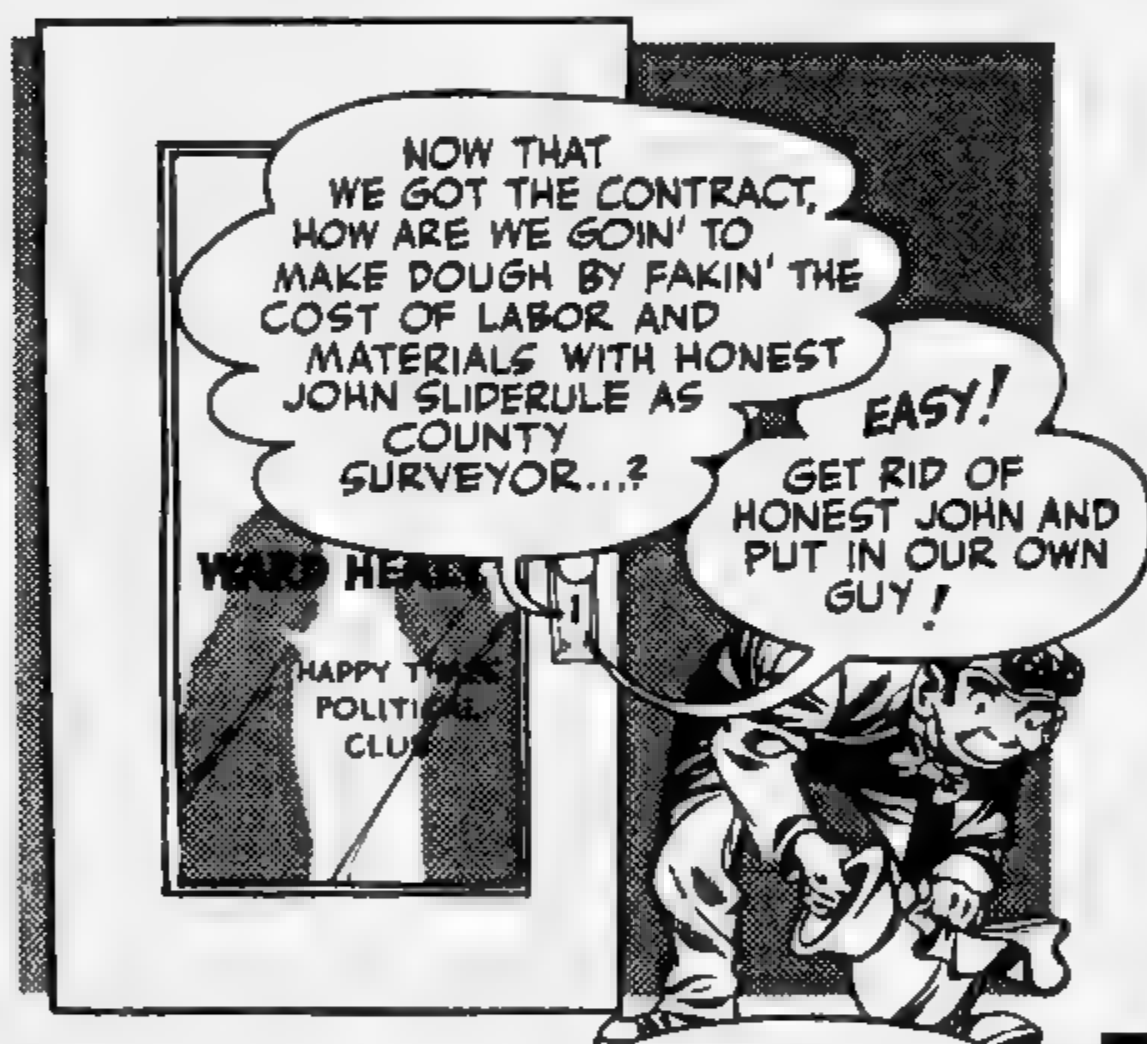


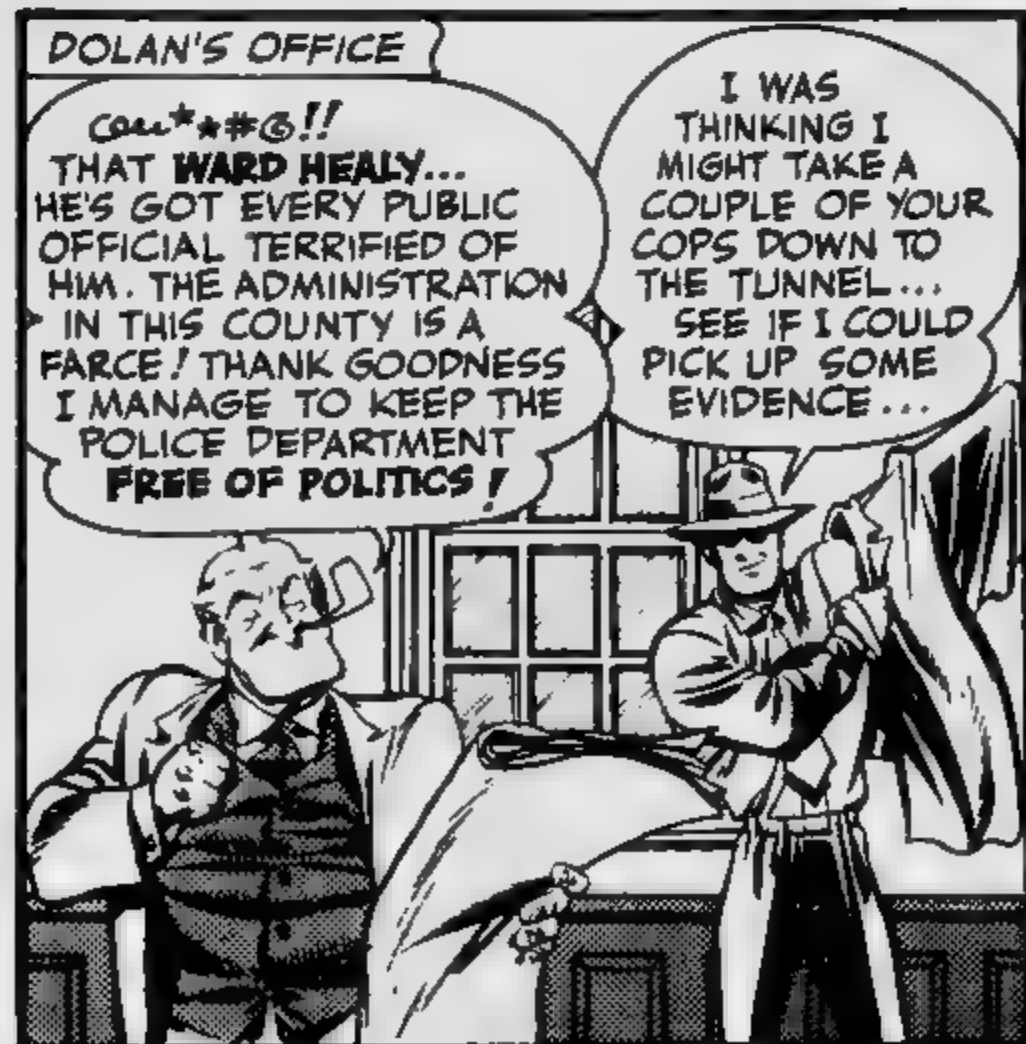
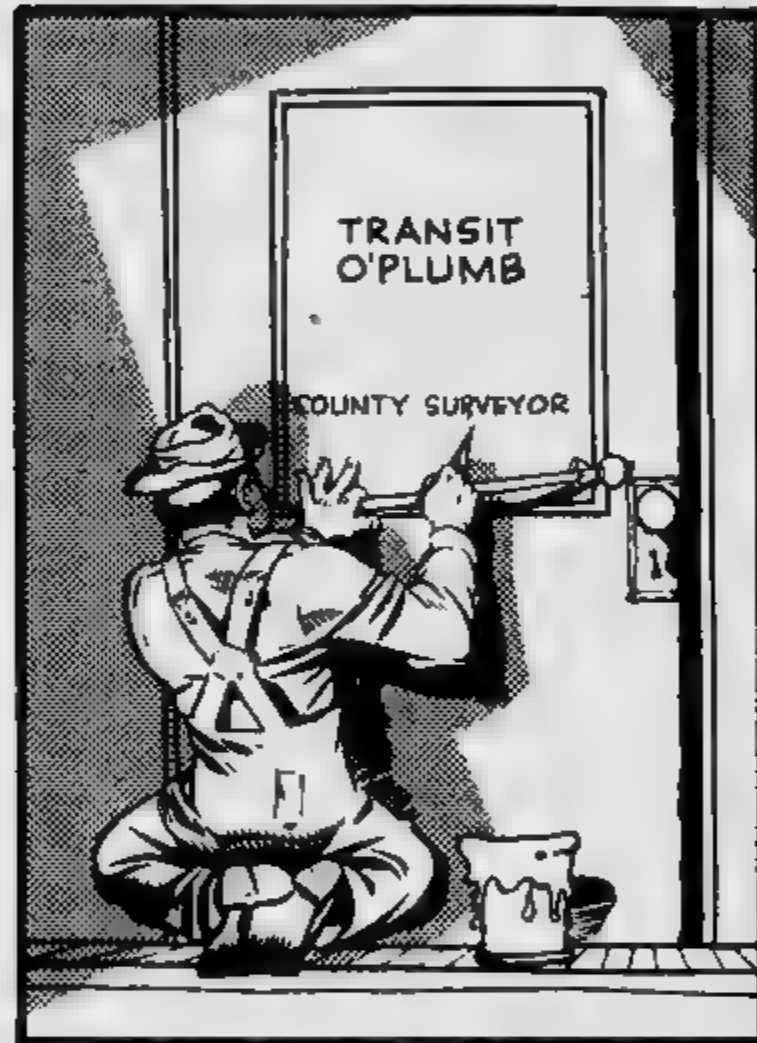
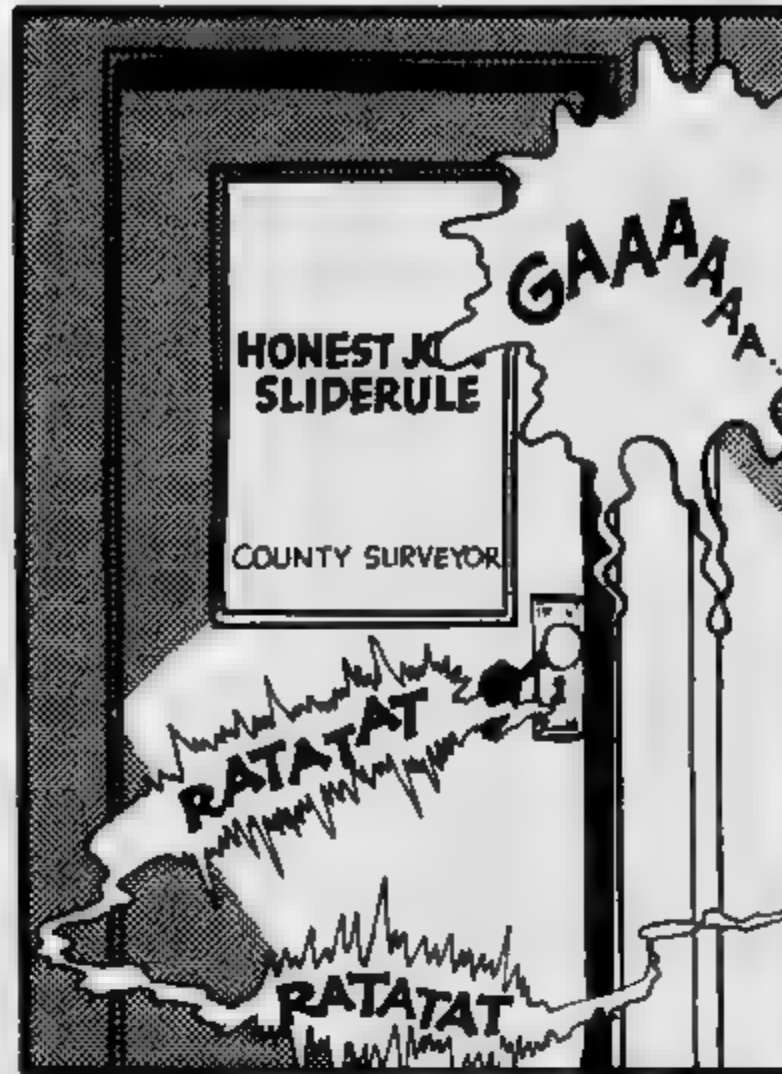
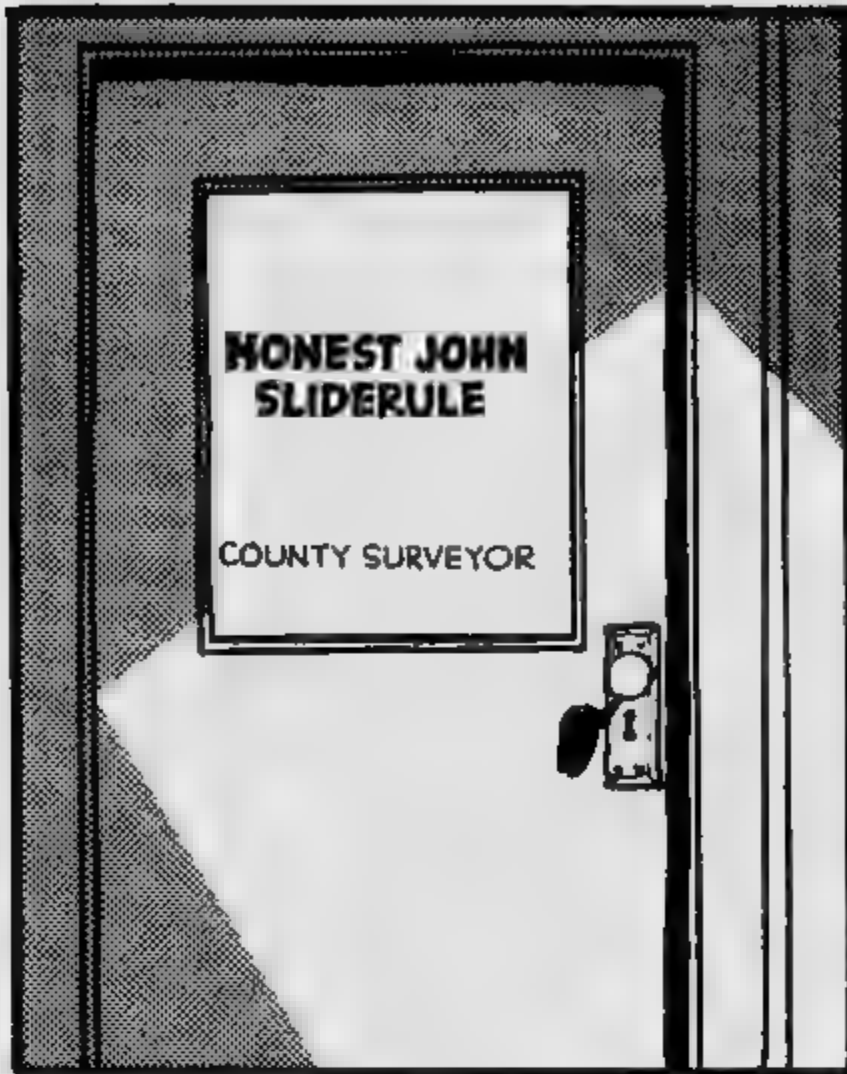
WARD HEALY

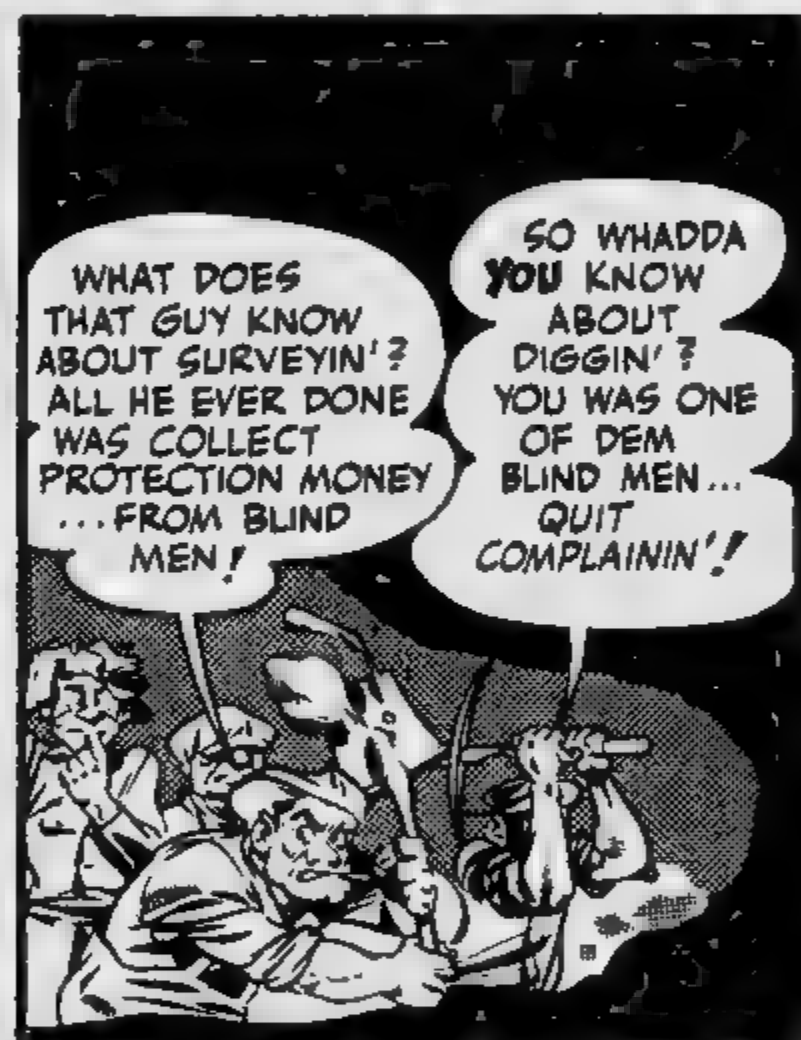
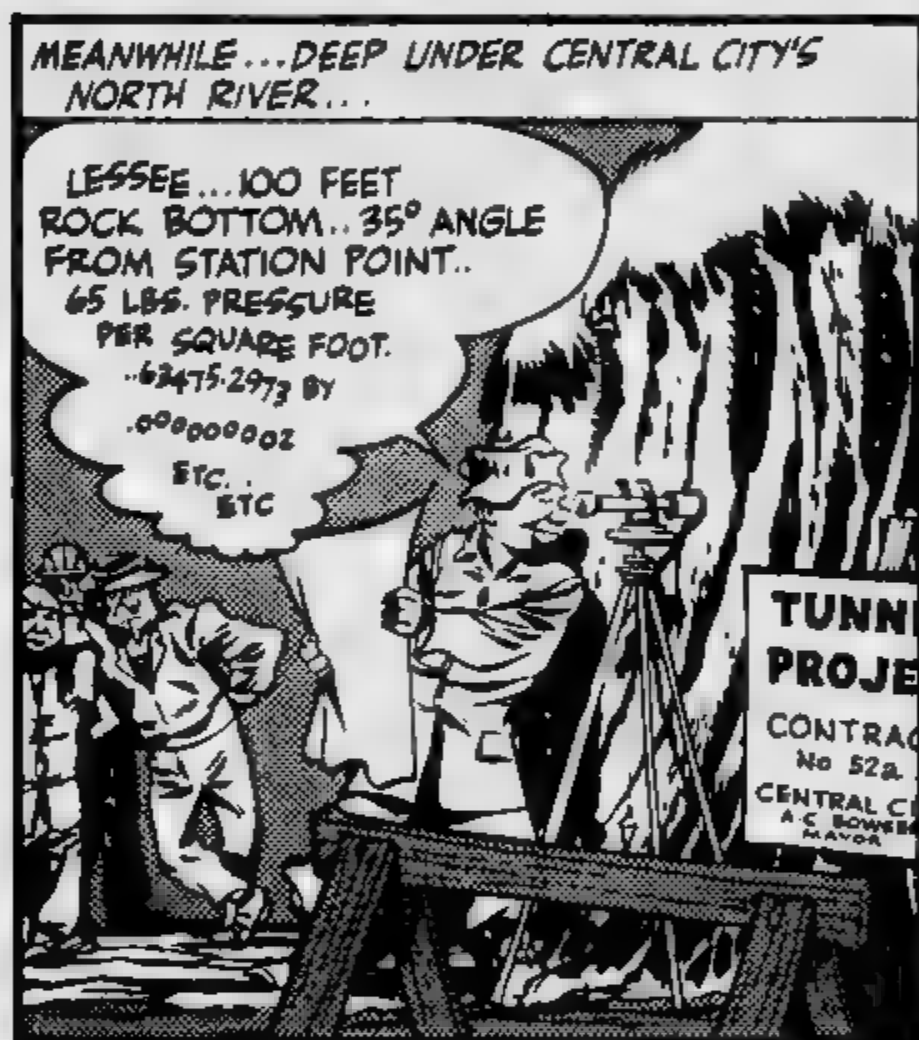
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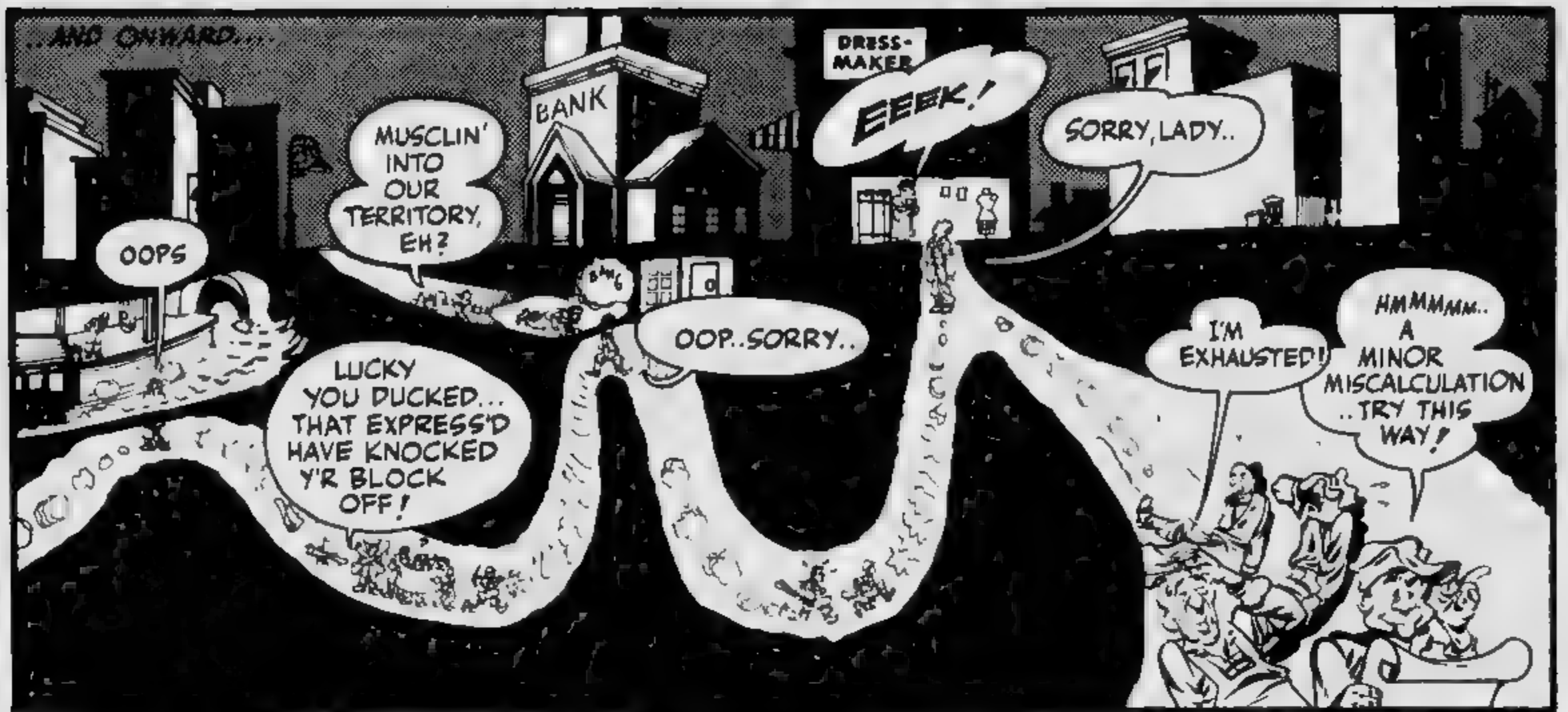
BY WILL EISNER

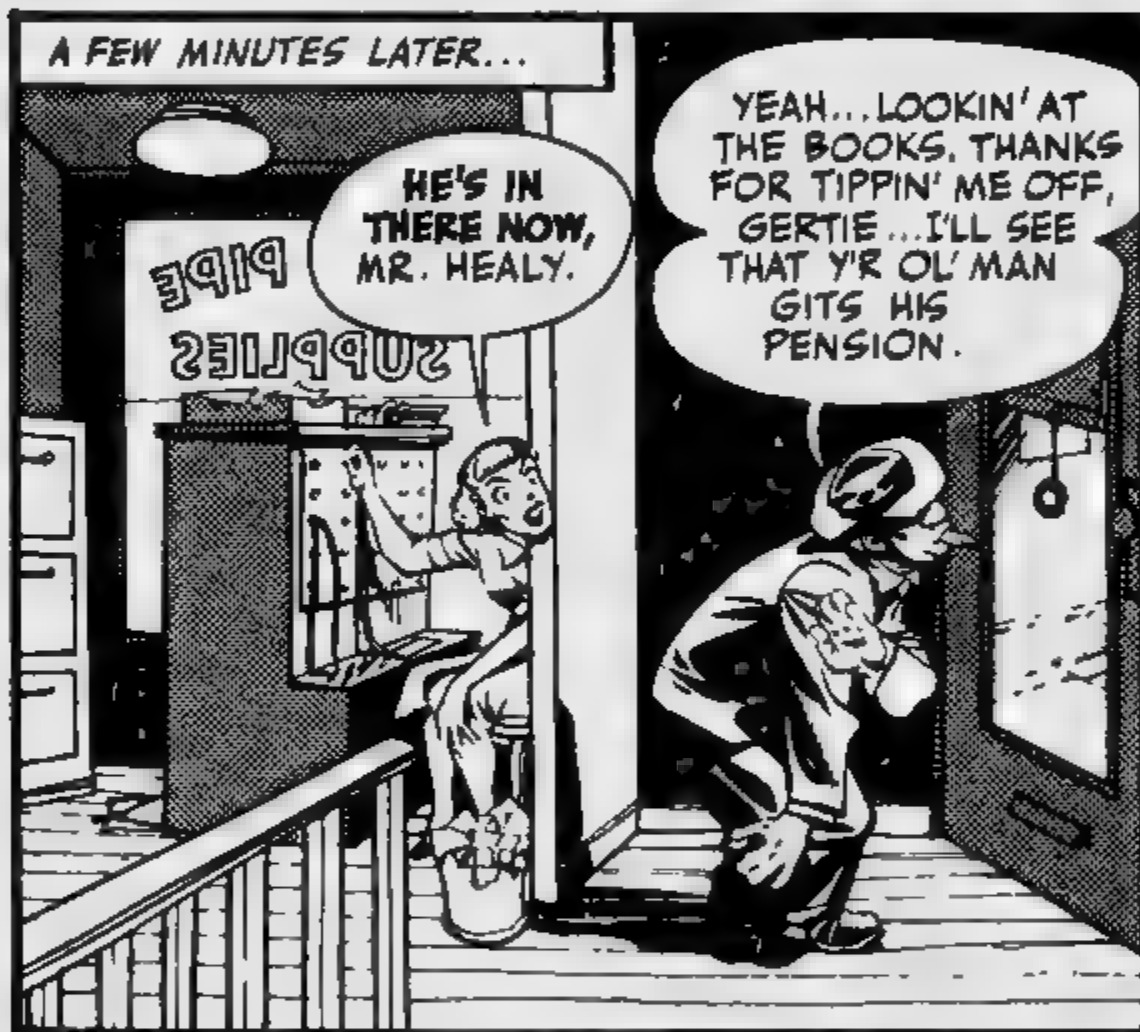
Last week, as you may recall, defeated Ward Healy's boys, who were trying to sabotage the North River tunnel project..... Unfortunately, during the terrible underground struggle, an explosion not only destroyed all the evidence, but caved in the North River Tunnel as well. The construction company was charged with negligence...and (Central City politics being a mass of vice and corruption) the contract was awarded to that cheap political-machine boss, Ward Healy.



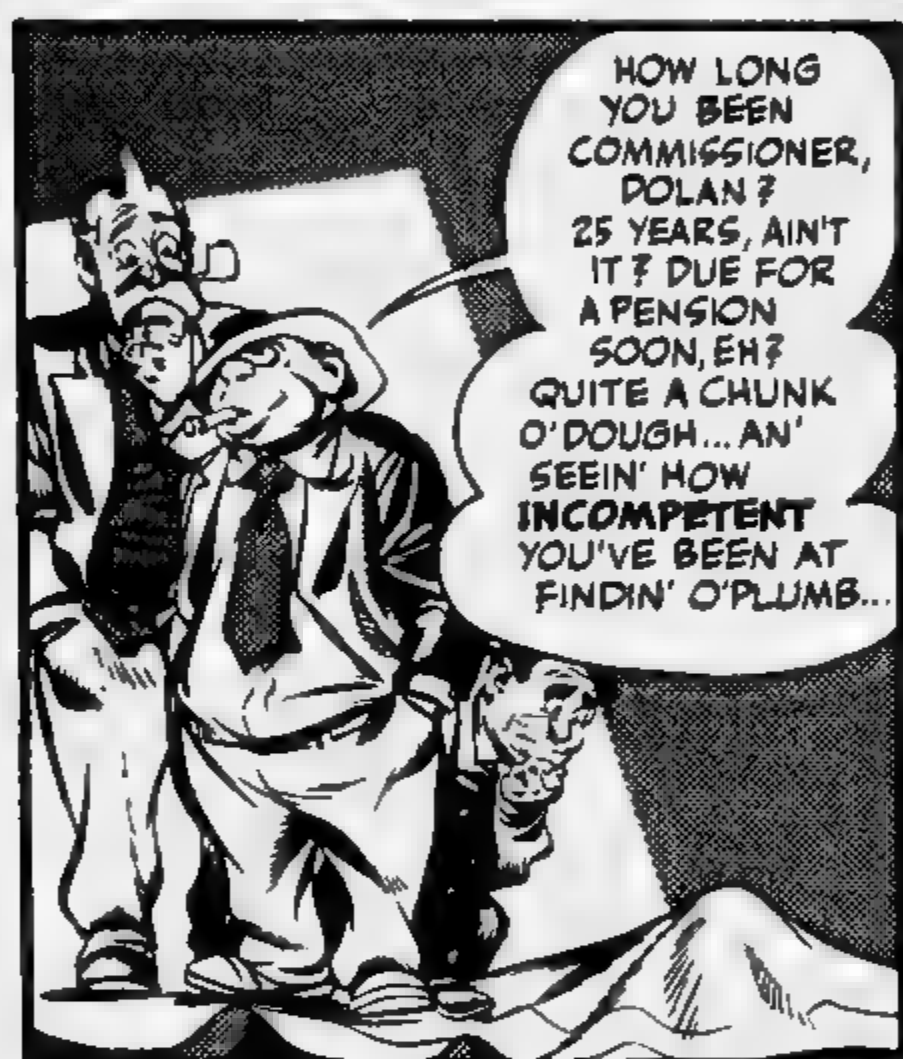
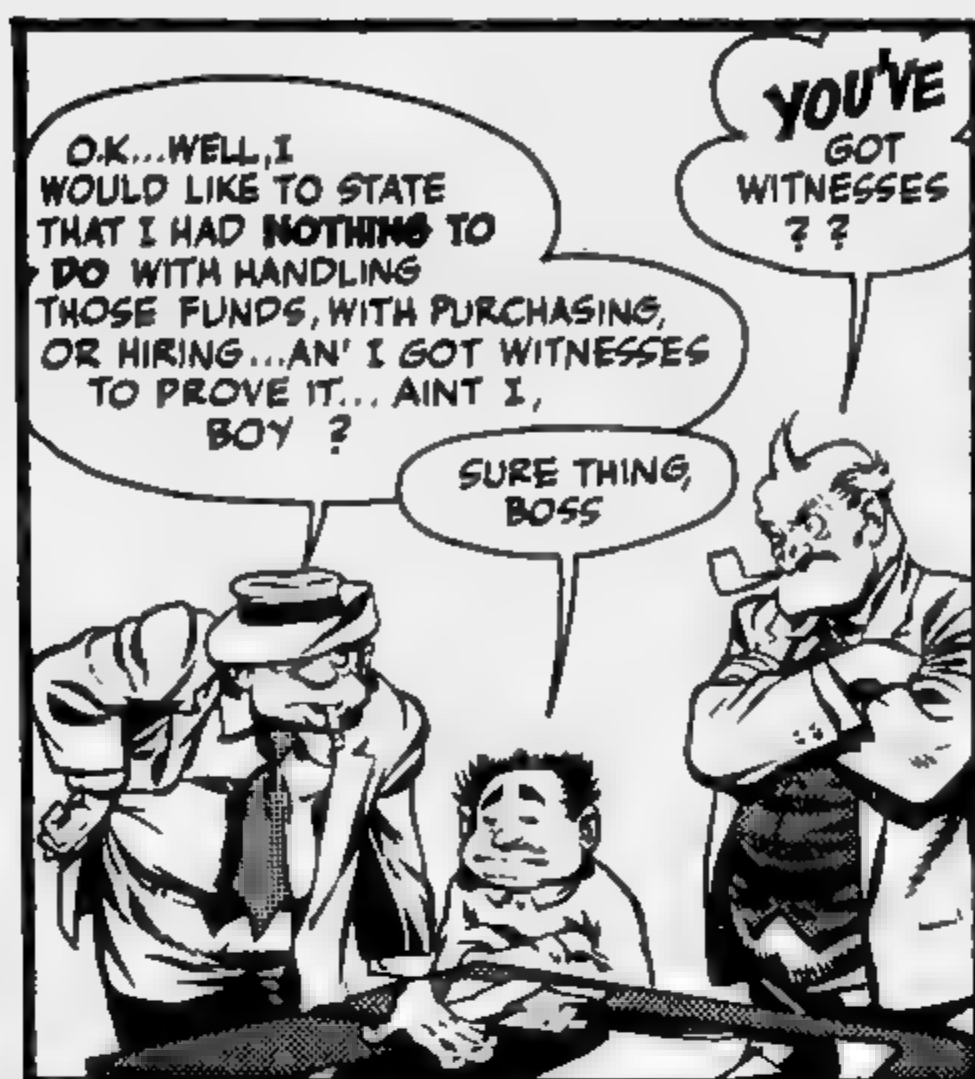














This is "Wild" Rice
... may heaven help her

... and this is the short story of her life.



Rice Wilder was born to wealth. Yet, even though she had all that money could buy, she felt caged... Yes, trapped in a world of gold and jewels that made an invisible cell about her... She just had to escape..



With this terrible choking fire within her, she grew up... wild, unmanageable, unable to explain the trapped feeling that throttled her. But the web of circumstance kept closing in on the strange, lonely girl.. now called "Wild" Rice.



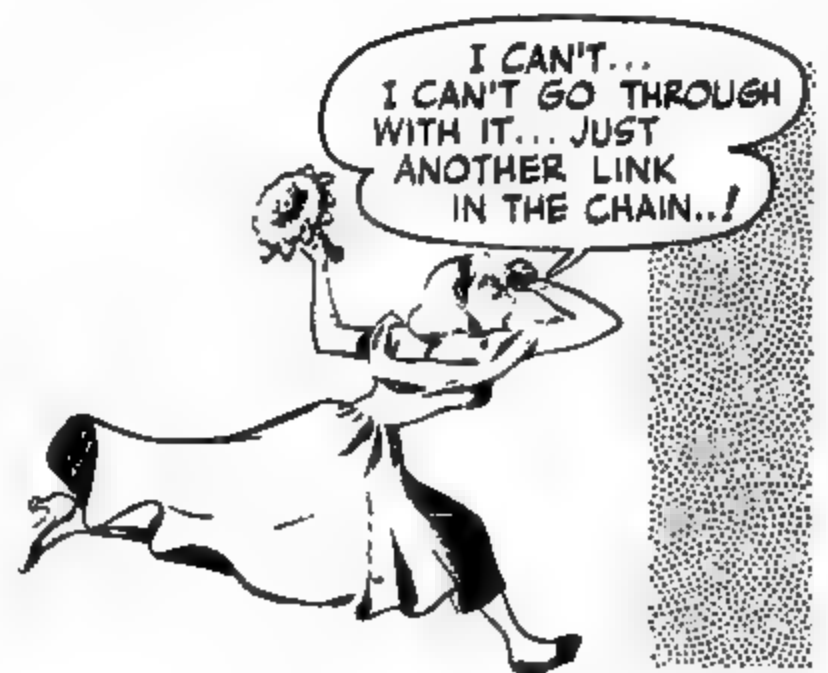
So at intervals she would try to escape. At first she attempted to run off.. but she was caught. Then she tried stealing, but her father's money covered her. Sometimes the "feeling" left her, and she appeared sweet... but soon the madness would return... like the tide.

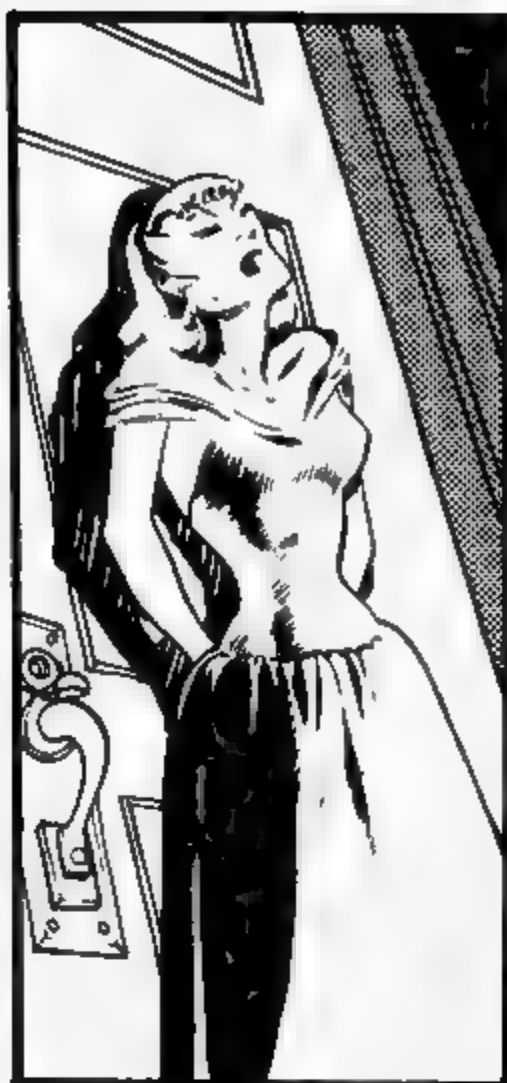


At last...by the time she was 24 years old, the inner fires seemed to subside... and though they lay like glowing coals within her, she surrendered. Her father arranged a profitable marriage and a wedding day was set.



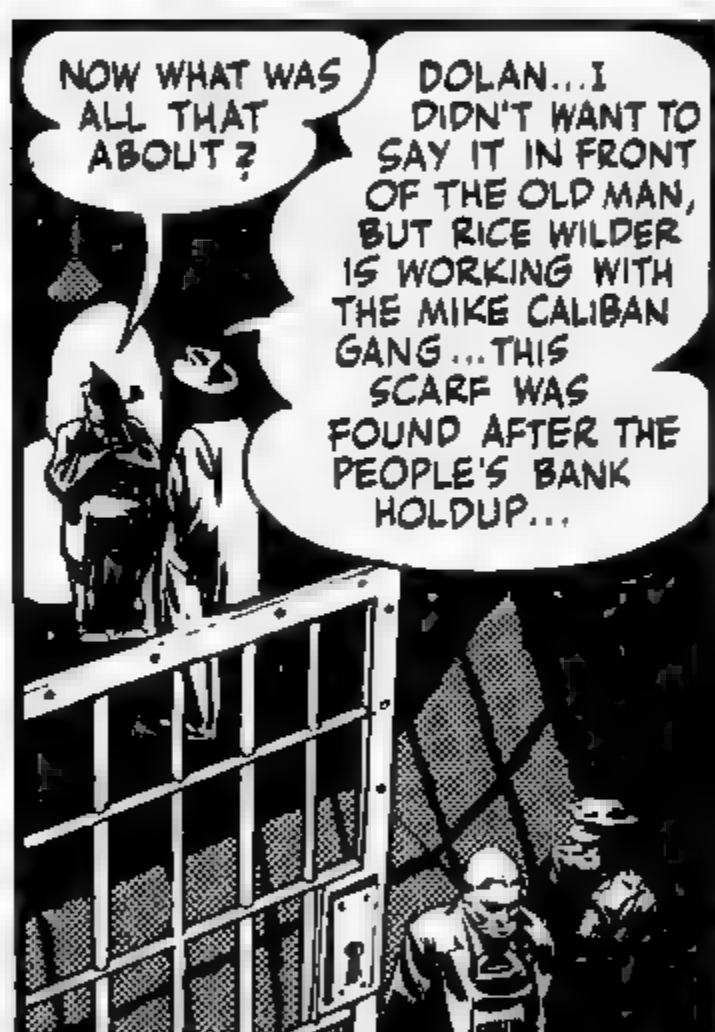
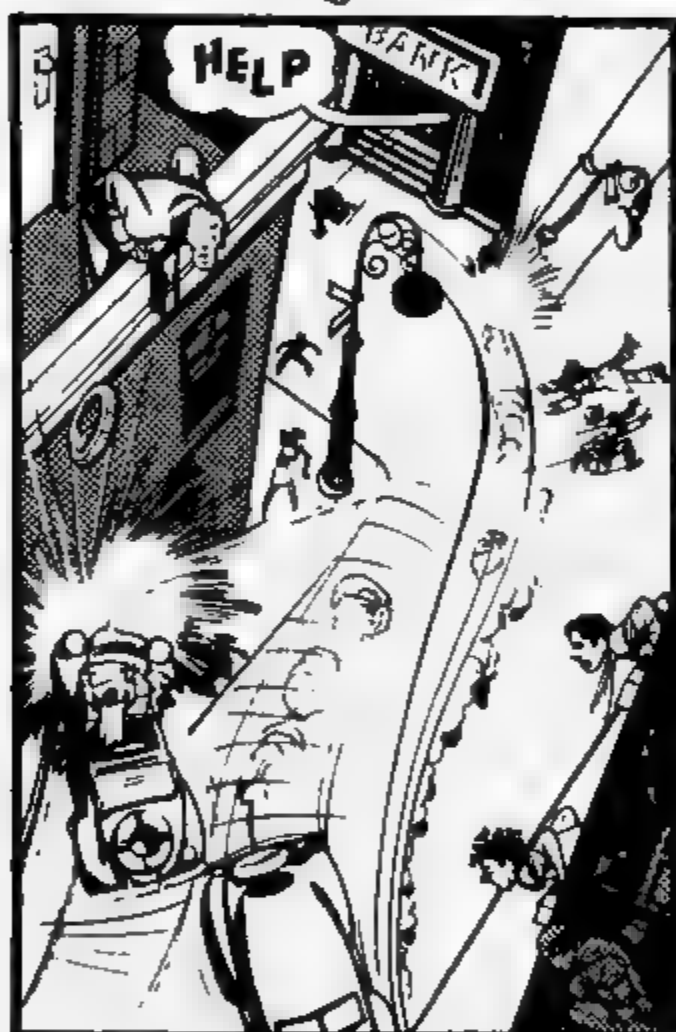
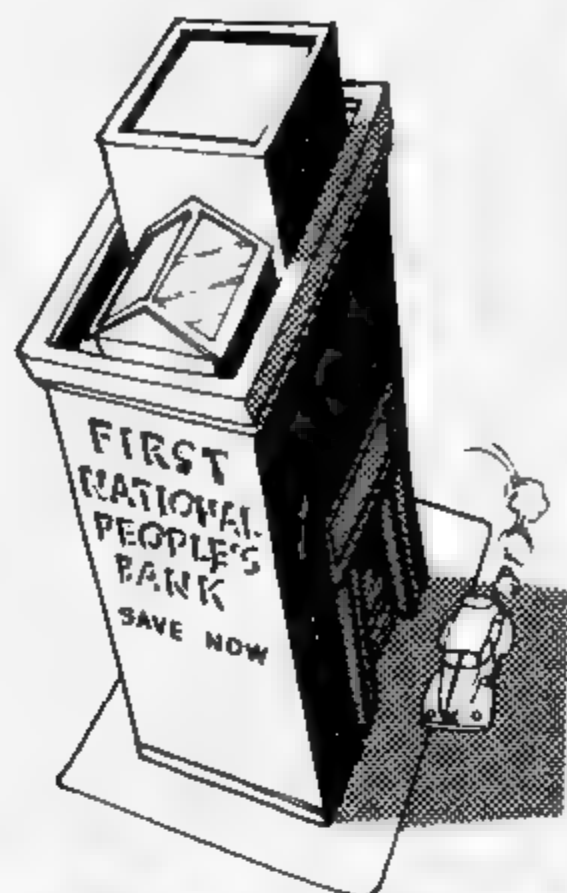
On the evening of the reception, however, the slumbering volcano burst within her, and the force of it sent her flying from the dance.. propelled her from her husband's arms and upstairs to her room...







MEANWHILE...







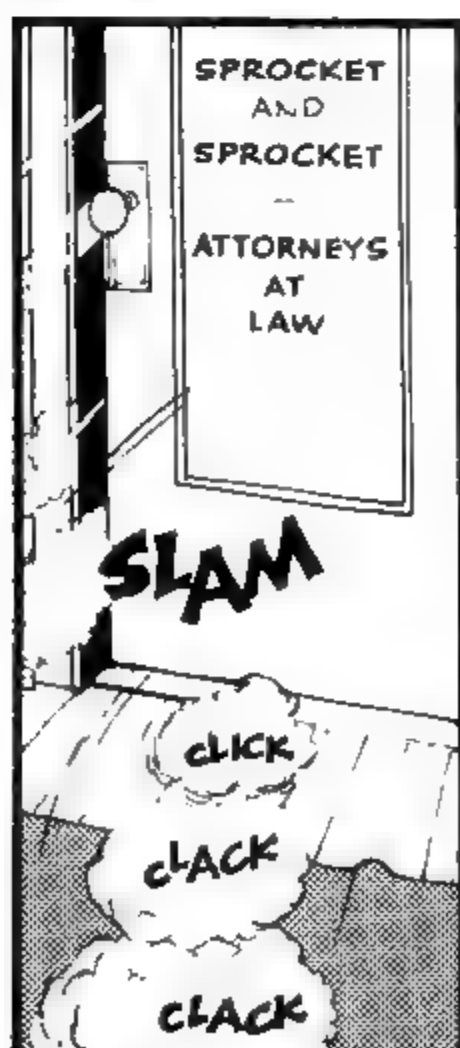


...And they say down at head-quarters... Wild Rice died with a strange, pleased smile on her lips... It was a thing no one seemed able to explain... except perhaps the Spirit... and he said they wouldn't understand



411. Originally published April 11, 1948









MIST' SPIRIT..
YO' TURN'D PALE
..WHUT'S SO
AWFUL ABOUT
LEAP YEAR?

NOTHING, EBONY
...IT'S JUST THAT
I HAVE THIS
UNCANNY
FEELING THAT
I'D BETTER BE
CAREFUL!

THE
SPIRIT
OUT LOOKIN'
FOR ME



I'M GITTIN'
FED UP... BEIN'
HOUNDED LIKE AN
ANIMAL..FORCED TO
HIDE IN CELLARS...
I'LL SHOW HIM
RATTSY TRAPP IS
NO PUSHOVER.

**TAKE THIS,
SPIRIT!**

RATTATAT



WHEW .. MISSED US
CLEAN! HONEST THEM WIMMIN
SHO' TAKE LEAP YEAR
SERIOUSLY!

...THAT WAS
NO WOMAN. THAT
WAS RATTSY
TRAPP...THERE HE
GOES, INTO THAT
OLD BUILDING!
GET BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS,
EBONY, AND TELL
DOLAN TO
GET A WARM
CELL READY...

AND IN THAT
OLD BUILDING
A FEW SECONDS
LATER...



IF I GUESS RIGHT,
RATTSY AND I SHOULD
MEET ON THIS
FLOOR.

NOW, WHAT TO
DO WITH AN OLD
DETECTIVE AGENCY
...HOW WILL IT
HELP ME GET
MARRIED??



**SPIRIT... DARLING... WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE?**

IT'S AN OMEN
...YES...

OH...HELLO
ELLEN...

HMM
STAIRWAY
LEADS UP TO
THE ROOF...



I HAVE IT ALL
FIGURED OUT, SPIRIT...
THIS AGENCY IS MY
INHERITANCE... NOW
YOU CAN MOVE OUT OF
THAT DAMP OLD
WILDWOOD CEMETERY!

HMMMMM
MAYBE HE
WENT INTO
THE
CELLAR.

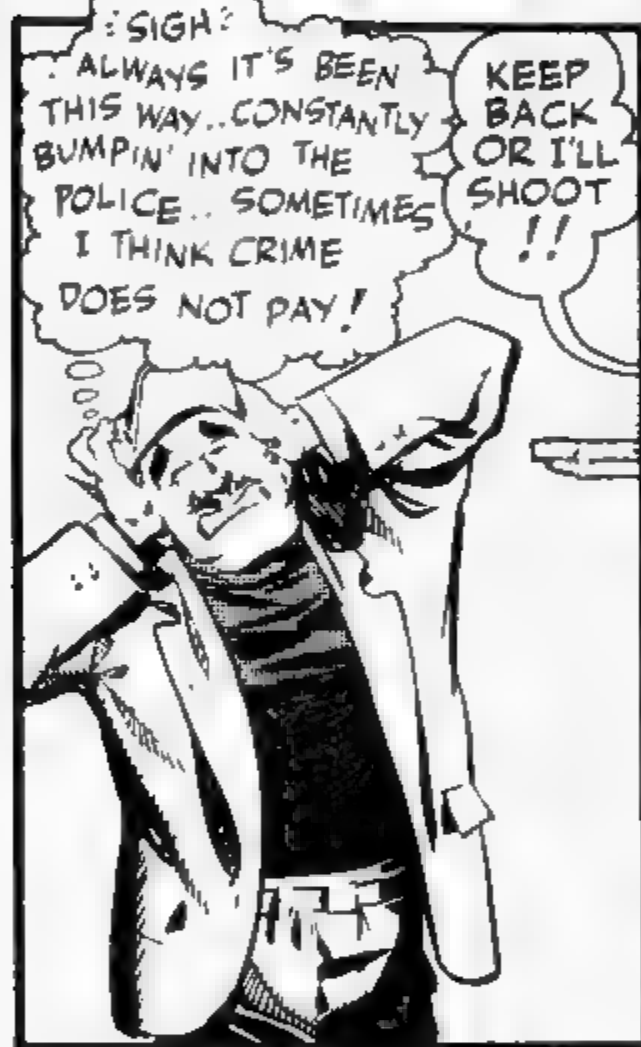


...WE CAN GO INTO
BUSINESS AS PARTNERS
...**MR. AND MRS.
SPIRIT!**
...ISN'T THAT NICE?

**WHAT
???**



EXCUSE ME...
I..I ER
HAVE SOMETHIN'
TO DO...







THE O'DOLAN

THE Spirit

BY WILL EISNER

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DOLAN FAMILY



THE FIRST DOLANS ARRIVED IN AMERICA IN 1810, FROM IRELAND. THEY WERE TWO BROTHERS, PATRICK AND MICHAEL O'DOLAN (FOR THAT WAS THE FAMILY NAME AT THAT TIME). THEY EACH MARRIED, AND SOON EACH HAD A SON. PATRICK O'DOLAN NAMED HIS SON FOR HIMSELF; BUT MICHAEL O'DOLAN WAS PROUD OF HIS FAMILY AND, AS WAS THE OLD IRISH CUSTOM, CALLED HIS SON SIMPLY "THE O'DOLAN"



YOUNG PAT O'DOLAN WAS A SIMPLE GOD-FEARING MAN WHO JOINED THE CONSTABULARY AND IN 1880 HAD A SON NAMED EUSTACE.

THE O'DOLAN WAS A WILD ONE HE BECAME A NOTORIOUS PIRATE AND FREEBOOTER... MADE AND LOST VAST FORTUNES... AND FINALLY BUILT A HOUSE IN CENTRAL CITY. AFTER THIS, NOTHING MORE WAS HEARD FROM HIM



IN 1908 EUSTACE DOLAN (HE HAD DROPPED THE "O") JOINED THE POLICE FORCE IN CENTRAL CITY, WHERE HE LEARNED THAT THE O'DOLAN HAD FILED A WILL DEEDING THE OLD HOUSE TO EUSTACE'S CHILDREN



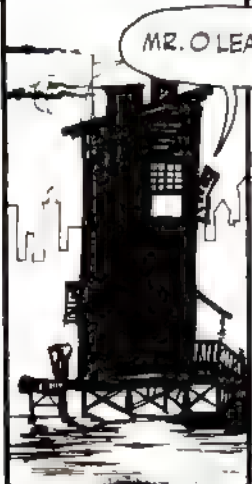
AND SO TODAY COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S DAUGHTER ELLEN STANDS BEFORE AN OLD WATERFRONT BUILDING THAT ONCE BELONGED TO THE O'DOLAN.



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MEANWHILE,
INSIDE THE
ANCIENT HOUSE...



MR. O'LEARY.

NOW...THAT'S PECULIAR.
I LEFT HIM HERE PUTTING
ON THE LIGHTS.. I TURNED
MY BACK FOR A SECOND
AND HE DISAPPEARED!



MR.
O'LEARY



OH... THE LIGHTS !!



GOOD THING
I HAVE
CANDLES.



CLOMP
CLOMP



SLAM

EEEEK

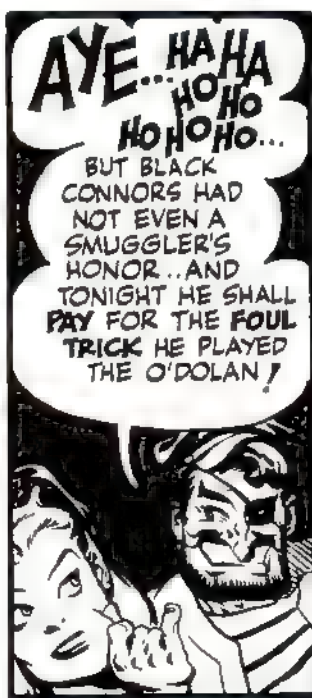


W-WHO'RE
YOU ?



THE O'DOLAN OF COUNTY
CONMEATH AT YOUR SERVICE,
MA'AM. I'M JUST RETURNED FROM
A VISIT TO MY ANCESTRAL HOME,
AND QUITE A SHOCK IT IS
TO FIND YOU INSTALLED
IN MY HOUSE !









'TIS A NASTY WOUND YOU'VE GOT, ME BUCKO, BUT WE'LL FIX IT..

HELLO, DADDY... COME QUICK! THE SPIRIT'S SHOT, AND MUSCLES SHOALS IS LOOSE..



THERE HE IS!

WE GOTCHA THIS TIME, SPIRIT!



OH STOP HIM HE'LL BE KILLED!

NEVER FEAR, MISS..THE SMUGGLER NEVER BREATHED THAT WAS A MATCH FOR THE O'DOLAN

HA HA HA
A TERRIBLE CURSE ON YE!



BANG



OH, THANK YOU.. YOU SAVED HIS LIFE!

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ALONE... 'TIS A FINE, BRAVE LAD YE HAVE THERE... BUT NOW I MUST BE ON MY WAY.



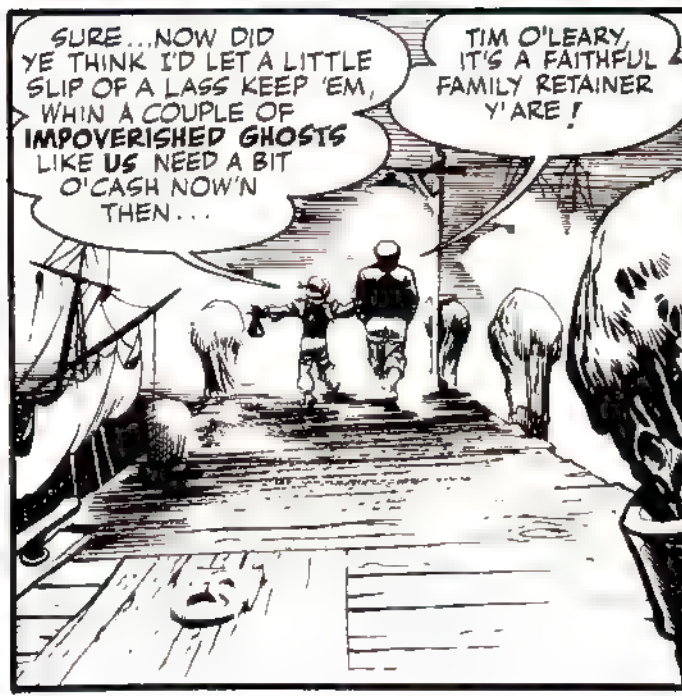
OH, WON'T YOU WAIT TILL DADDY COMES?

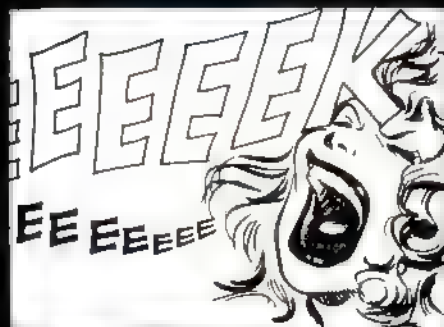
NO..I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.



BUT FOR YOU, MISS ELLEN..AS A SMALL MEMENTO.. I'M LEAVING THE CROWN OF THE O'DOLANS. FOR 'TIS A TRUE O'DOLAN YOU ARE, AND DESERVIN' TO KEEP IT.







OUR STORY OPENS

IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE ON CENTRAL CITY'S WATERFRONT.



SOMEWHERE INSIDE.

GET HIM, BOYS!



ARSON PYRE!!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN... I SENT YOU UP FOR THIS SEVEN YEARS AGO... THIS TIME YOU'LL GET 20 YEARS!

POUR SOME MORE GASOLINE ON HIM, SULFER!

AND THIS TIME YOU'LL BE ROASTED FIRST, SPIRIT.

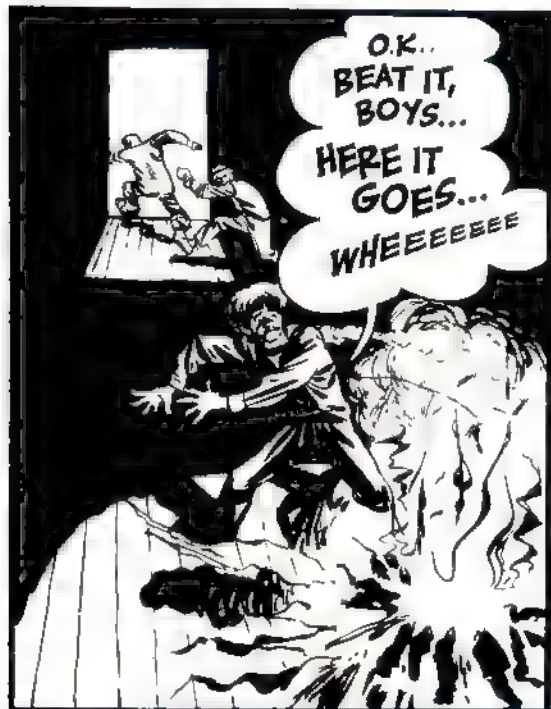
HAH HA HA

STEP ASIDE, BOYS, WHILE I GIVE THE GREAT CRIME-FIGHTER A HOT-FOOT!

BLUB



O.K...
BEAT IT,
BOYS...
HERE IT
GOES...
WHEEEEEEE



Oh dear... the situation sure is hair-raising. But before we return to see how he makes out, let's have a word from our sponsor, the makers of that wonderful hair-raising miracle.

GOOPLE'S CREAM
HAIR RESTORER
Shampoo

LISTEN TO THIS REAL-LIFE STORY FROM A REAL-LIFE PERSON:

BEFORE USING GOOPLE'S, I LOOKED LIKE THIS



ONLY A FEW APPLICATIONS OF GOOPLES... AND NOW I LOOK LIKE THIS



More about this miracle later in the program..

...WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, WE LEFT THE WOUNDED, GASOLINE-DRENCHED SPIRIT TIED UP IN THE BURNING WAREHOUSE WHILE ARSON PYRE, FLINT, AND SULFER ESCAPE.



MEANWHILE.. IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN..

HELLO...YEAH, THIS IS DOLAN...WHAT ??? THE OLD WAREHOUSE AFIRE...UH OH... I HEAR THE FIRE ENGINES GOING BY.. YES, I'LL BE OUT THERE MYSELF.



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LOOKS LIKE ARSON, SIR.. BURNS TOO FAST.. IN A FEW MINUTES THERE WON'T BE TOO MUCH LEFT OF IT.

ANYONE INSIDE?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR... WE'VE A NET OUT, JUST TO MAKE SURE.





MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE INFERNO, THE GREAT CRIMEFIGHTER BEGINS TO MOVE...



POP



...Asbestos powder, which covered the gasoline, poured over him and made the Spirit immune to flame...
And now he's dived out of the window twenty stories above ground...
Well, while the crimefighter heads earthward a word about **GOOPLE'S CREAM**...

UNLIKE MANY OTHER HAIR PREPARATIONS, GOOPLE'S DOES MORE THAN SLICK DOWN HAIR...

IN JUST 10 SECONDS AFTER EACH APPLICATION

GOOPLE'S CREAM DIGS DOWN INTO THE ROOTS WHERE ITS VITAMIN ZXP CONTACTS THE BASE

...THUS NOURISHING THE LONG-DEAD FOLLICLES... ROOTS, BEGIN TO FUNCTION AND HAIR GROWS.

YES, GOOPLE'S ACTUALLY GROWS HAIR, AND NO OTHER CREAM CAN MAKE THAT STATEMENT.

Later we'll tell you how to get this miracle cream.



AND NOW.. BACK TO THE SPIRIT!



SOMEONE JUMPED!

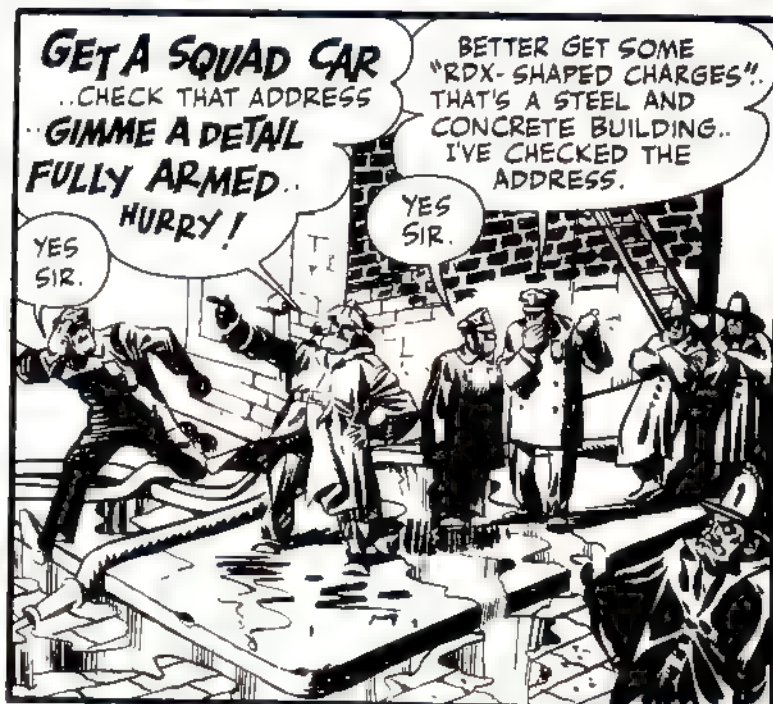
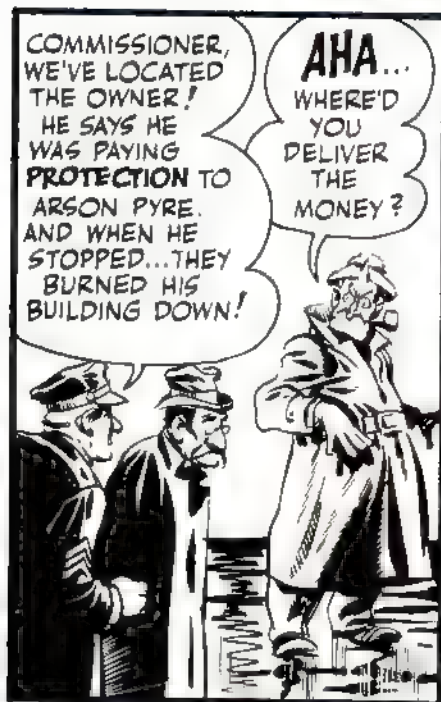
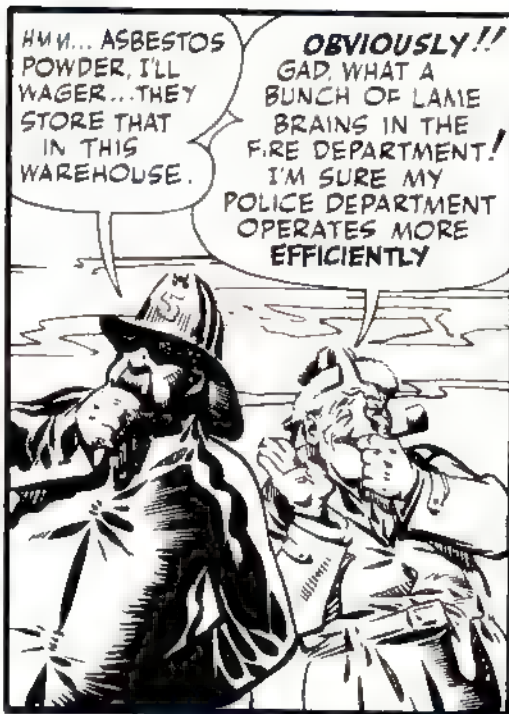
I TOLD YOU SOMEONE WAS IN THAT BUILDING!



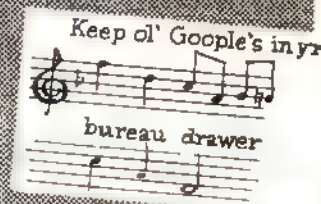
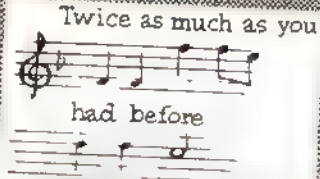
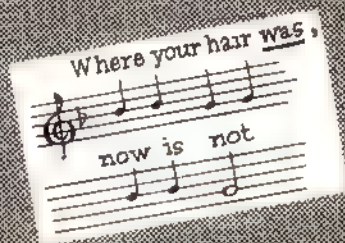
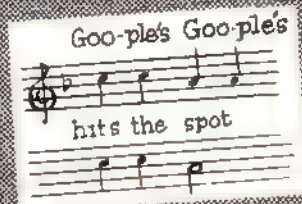
HEY.. HE'S GONE OFF.. HEY...!

WHO WAS IT?

I DON'T KNOW.. HE WAS COVERED WITH A CHARRED POWDER... OR ASHES, I GUESS...



In a moment we'll return and find out what happens to criminals who defy the mighty forces of the law. And now let's listen to a transcribed message from our sponsor.

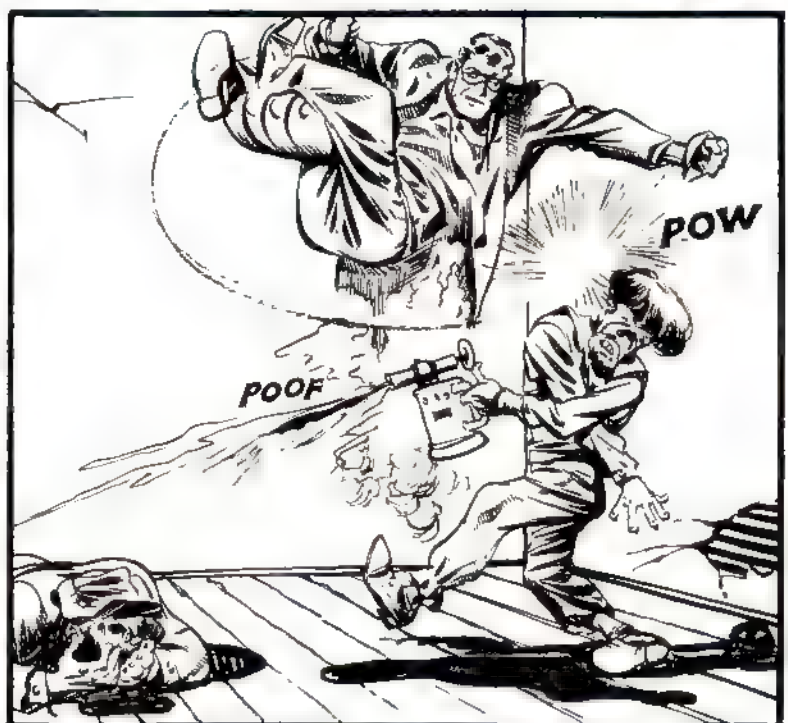
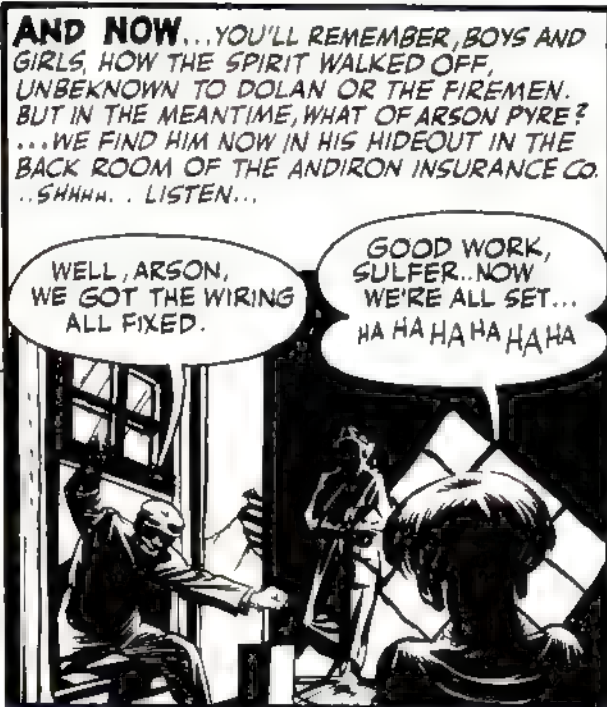


Google Google Google Google Google Google Google

A brief pause for newspaper identification

BUNG
BING
BONG

This is your local Sunday paper, operating on a frequency of 250 newsboys and 40 bicycles.



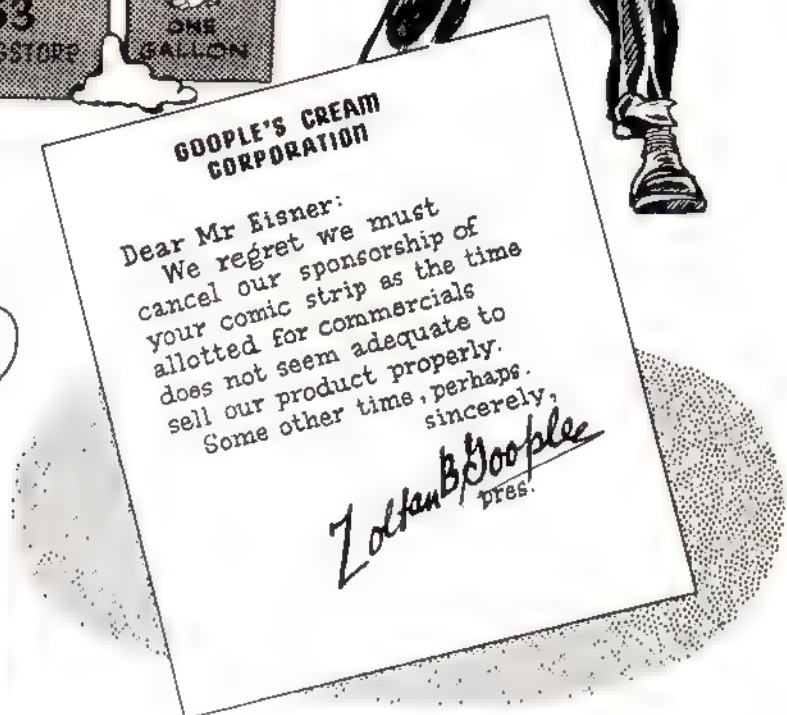
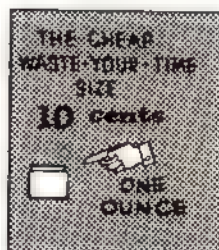


And so... another adventure ends with the Spirit far ahead of the crooks.

Now about next week:

...BUT, before we learn that, let's have a word from our sponsor....

Remember... GOOPLE'S CREAM comes in TWO handy sizes...









NO...THERE'S NOTHIN' TO DO...
I LOVE SPARROW, BUT I'M MARRIED
TO ROSIE. THE BEST THING I CAN DO
IS T'GET OUTTA SPARROW'S LIFE
FAST. BUT I WANTED YOU AND ELLEN
TO KNOW THE STORY...YA BEEN SO
NICE TO ME...



IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS A KID...I USED T'DRIVE FOR
FOR CARBINE CARSON... ROSIE WAS HIS MOLL. SHE
ALWAYS KINDA LIKED ME, AN' I GUESS I WAS KINDA
IMPRESSED WITH HER.



ONE DAY ON A JOB, ROSIE
SHOT A COP. I WAS THE ONLY
WITNESS...



SO ROSIE MADE ME MARRY HER..THAT
WAY, I COULDN'T TESTIFY AGAINST
HER. I DIDN'T CARE MUCH WHAT
HAPPENED TO ME IN THOSE DAYS...



A HUSBAND'S
TESTIMONY
AINT WORTH
NOTHIN' IN
COURT..SEE?

CARBINE MUSTA SQUEALED,
'CAUSE THE COPS SOON PICKED
ME UP... I WOULDN'T TALK.



...THEY SENT ME TO REFORM
SCHOOL. WHILE I WAS IN, ROSIE
WROTE AN' SAID SHE WAS GETTIN'
A DIVORCE ... BUT I GUESS SHE
NEVER DID...



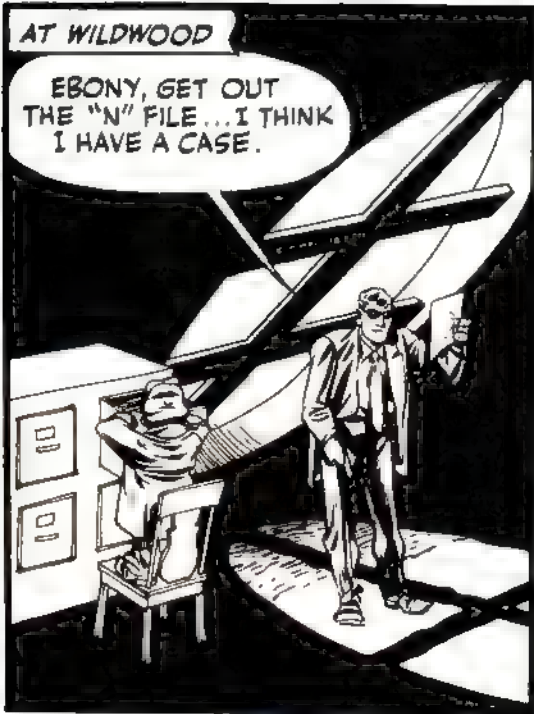
'CAUSE SHE'S
BACK, AN' SHE'S
BROKE, AN' I
GOTTA TAKE CARE
OF HER. THERE'S
NOTHIN' ELSE
TO DO.



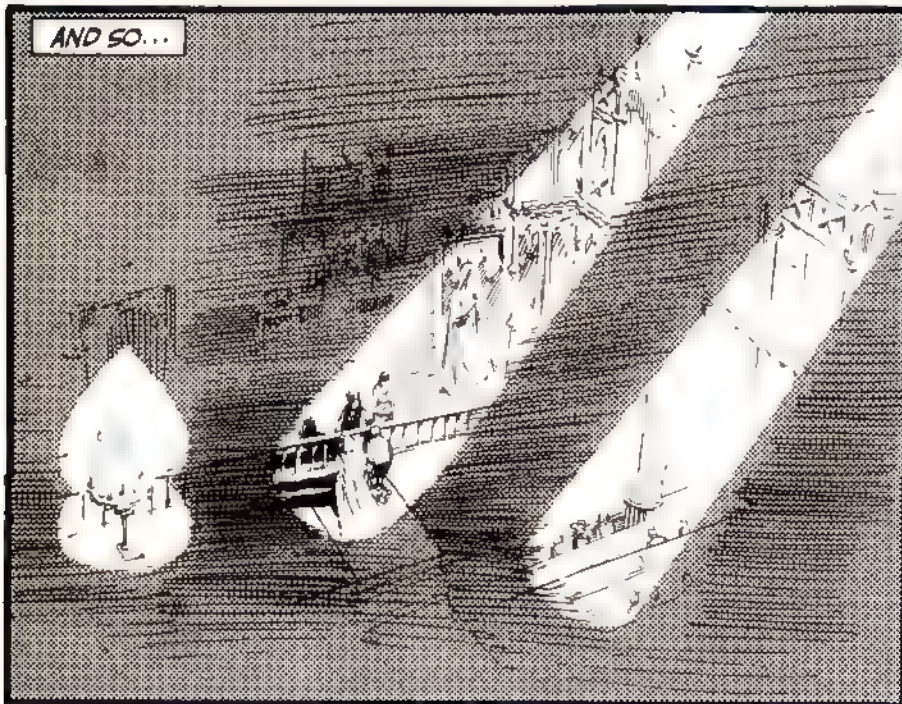
...SO THAT'S IT...

YOU HOLD ON,
BLEAK. DON'T
LEAVE TOWN...
I THINK I CAN
STRAIGHTEN THIS
OUT.









THE JOB

The

SPIRIT

BY WILL EISNER

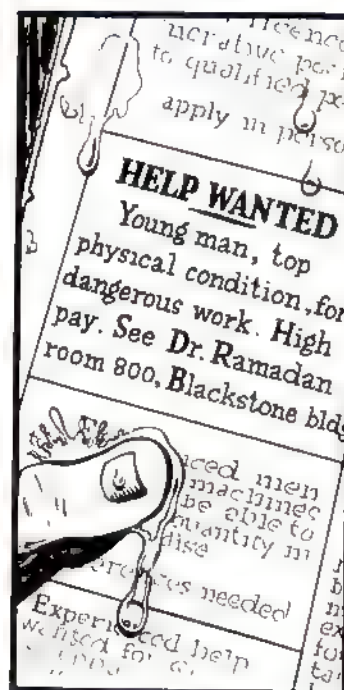
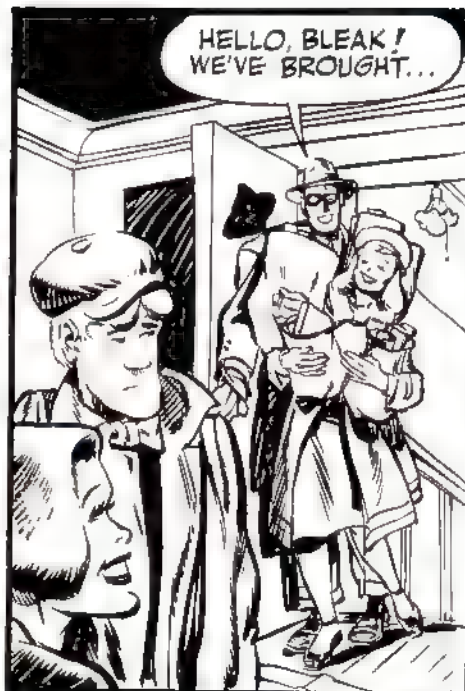
SPARROW,
HONEY... IT'S
SIX O'CLOCK AND
YOU'RE STILL
SCRUBBING THE
FLOOR...

OH, HOME
SO EARLY, BLEAK
DEAR?.. SIGH.. GOT
TO KEEP OUR
HOME NEAT...

C'MON, SPARROW, BABY..
HERE, LET ME FINISH IT...
A FINE HUSBAND I AM,
LETTING MY WIFE
SCRUB FLOORS ON
HER HONEYMOON!

DON'T
SAY
THAT,
BLEAK!

I KNEW WE'D BE POOR
WHEN I MARRIED YOU...
BUT MAKING A HOME IS
PART OF WHAT I ALWAYS
DREAMED ABOUT.
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



MEANWHILE...DR RAMADAN'S OFFICE.

THE CHOICE HAS NARROWED DOWN TO YOU TWO ... THE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION WILL DECIDE.

I'LL GET THIS JOB EASY... SO YOU GO FIRST. I'LL JUST WAIT AROUND.





YOU SEE, JACK FRYE IS MY LIFE WORK. IN 1590, A COURT PHYSICIAN DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE. JACK FRYE A CONVICTED PIRATE, OFFERED HIS SERVICES AS SUBJECT, TO ESCAPE THE GALLOWES. SINCE THEN HE HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM SCIENTIST TO SCIENTIST, ALL SWORN TO SECRECY.

HE HAS BEEN KEPT ALIVE BY INJECTIONS OF A SOLUTION MADE FROM A TINY GLAND TAKEN FROM THE BACK OF THE BRAIN OF A YOUNG MAN, SUCH AS YOURSELF....

BUT SUCH AN OPERATION WILL KILL ME!

PERHAPS YOU'LL LIVE.. PERHAPS YOU'LL DIE. IT'S A 50-50 CHANCE. THAT'S WHERE THE ELEMENT OF RISK AND DANGER ENTERS OUR CONTRACT.

MEANWHILE..

ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS I "BORROWED," HIS HIDEOUT IS SOMEWHERE IN THE OLD MINES OF INDIAN MOUNTAIN.

BUT HOW WE GONNA FIND IT? THEY'S A MILLION ENTRANCES!

WE'LL JUST START HERE AND KEEP LOOKING... IT'S ALL WE CAN DO.

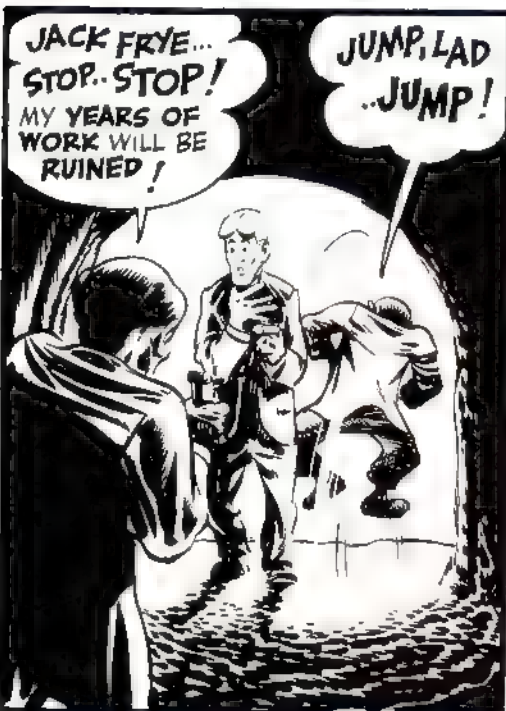
AND, IN THE CAVES...

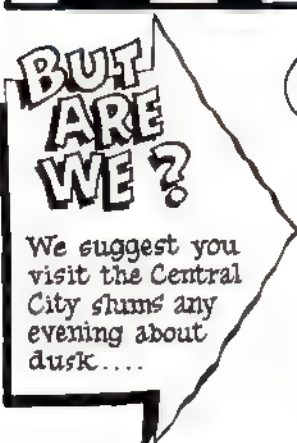
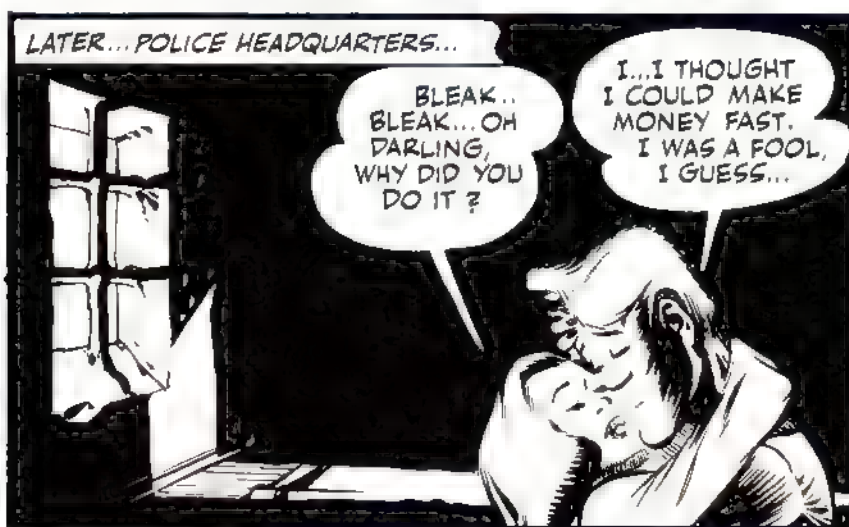
YOU CAN SLEEP HERE, BLEAK... WE'LL PERFORM THE OPERATION IN THE MORNING.

HIST, LAD! 'TIS OLD JACK FRYE COME TO HELP YOU ESCAPE..!

THANKS, OL' TIMER, BUT I'VE MADE A BARGAIN..

CREAK





THE LAST HAND

Among those who know death best, there persists a belief that when your number is up...well, your number is up...and that is that. For in the gambling-hall of life, the game of crime is fixed... and the percentage favors...death.

BUT, YOU SAY, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOUR NUMBERS UP?

WHY, IF A GUY KNEW WHEN HIS NUMBER WAS UP, HE COULD QUIT.... AND STAY AHEAD OF THE GAME

OKAY... OKAY... OKAY.



LET US TAKE, FOR INSTANCE...

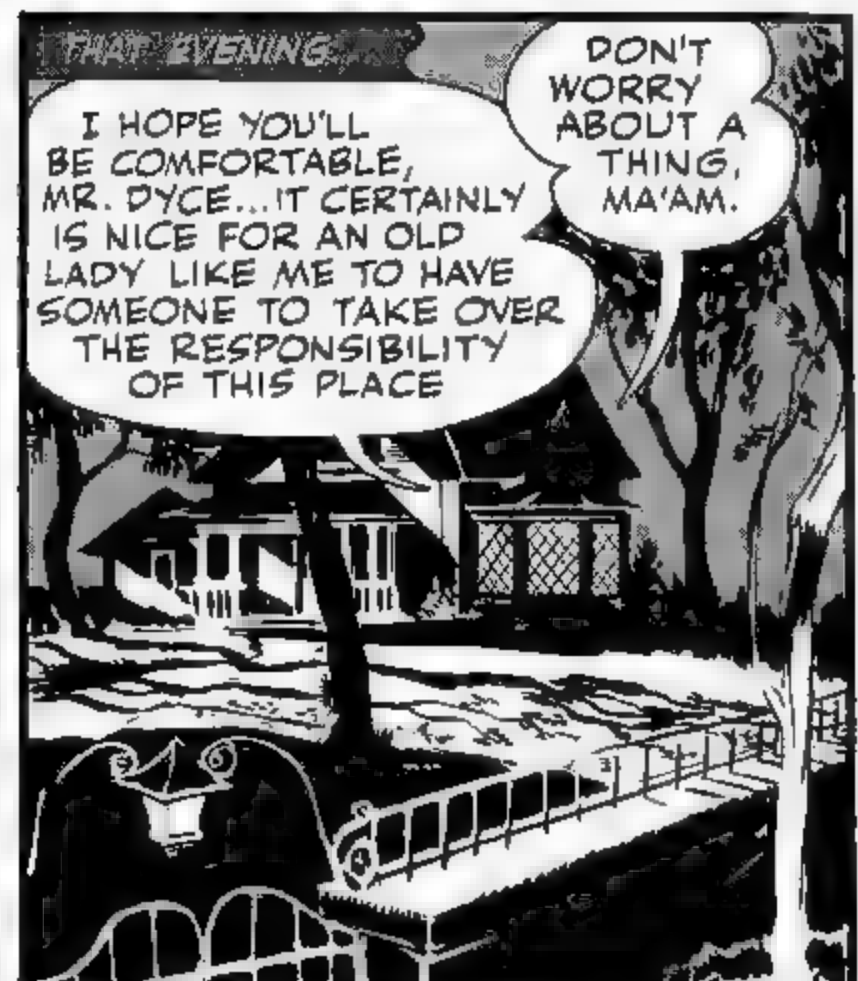
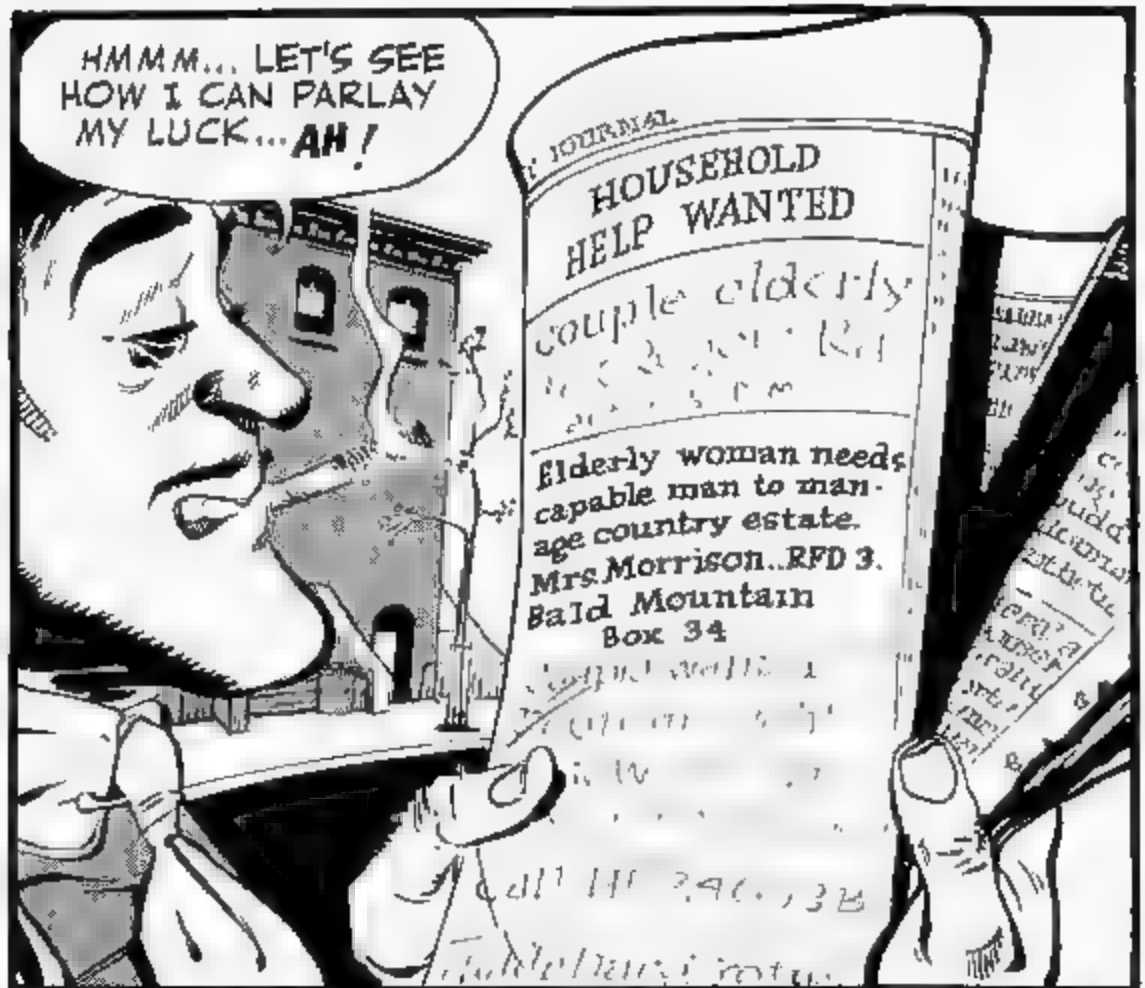
J. Rollo Dyce, Esq.

HE PARLAYED A TWO-CARD DRAW INTO A TEN-GRAND JACKPOT AND KILLED HIS PARTNER FOR THE KITTY.... NOW RIGHT THERE ROLLO KNEW HIS NUMBER WAS UP... BUT, SINCE HIS LUCK WAS IN, HE GATHERED UP THE ROLL AND PLAYED "JUST ONE MORE HAND"HE SCOOPED UP HIS ROLL AND PLAYED IT 100-TO-ONE...HE TOOK IT ON THE LAM.



CENTRAL CITY, HACKIE, AND THEN FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME. ... HERE...

PAL, FR THIS KIND O' DOUGH I'D F'GET ME OWN NAME!



NOW
(AS THEY
SAY IN THE
GAMBLING
HALLS)

**LET'S
LOOK
AT THE
DEALER'S
HAND..**

POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

DOLAN..DO YOU
SEE ANYTHING STRANGE
ABOUT THIS AD ?

HMMM ..
NO.
WHY ?



HELLO .. JOURNAL..
BOX 34..I'M
INQUIRING ABOUT
YOUR AD. OH, IT'S BEEN
FILLED...? THANK
YOU.



GRAB YOUR HAT,
DOLAN! SOME-
ONE'S NUMBER IS
UP... WE'LL PLAY A
100-TO-ONE SHOT,
AND STOP A
MURDER!



MEANWHILE BACK AT BALD MOUNTAIN..

NOW THAT THE OLD
DAME'S ASLEEP I'LL
CASE THE JOINT...

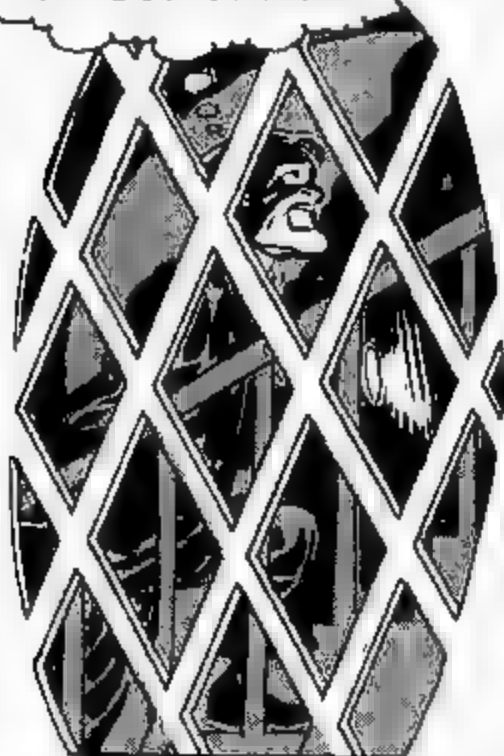


JEWELS..MONEY..
THE JACKPOT!

OH, BROTHER.. ME LUCK'S
RIDIN' HOT! I'M GONNA STACK
MY ROLL AND PLAY FOR THE
WHOLE POT.



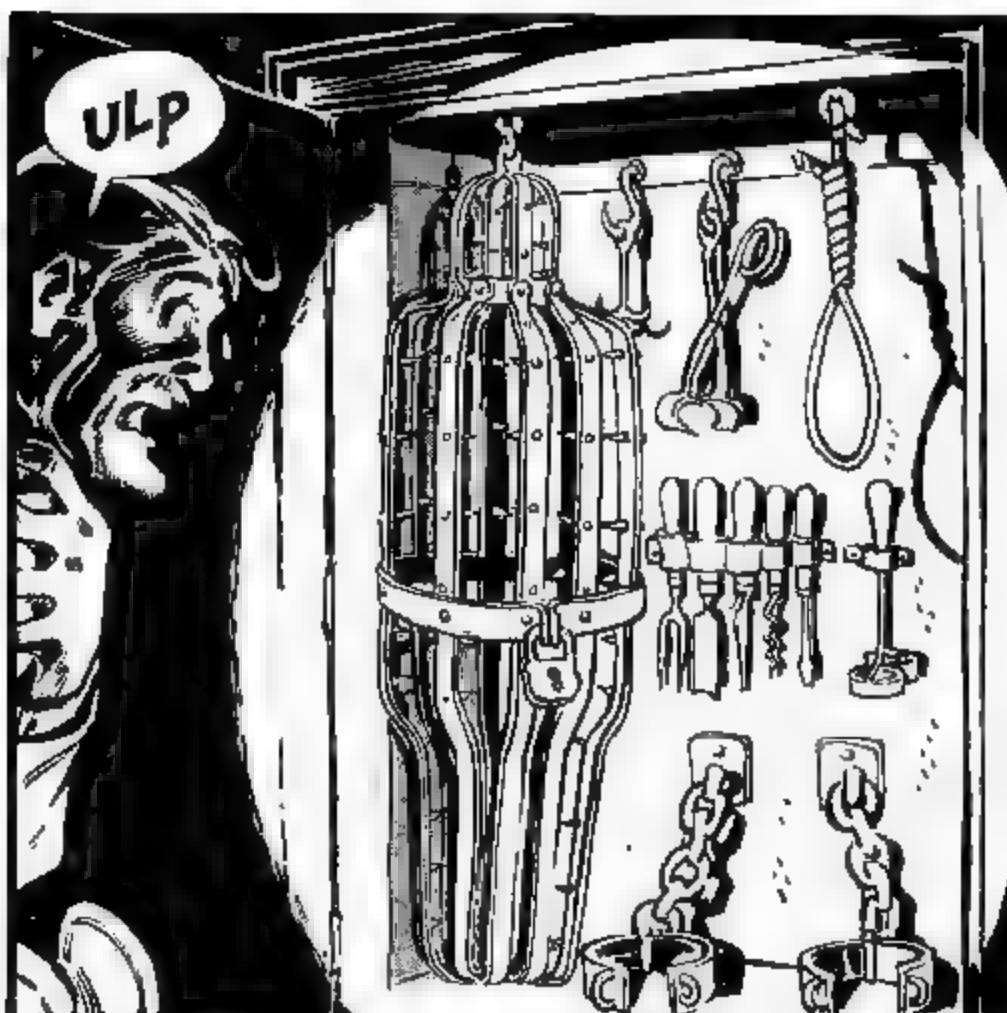
I'LL BUMP HER OFF
TONIGHT...IT'D BE
DANGEROUS TO WAIT..
POOR OLD THING..SHE
REMINDS ME OF
ME OLD LADY...



...BUT THEN..YA
NEVER GET NOWHERE
BEIN' SOFHEARTED..
...NOW LET'S SEE
WHAT SHE KEEPS IN
HER BOUDOIR
CLOSET...



ULP





A TORTURE CHAMBER!
NO WONDER SHE'S SCARED
TO LIVE ALONE.. THIS PLACE
MUST BE CRAWLIN' WITH
GHOSTS.



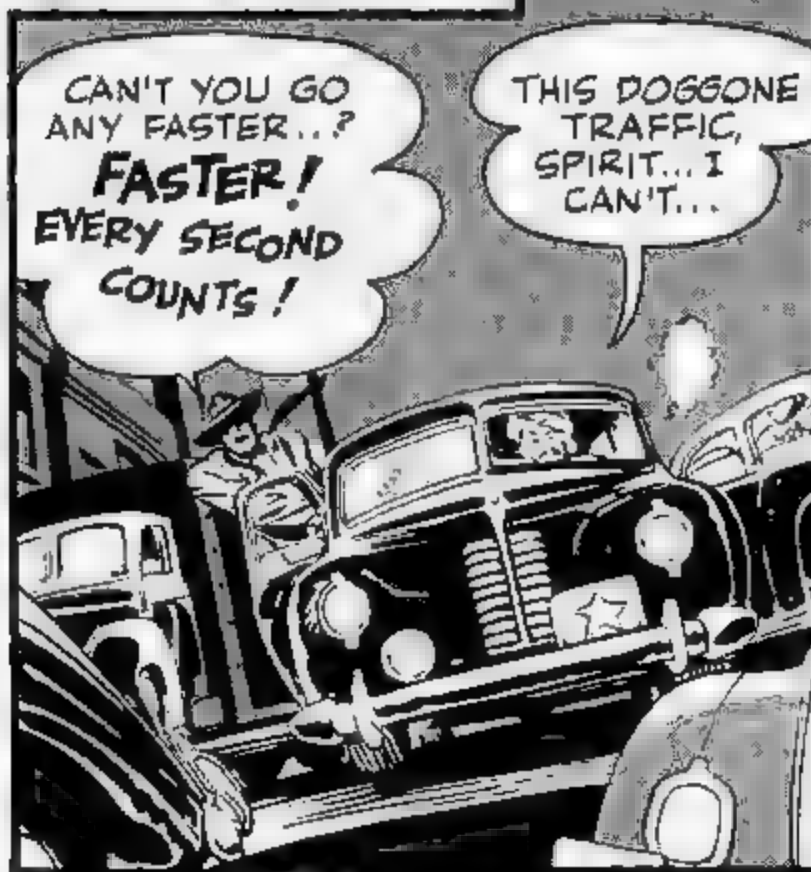
I'LL USE ONE OF THE
INSTRUMENTS... THIS GARROTE,
FOR INSTANCE... IT'LL BAFFLE
THE COPS. HA.. THERE'S
NOTHIN' LIKE A RUN
OF LUCK!



AAH... OLD GAL'S
FAST ASLEEP...

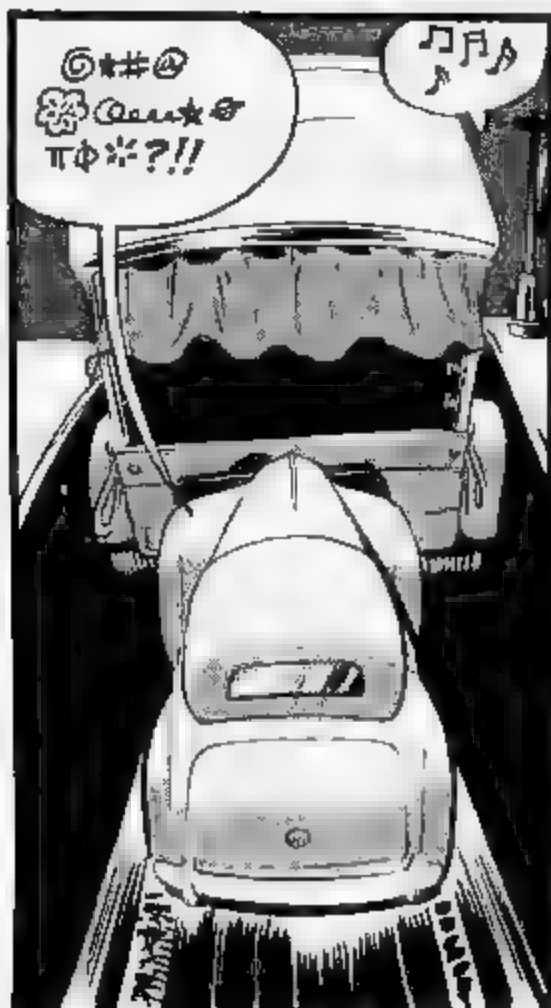


AT THAT SAME MOMENT,
DOWN IN THE VALLEY...



CAN'T YOU GO
ANY FASTER...?
FASTER!
EVERY SECOND
COUNTS!

THIS DOGGONE
TRAFFIC,
SPIRIT... I
CAN'T...



@@*#@
Qee*
πφ*?!!



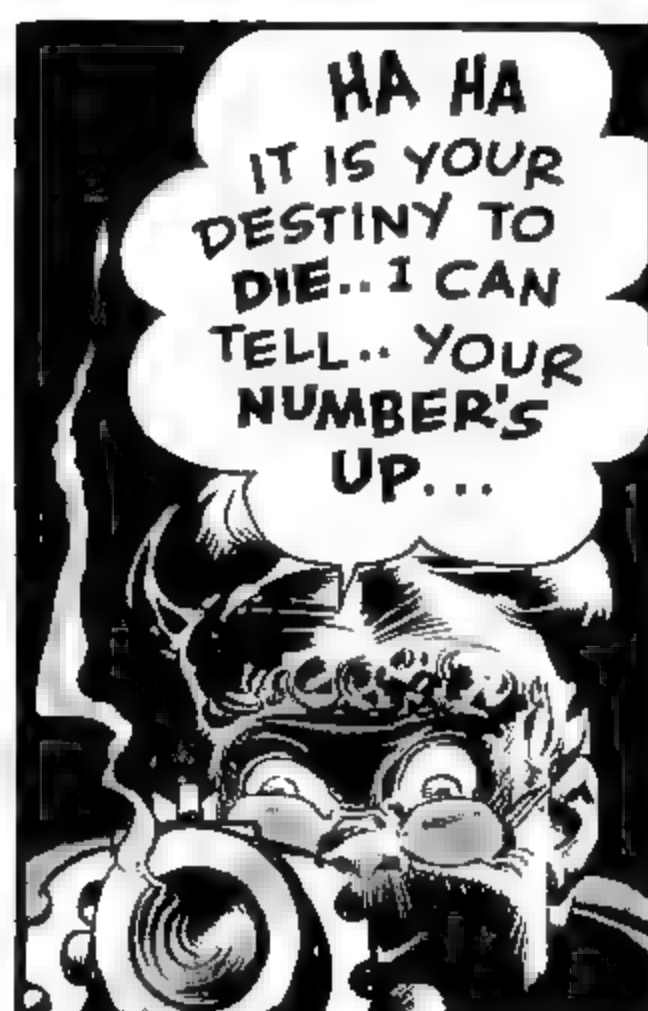
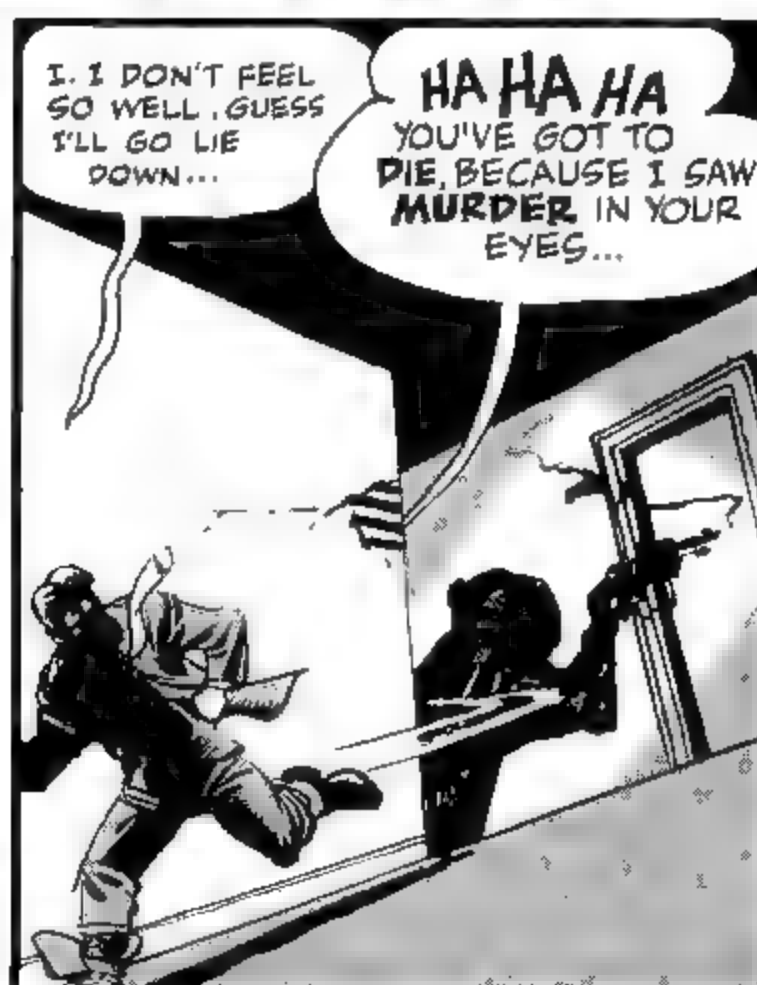
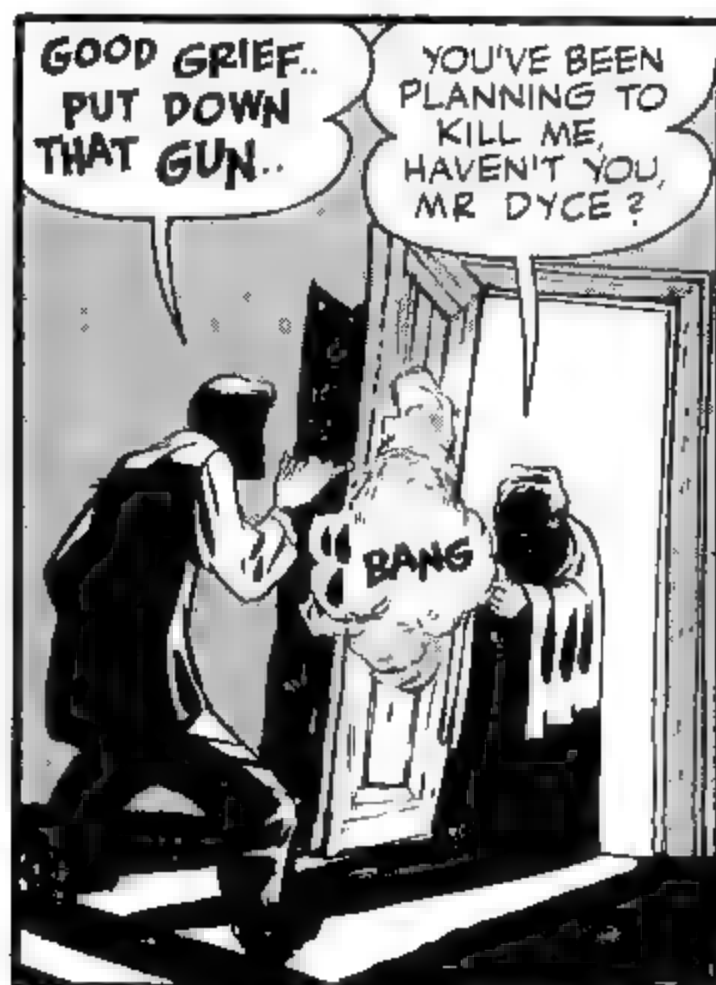
AND BACK AT BALD
MOUNTAIN

WELL I'LL BE
* * * * *
SHE AINT
IN BED AT
ALL!!



OH,
MRS.
MORRISON...







THAT WAS **CLOSE!**
ALL RIGHT, MARY..
GIVE COMMISSIONER
DOLAN THE GUN.
YOUR LITTLE
GAME IS OVER.



OH...OH!
HOW CAN YOU
BE SO CRUEL
TO A POOR OLD
WOMAN?

NOW
STOP
THAT!

YOU'RE THE
NEW MANAGER,
AREN'T YOU?

ER..YEAH.
BUT WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?



BRIEFLY, THE
"NICE OLD LADY"
WHO HIRED YOU
IS MEATAXE MARY,
A **HOMICIDAL
MANIAC**. I
SPOTTED HER AD
..SHE USED IT
BEFORE. YOU SURE
ARE **LUCKY**,
MISTER.

WELL...I
BELIEVE IN
FATE.
IF YOUR
NUMBER IS
UP, YOUR
NUMBER
IS UP!



I SUPPOSE SO...
WELL, PACK
YOUR THINGS.
WE'LL WAIT FOR
YOU IN THE
CAR.

YEH...



WHEW.. MY LUCK'S
HOLDING...MIGHT
AS WELL PLAY
ANOTHER CARD..
I'LL WAIT TILL
THEY'RE IN THE
CAR. THEN I'LL
RUN FOR IT..HA HA
IT'LL BE A
CINCH...



I'LL TAKE MY TIME...
NO USE RUSHING NOW..
THE LOOT'S IN ME
POCKETS...

THEY DON'T
EVEN **SUSPECT**
ME...



?



GASP...



?

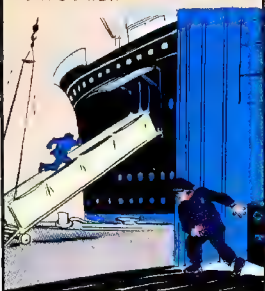
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO FIGURE IT, SPIRIT..
HE **ESCAPED CERTAIN**
DEATH, ONLY TO MAKE
A STUPID **MISTAKE**.
HE SHOULD
KNOWN THE OLD
LADY'D TRY TO POISON
HIM WITH **CYANIDE**
TEA.

WELL..I
GUESS IT'S
LIKE HE SAID...
HIS
NUMBER WAS
UP...

Assignment: Paris



CENTRAL CITY HARBOR. DAWN...
A FAMILIAR FIGURE LEAPS UP THE
GANGPLANK SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE
IT IS TOO LATE...



COMMISSIONER DOLAN
'PUFF' IT'S JUST AS
YOU GUESSED
THE SPIRIT HAS
JUST GONE ABOARD
...HE BOUGHT A
TICKET TO
FRANCE.



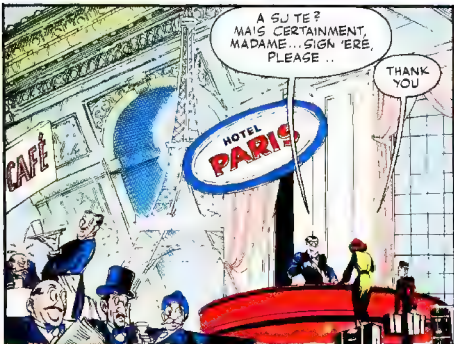
HE'S GOIN
AFTER DON
CARLOS!

EXACTLY...
HE'S HOPING
TO SCOOP ME
AGAIN

BUT THIS TIME
I OUTSMARTED
HIM... I SENT P'GELL
THERE BY PLANE
LAST NIGHT!



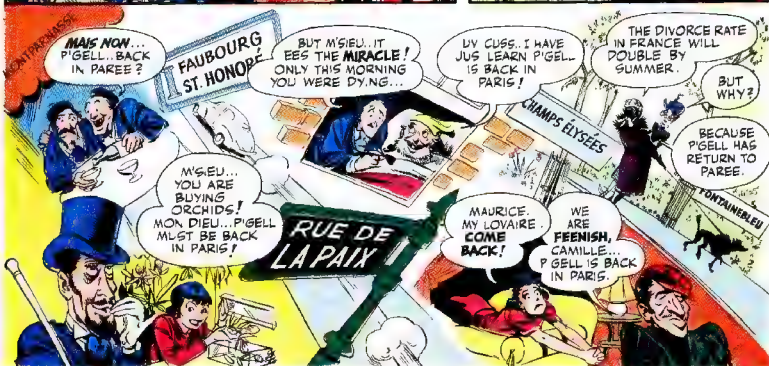
HAW



A SUTÉ?
MAIS CERTAINMENT,
MADAME... SIGN 'ERE,
PLEASE...

THANK
YOU

HOTEL
PARIS



MAIS NON...
P'GELL... BACK
IN PAREE?

FAUBOURG
ST. HONORE

BUT M'SIEU... IT
EES THE MIRACLE!
ONLY THIS MORNING
YOU WERE DY'NG...

BY GUS... I HAVE
JUS LEARN P'GELL
IS BACK IN
PARIS!

THE DIVORCE RATE
IN FRANCE WILL
DOUBLE BY
SUMMER...

BUT WHY?

BECAUSE
P'GELL HAS
RETURN TO
PAREE.

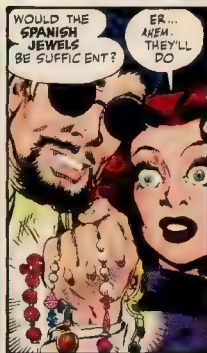
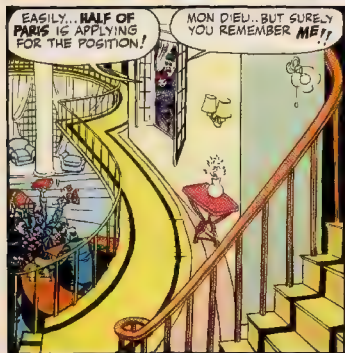
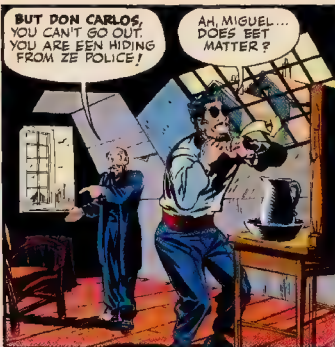
M'SIEU...
YOU ARE
BUYING
ORCHIDS!
MON DIEU... P'GELL
MUST BE BACK
IN PARIS!

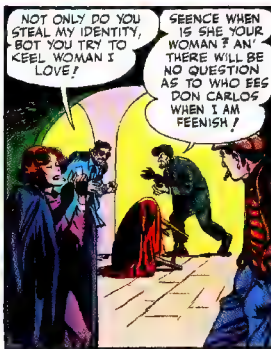
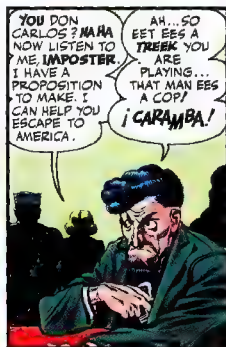
RUE DE
LA PAIX

MAURICE.
MY LOVAIRE.
COME
BACK!

WE
ARE
FEENISH,
CAMILLE...
P GELL IS BACK
IN PARIS.

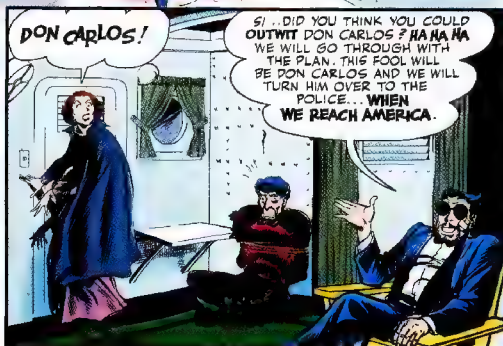
FONTAINEBLEU







AND SO... BACK IN THE HOTEL...



FIVE DAYS LATER, AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL CROSSING... THE DOCKS. CENTRAL CITY...

OK MEN. THERE SHE IS. AND, BY GOLLY, SHE'S GOT.

FIVE DAYS LATER, AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL CROSSING... THE DOCKS. CENTRAL CITY...

OK MEN. THERE SHE IS. AND, BY GOLLY, SHE'S GOT.

O.K. DON CARLOS ...YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

THAT'S HIM. WELL P'GELL, GOOD JOB.

NOTHING TO IT.. HERE ARE THE JEWELS NOW HOW ABOUT THE REWARD?

P GELL DOESN'T
RATE THAT REWARD!
I DID ALL THE WORK
I RISKED MY NECK
TO CAPTURE THE
REAL DON CARLOS!

P GELL DOESN'T
RATE THAT REWARD!
I DID ALL THE WORK
I RISKED MY NECK
TO CAPTURE THE
REAL DON CARLOS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SHE WAS WISE TO YOU AS SOON AS YOU SHOWED UP! SHE SENT ME THIS CABLE SAYING YOU WERE **DISGUISED** AS DON CARLOS ..

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SHE WAS WISE TO YOU AS SOON AS YOU SHOWED UP! SHE SENT ME THIS CABLE SAYING YOU WERE **DISGUISED** AS DON CARLOS ..

OH YEAH? RAW HAW...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SHE WAS WISE TO YOU AS SOON AS YOU SHOWED UP! SHE SENT ME THIS CABLE SAYING YOU WERE **DISGUISED** AS DON CARLOS...

YES SIR... THAT'S QUITE TRUE... AND WE THEN CABLED THE FRENCH POLICE TO SEE THAT YOU GOT ABOARD THIS LINER WITH DON CARLOS.

NOW THE REWARD PLEASE, COMMISSIONER. I'VE COMPLETED THE MISSION.

YES, MA'AM AND WITH TH'S DOUGH GOES THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S GRATITUDE.
8,9,10,000.
\$ \$

YES, MA'AM
AND WITH
THIS DOUGH
GOES THE
POLICE
DEPARTMENT'S
GRATITUDE.
8,910,000.
\$ \$

HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW
 NOW YOU KNOW HOW
 I ALWAYS FEEL WHEN
 YOU SCOOP ME
HAW HAW

OH YOU'LL
 GET THAT
OLD
FEELING
 AGAIN
 WHEN YOU
TEST THOSE
JEWELS
 P'GELL HANDED
 YOU...

HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW
 NOW YOU KNOW HOW
 I ALWAYS FEEL WHEN
 YOU SCOOP ME
HAW HAW

OH YOU'LL
 GET THAT
OLD
FEELING
 AGAIN
 WHEN YOU
TEST THOSE
JEWELS
 P'GELL HANDED
 YOU...



The Emerald of Rajahpur

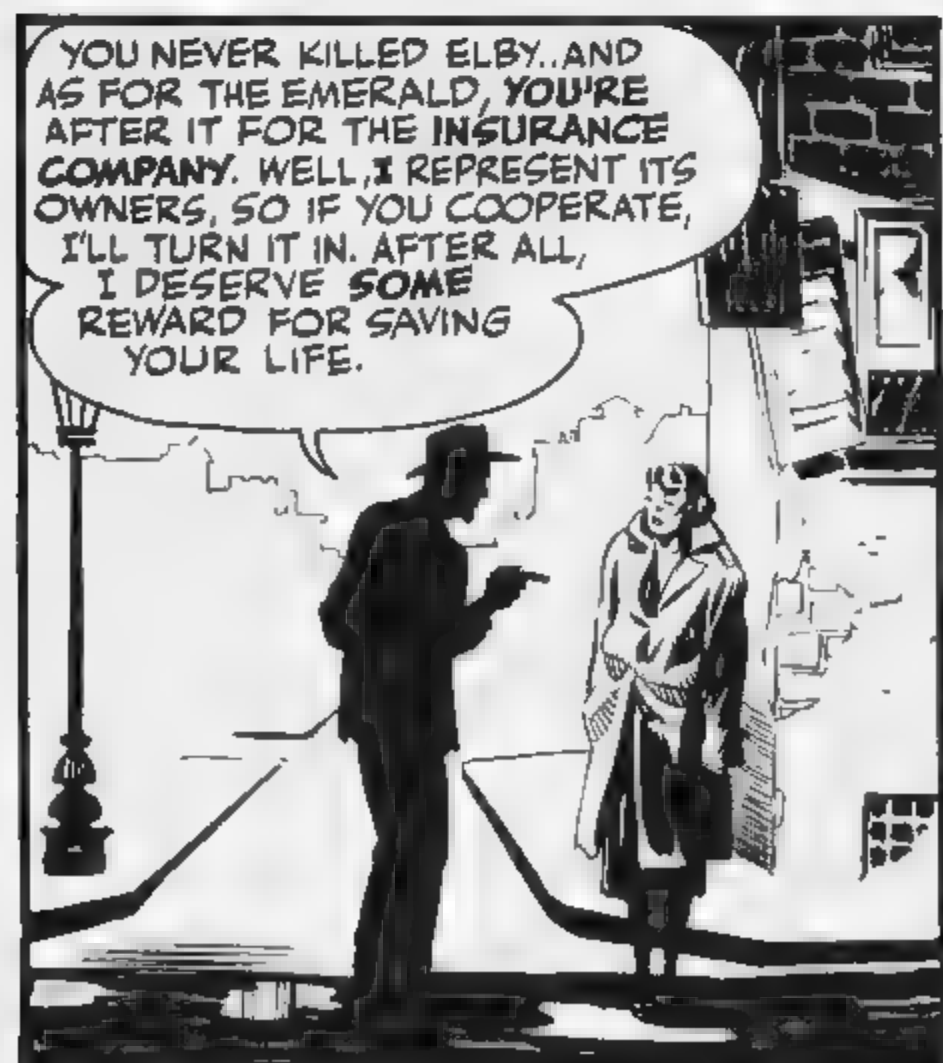
THE SPIRIT

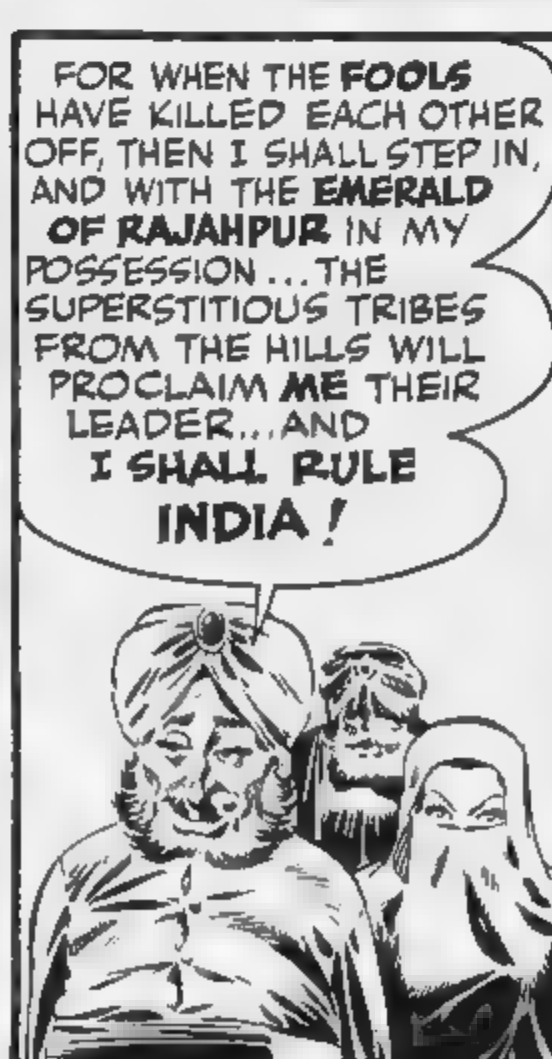
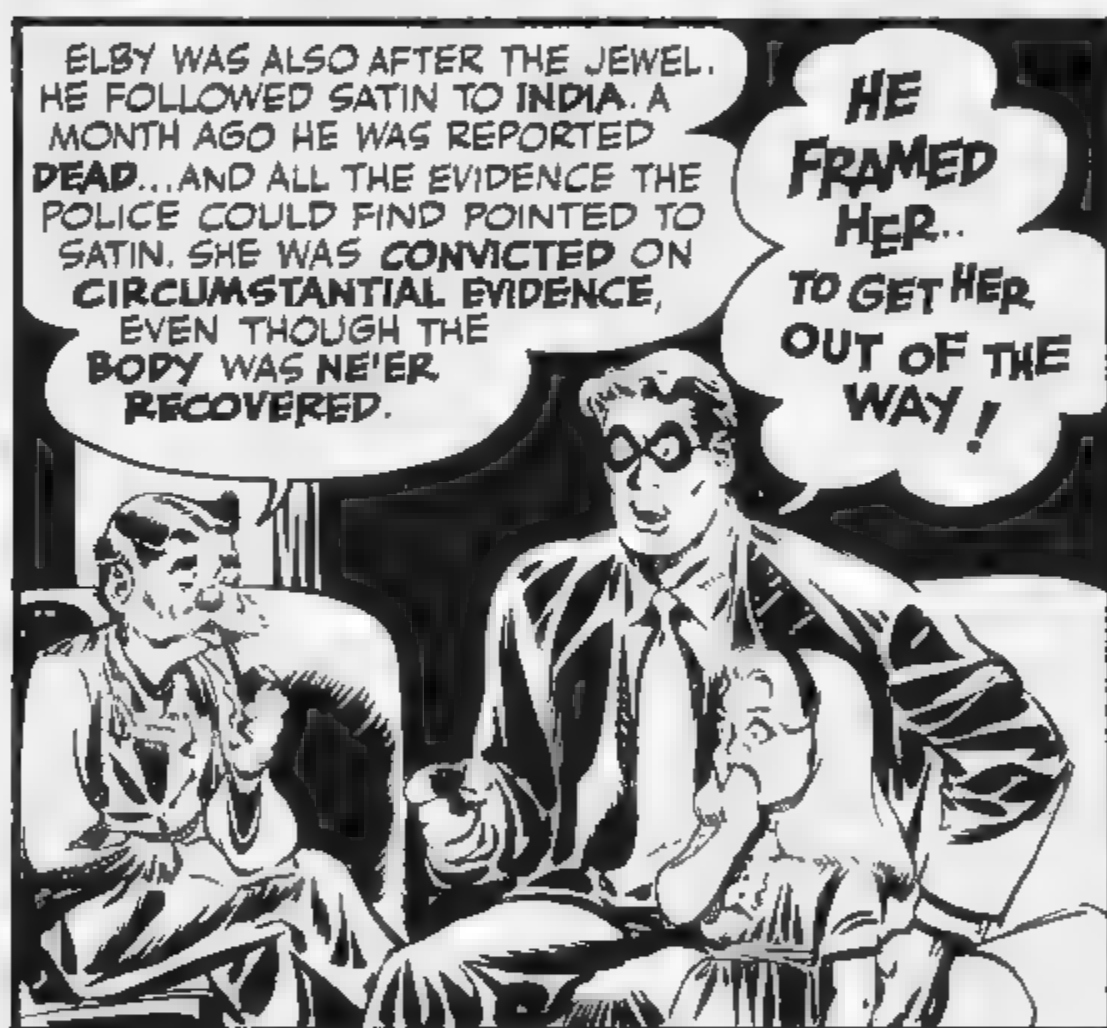
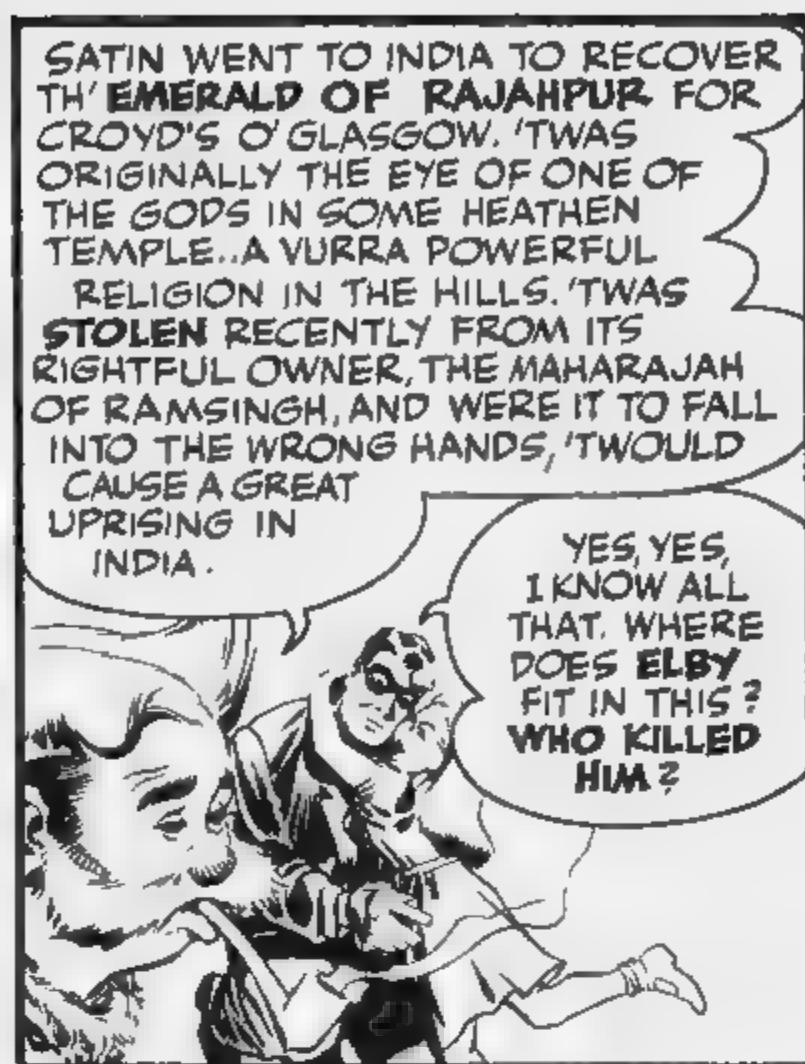
Will Eisner

SILK SATIN...
THIS COURT HAS PROVEN
YOU GUILTY OF THE MURDER
OF LORD ELBY...AND
SENTENCES YOU TO HANG
BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU
ARE DEAD.

OH
MUMMY!

COME, WEE
HILDIE...
'TIS
NAUGHT
WE CN
DO HERE.

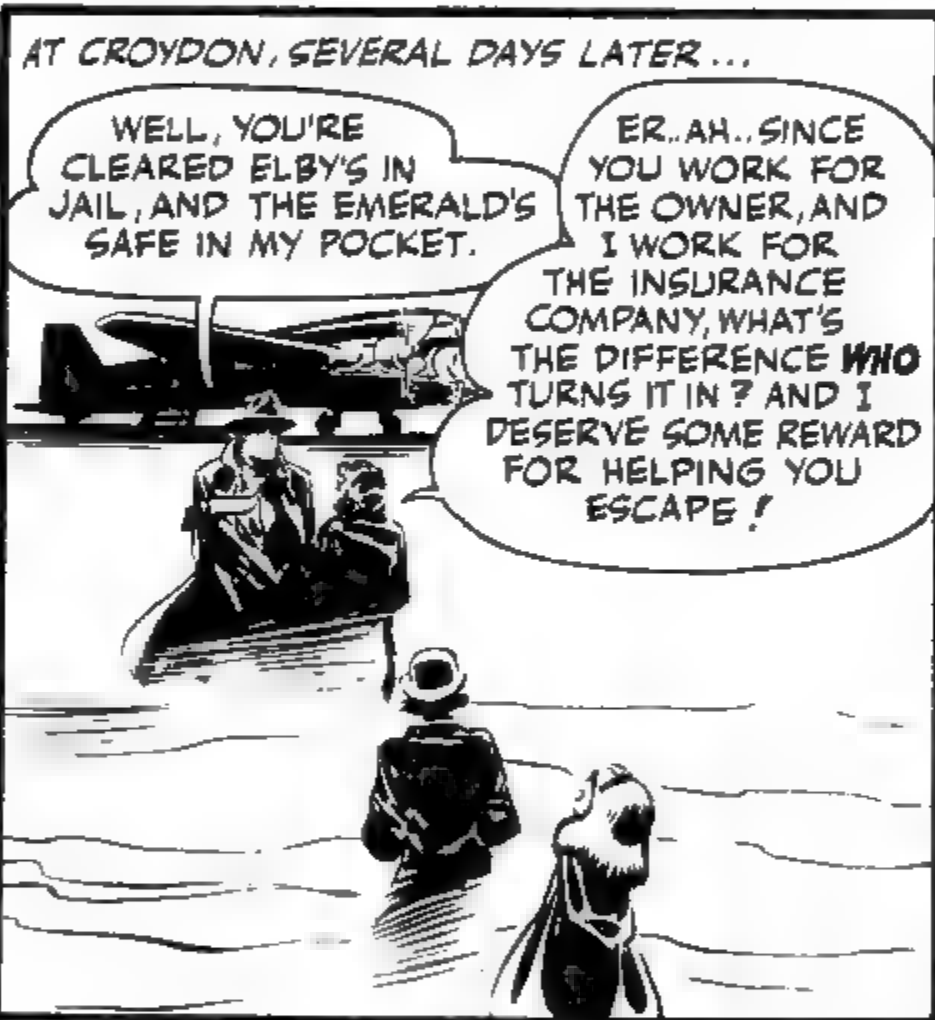
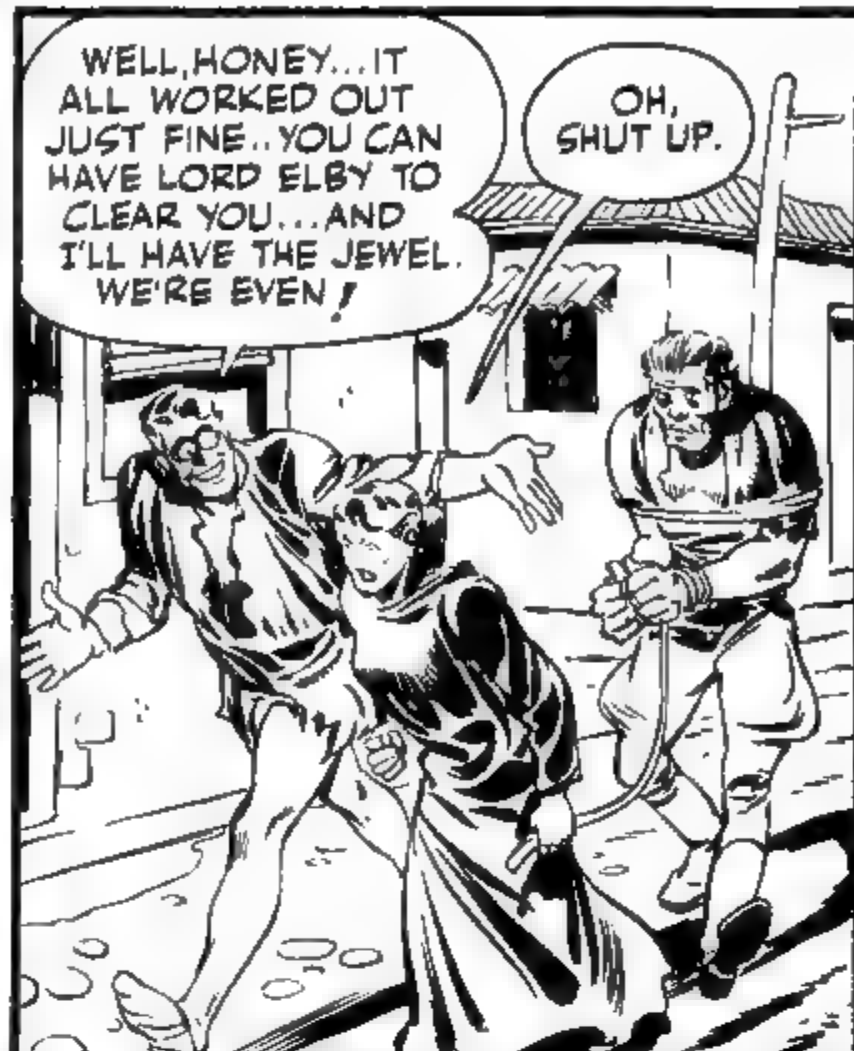












419. Originally published June 6, 1948

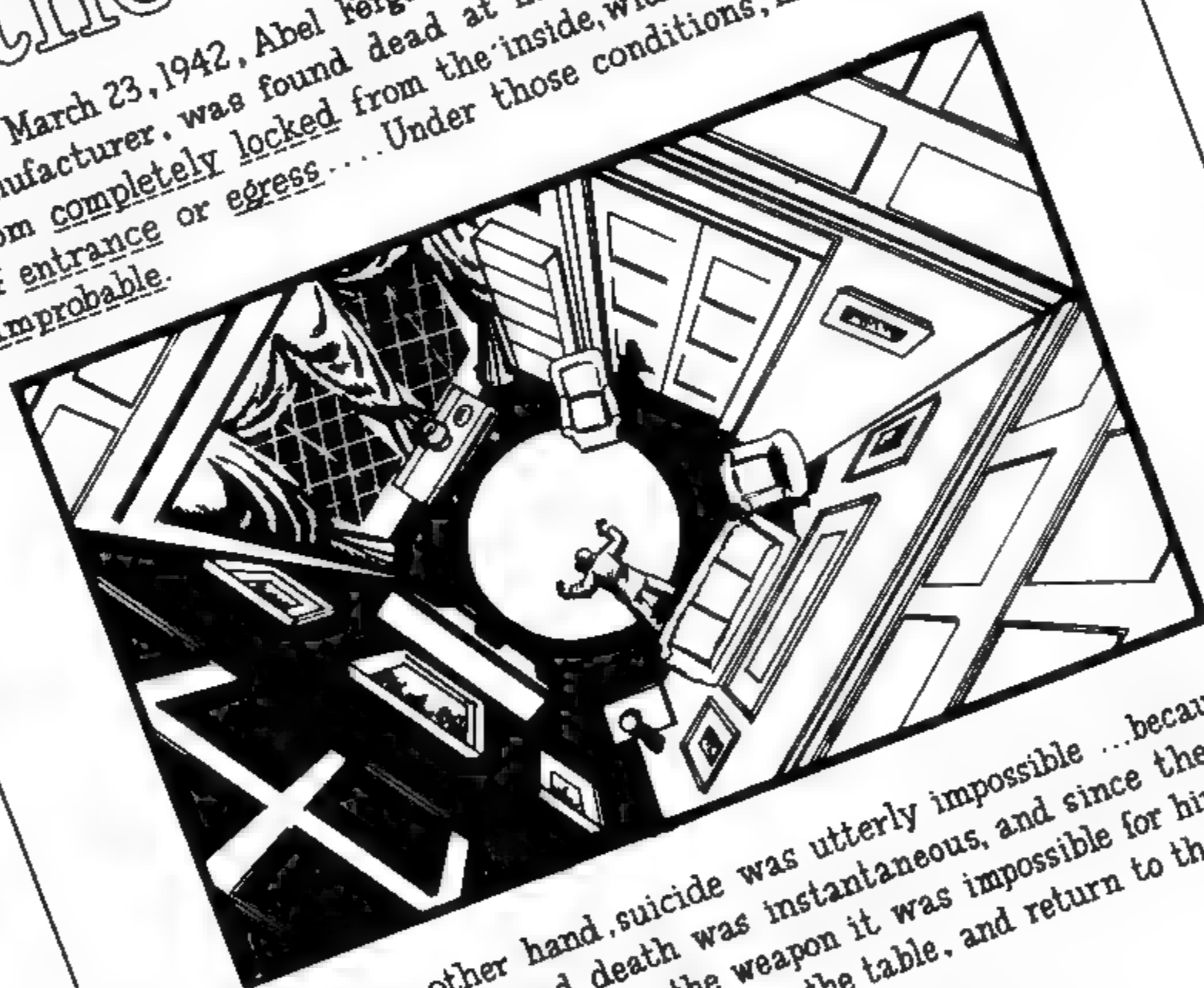
The GUILTY GUN...

Unsolved Cases No. 3

From the private files of

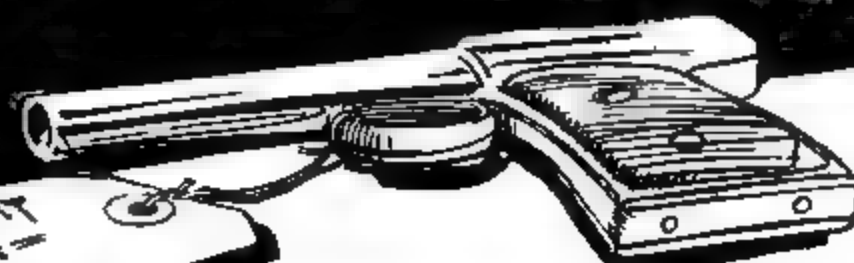
the Spirit by Will Eisner

On March 23, 1942, Abel Ferguson, wealthy retired steel manufacturer, was found dead at his country estate... in a room completely locked from the inside, with no other avenue of entrance or egress.... Under those conditions, murder was improbable.



On the other hand, suicide was utterly impossible ...because the doctors proved death was instantaneous, and since the body lay 15 feet from the weapon it was impossible for him to shoot himself, place the gun on the table, and return to the spot where he was found.

... There is only one other possibility....



People said Abel Ferguson had cause for suicide. In 1906 his partner, John Dailey, met a horrible death....he had fallen into a vat of molten steel at the Ferguson & Dailey mills



Ferguson had been tried for his murder, but acquitted.

Case dismissed!
Lack of evidence!



But from that day he was a broken man. He lived 36 years in the shadow of the tragedy, in complete retirement. interested only in his collection of unusual guns... until he died by a hand unknown.



How? ...why?
ACCIDENT??
SUICIDE?
MURDER?
We checked every inch of his past

...we found nothing that would cast any light on the killing of Abel Ferguson

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THIS HAS ME STUMPED...IT CAN'T BE SUICIDE AND IT CAN'T BE MURDER!

IT MUST BE MURDER.. SOMEONE MUST HAVE GOTTEN INTO THAT ROOM SOMEHOW... A GUN CAN'T FIRE ITSELF!



MRS. FERGUSON HAD BEEN ALONE IN THE HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING, AND WAS THE OBVIOUS SUSPECT...

NO, NO OF COURSE I DIDN'T KILL HIM.. I LOVED HIM!

NOW, MRS. FERGUSON, CALM YOURSELF... WE ONLY HAVE A FEW MORE QUESTIONS.



HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS BEFORE?

EEEEK



...ER... I..I DON'T THINK SO.





SHE LOOKED AT THE GUN AS IF HYPNOTIZED... SHE **COULDN'T TAKE HER EYES OFF IT!**

THINK, MRS FERGUSON, THINK... WAS IT PART OF YOUR HUSBAND'S COLLECTION?

I... I DON'T KNOW.



AS IF IN A TRANCE, SHE REACHED FOR IT...



THEN...

THE GUN... IT'S EVIL... I FEEL IT! TAKE IT AWAY!



From then on there was no use questioning her. She became completely hysterical every time we approached.

NO... NO... I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT... STOP TORTURING ME... AND TAKE THAT GUN AWAY!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DOLAN?

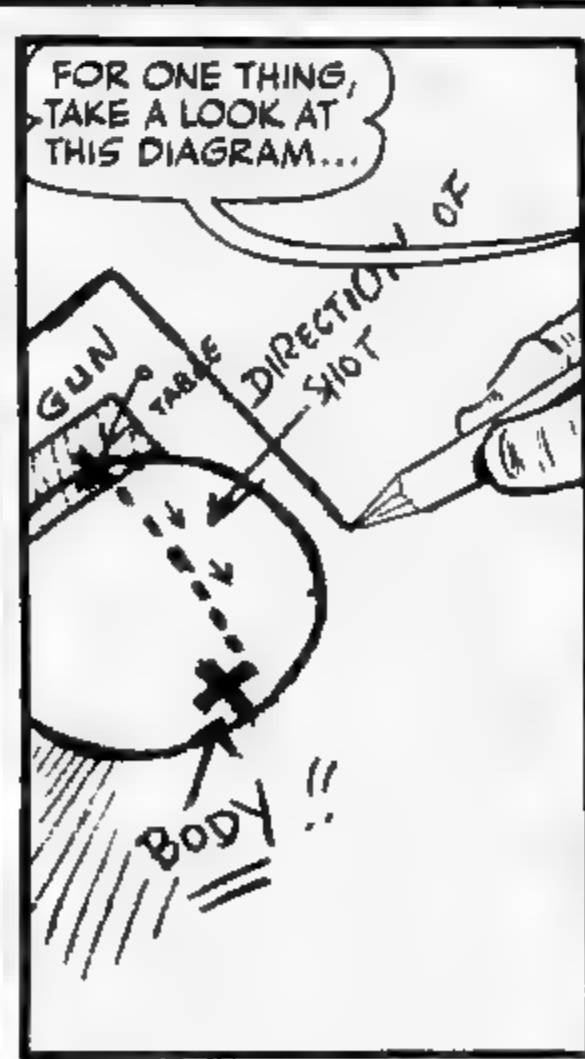
OF COURSE SHE DID IT... SEE THE WAY SHE ACTED WHEN SHE SAW THE GUN? WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT TILL SHE CALMS DOWN AND GET A CONFESSION OUT OF HER... IT'S A CINCH!



DOLAN'S SOLUTION DIDN'T SATISFY MENEXT DAY, IN THE POLICE LAB...

DOLAN, I'M CONVINCED THAT THE **GUN** IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE PROBLEM!

GUN? GUN? WHAT'S THE GUN GOT TO DO WITH IT?

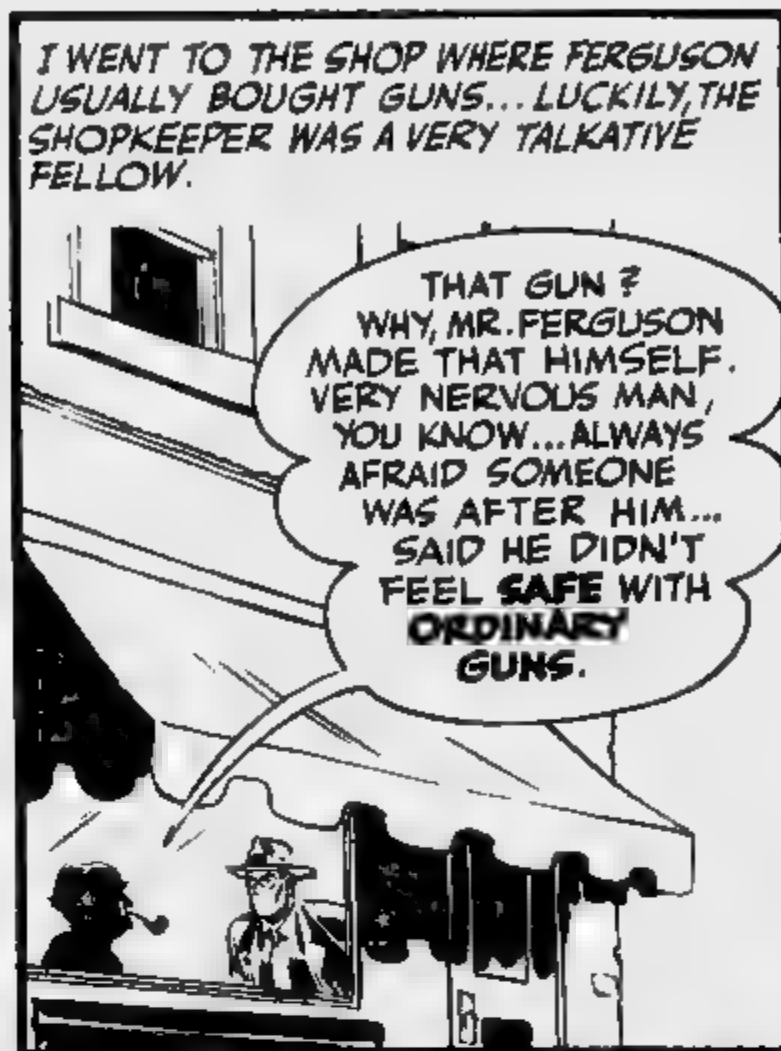


FOR ONE THING, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS DIAGRAM...



WHAT'S ALL THIS?

THE ANGLE AT WHICH THE SHOT WAS FIRED... IF YOU EXAMINE IT, YOU'LL FIND THAT THE GUN WAS FIRED LYING FLAT ON ITS SIDE ON THE TABLE.



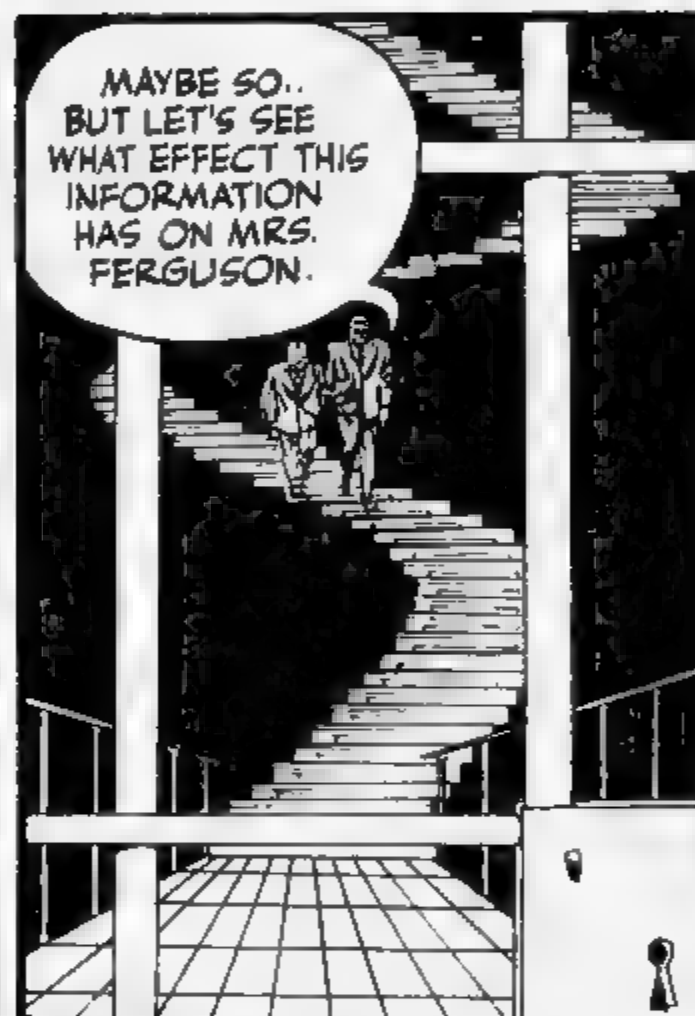
THE DATE OF DELIVERY OF THESE BARRELS WAS ONE WEEK AFTER JOHN DAILEY'S TRAGIC DEATH.



I KEPT THINKING OF DOLAN'S REMARK...A GUN CAN'T FIRE ITSELF!
THE SUSPICION THAT WAS FORMING IN MY MIND WAS FANTASTIC AND HORRIBLE, BUT I HAD TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH.



HEADQUARTERS...



LATER...



AND THEN SHE BROKE DOWN AND TOLD THE WHOLE HORRIBLE STORY.

MRS FERGUSON'S CONFESSION

John Dailey found out that my husband was selling unlisted securities on the corporation. One night he threatened to expose him.

GOOD NIGHT, FERGUSON. YOU CAN EXPECT A POLICE OFFICIAL IN THE MORNING.

A POLICE INVESTIGATION AT THIS POINT WOULD RUIN ME...AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

YES, ABEL. THERE IS A WAY...

I pointed out to Abel how easy it would be to meet Dailey on the catwalk above vat 6

HURRY, ABEL.. HURRY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY...

ALL RIGHT, DAILEY...I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME

YOU WIN, FERGUSON:GASP: BUT...REMEMBER... I SHALL RETURN!!

NO ONE SAW US..AND ABEL WAS CLEARED OF SUSPICION. BUT HE'S KEPT HIS THREAT.. THAT GUN IS MOVED BY A DEAD MAN'S WILL...

HA HA HA HA HEE HEE

IT'S A GUN WITH A WILL OF ITS OWN!

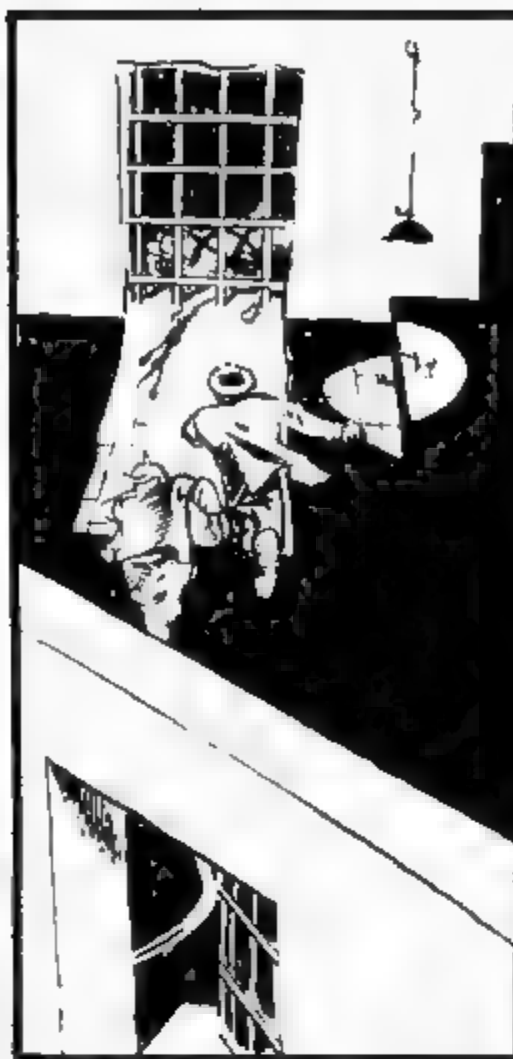
SIGN HERE, MRS. FERGUSON, AND THAT WILL BE ALL..

NOW YOU LIE DOWN HERE, MRS. FERGUSON.

HELLO... GILHOOLY? TELL THE D.A. I HAVE THE FACTS. YEAH, I'M LEAVIN' THE GUN ON THE MAIL TABLE... PICK IT UP WHEN YOU GET AROUND TO IT.

DID Y'LOCK HER CELL, SPIRIT?

YEP.



THE TV SET

BY WILL EISNER

THAT'S A PRE-WAR EXPERIMENTAL MODEL Y'R LOOKING AT, SON.... MANUFACTURED BY A **DEFUNCT** COMPANY.. HOW ABOUT A KNOWN BR....?

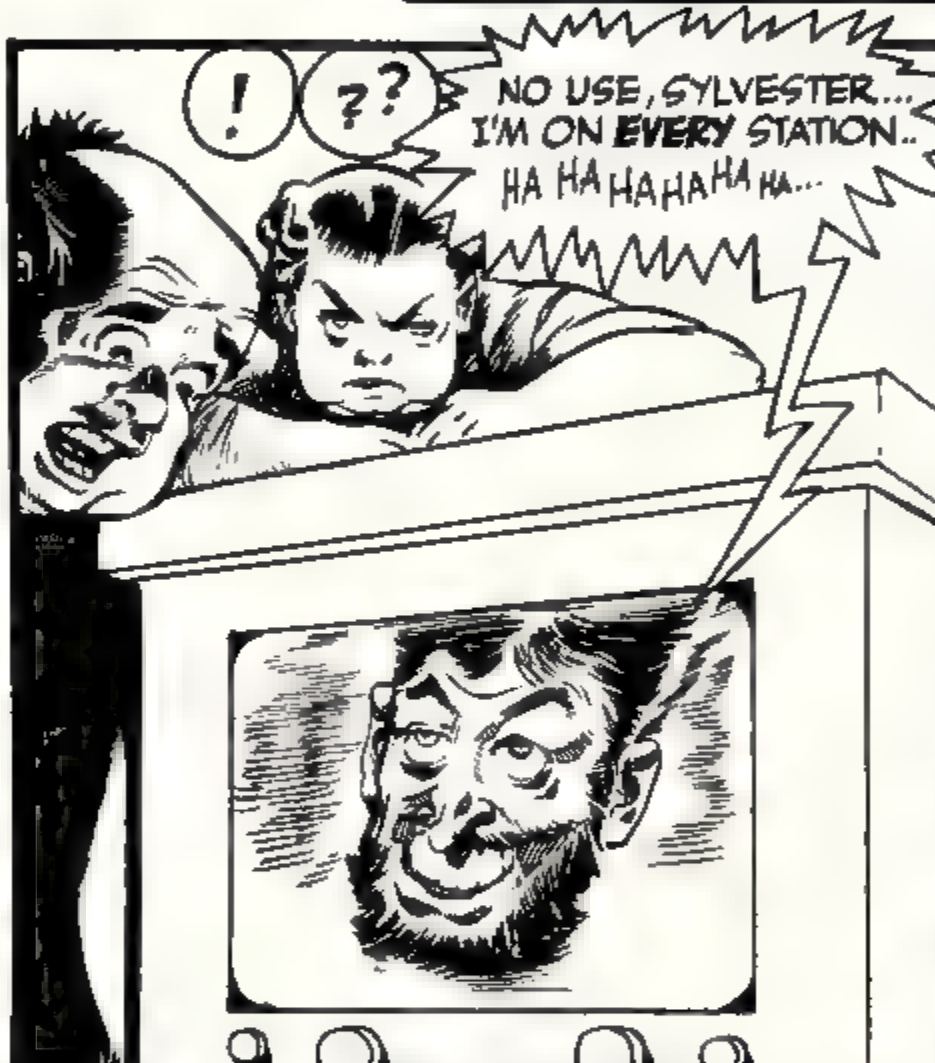
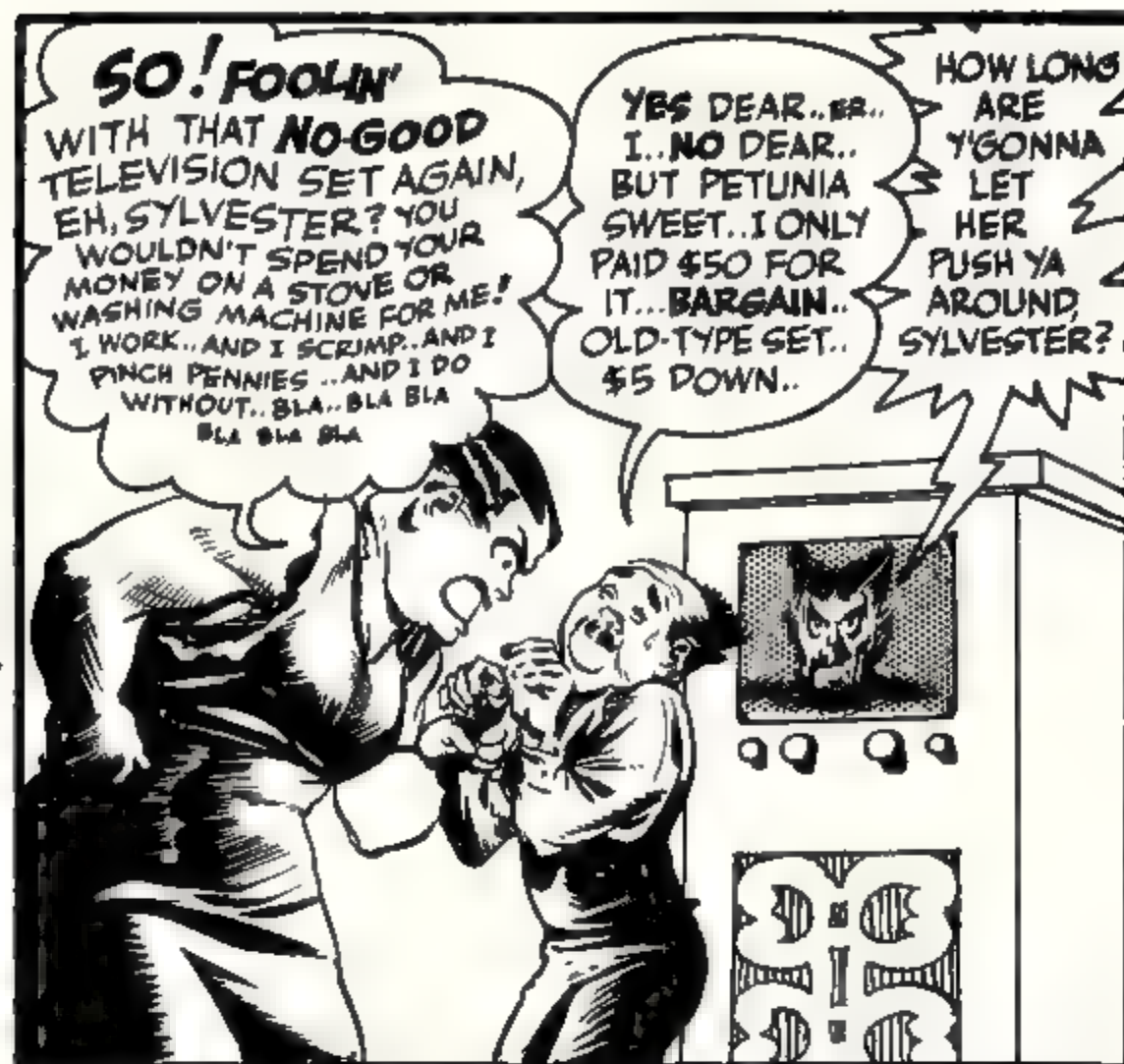
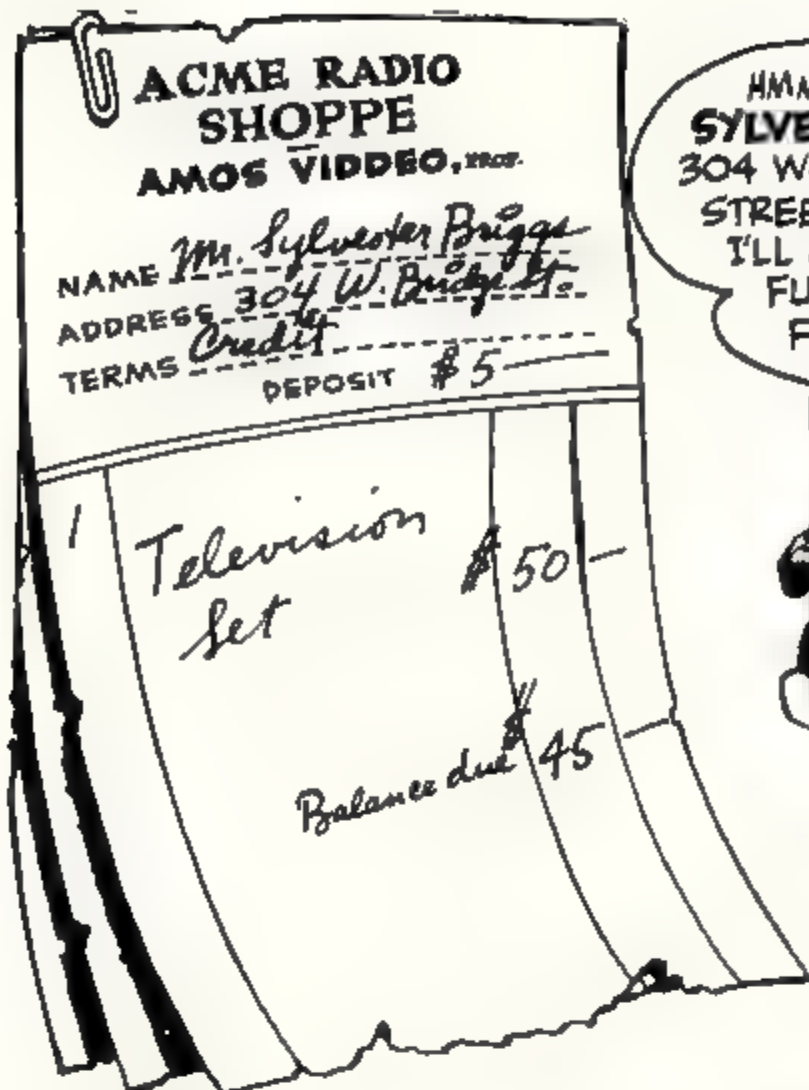
NOPE! AH DONT CARE EF'N IT IS **DEEFLUNKT**... C'N AH PAY 30 CENTS DOWN AN' 10 CENTS A WEEK?

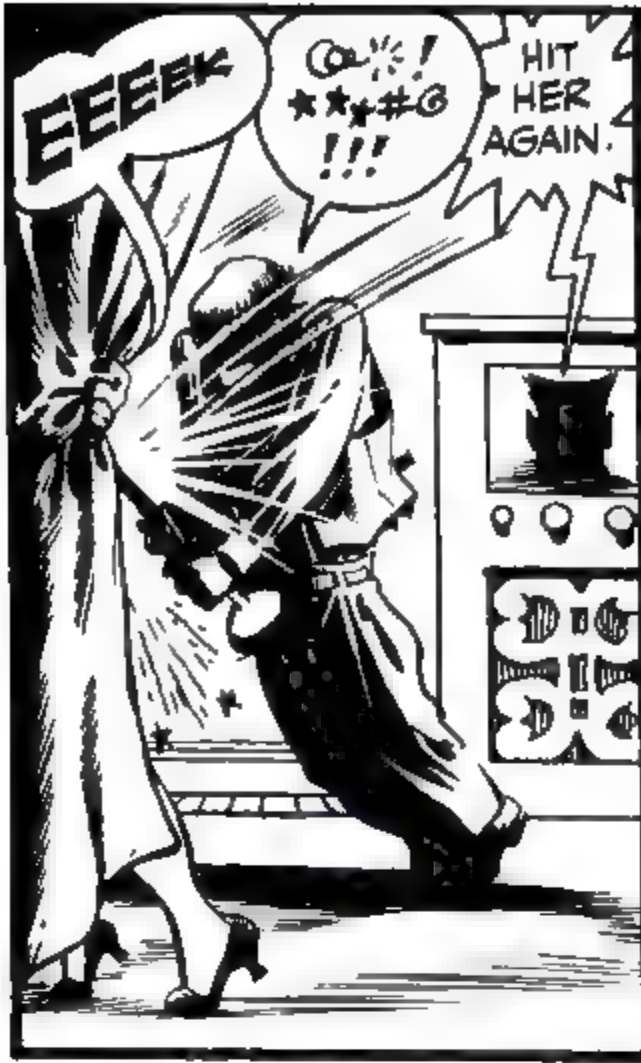
30 CENTS?? OH HA HA HA HA... NO, I'M AFRAID NOT... THEY COST \$50⁰⁰ EACH... YOU'D BE YEARS PAYING FOR IT!

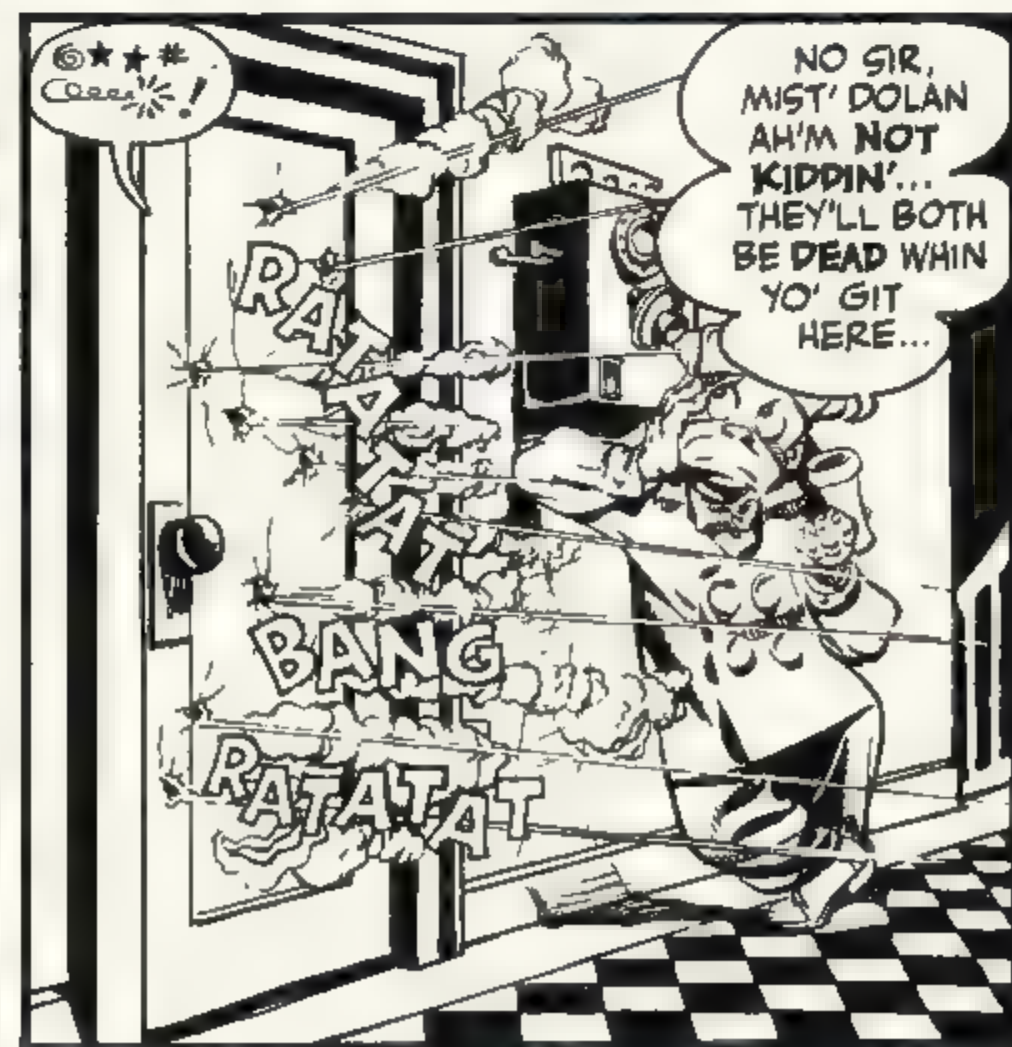
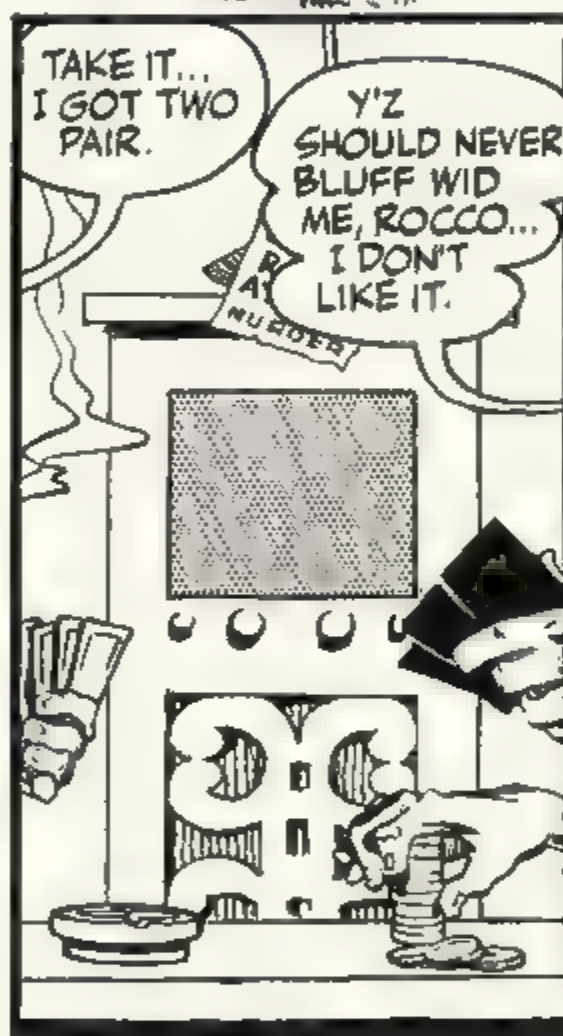
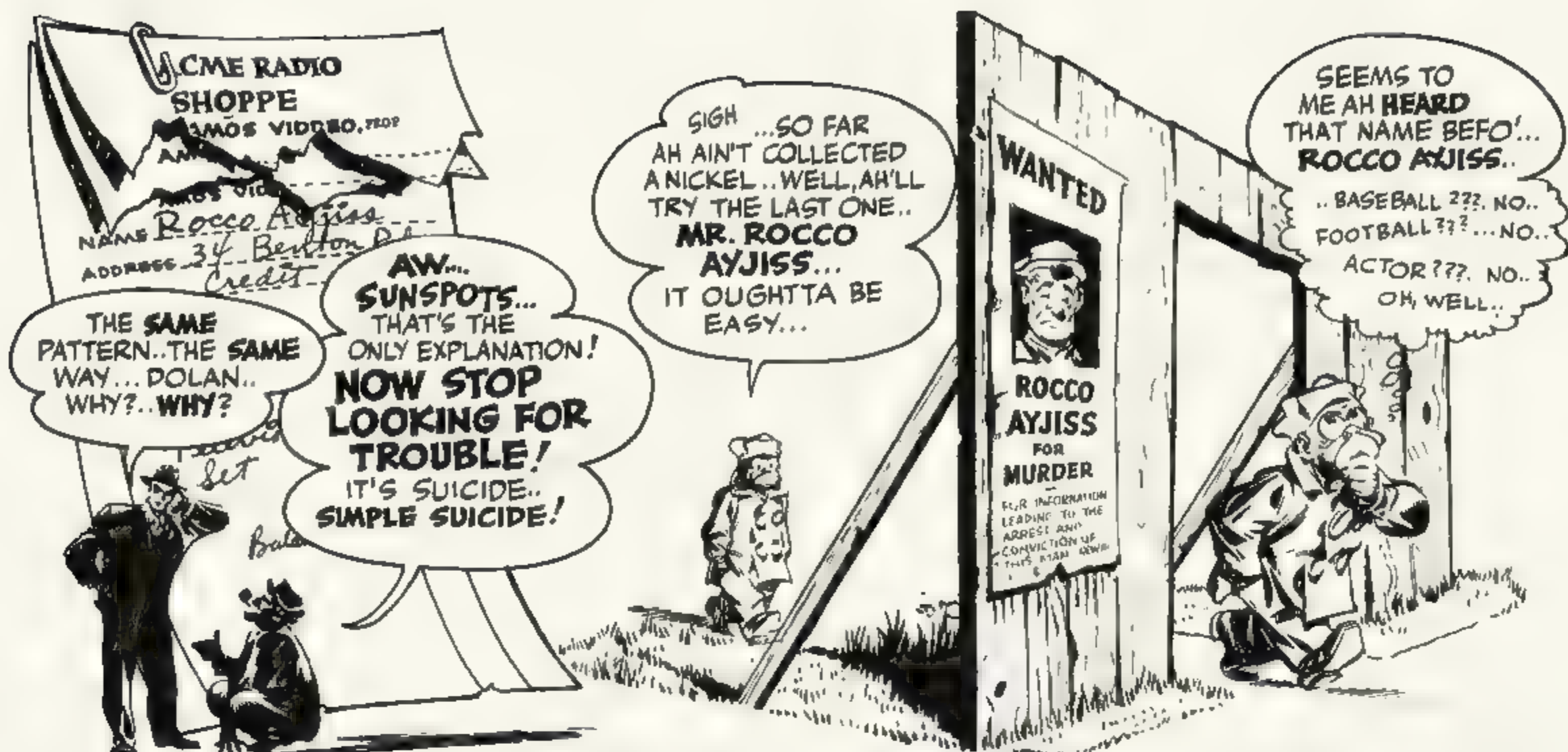
GOLLY... AH SHO' WISHT AH COULD GET ME A TELEVISION SET... GEE, BEIN' PORE IS AWFUL INCONVENIENT!

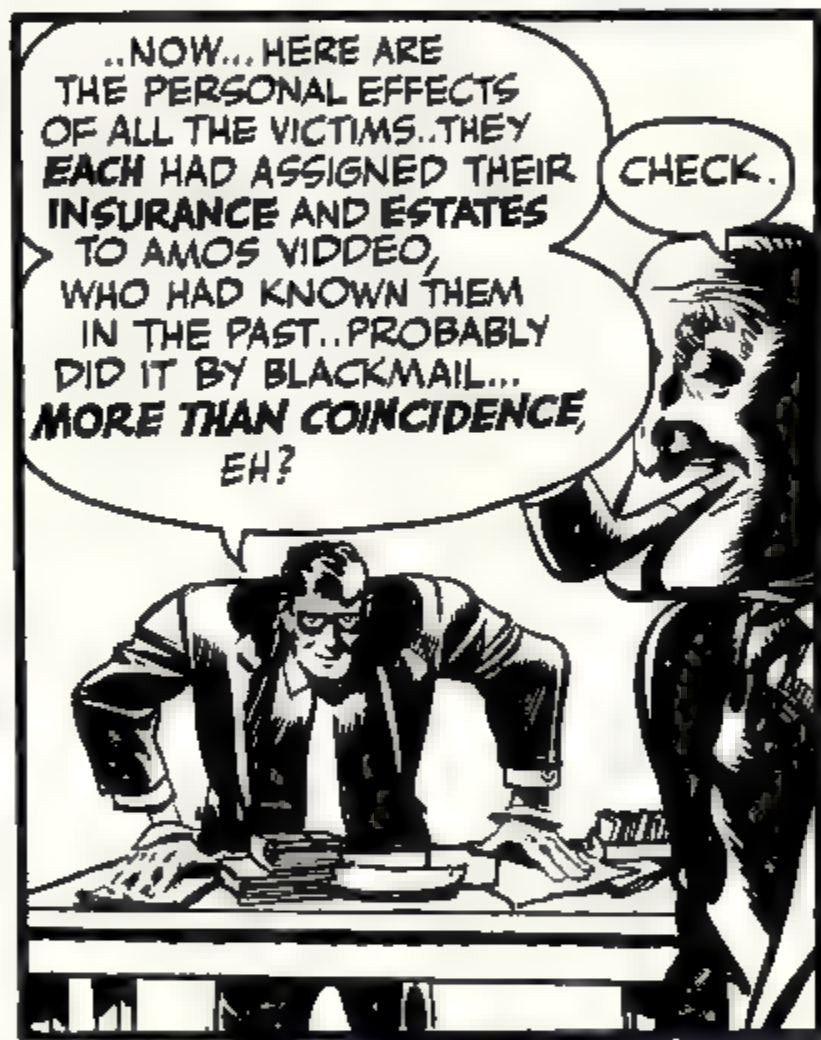
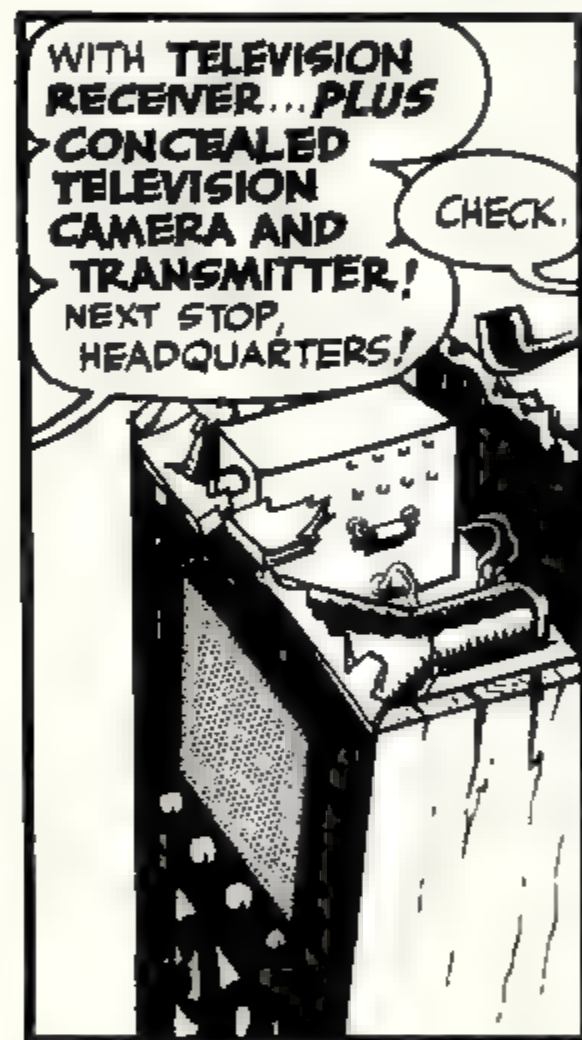
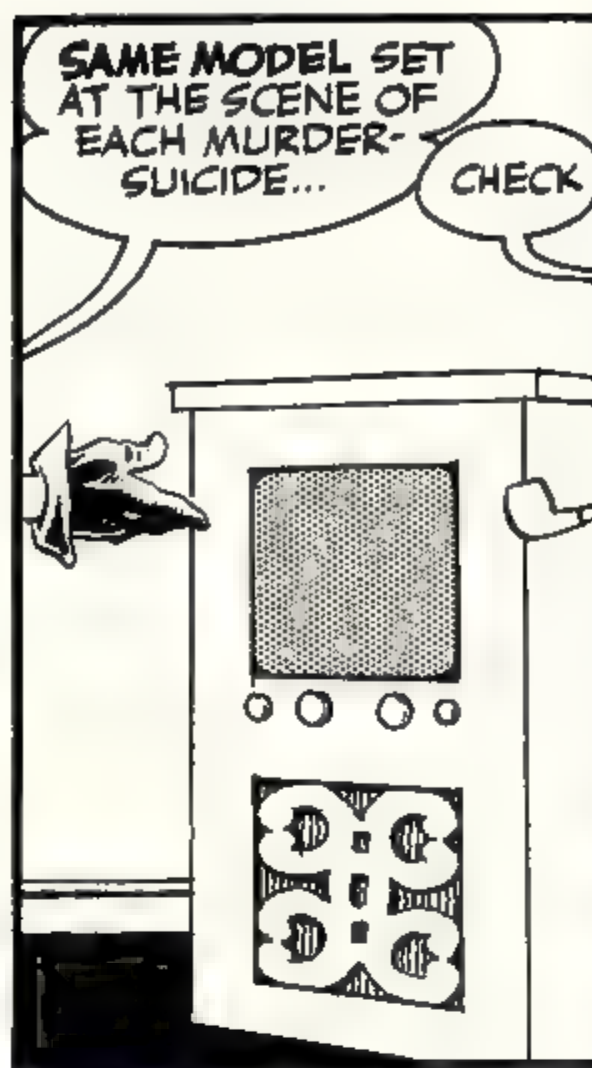
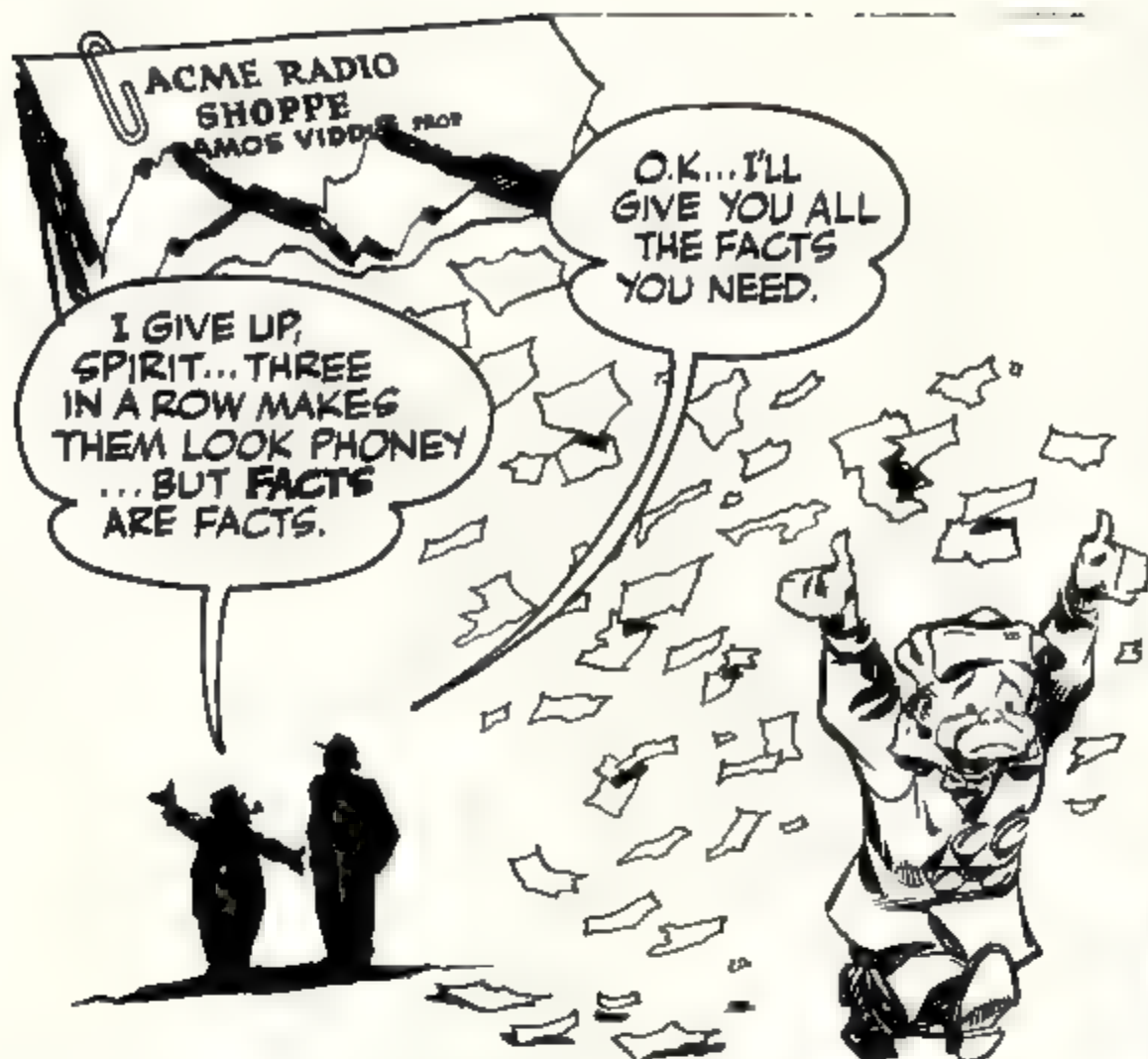
WAIT!! TELL-YOU-WHAT-IM-GONNA-DO! I ONLY HAD 4 OF THOSE OLD \$50⁰⁰ SETS... I SOLD 3 OF THEM ON INSTALLMENT AND I'VE GOT TO **COLLECT** THE FIRST PAYMENT... NOW, IF YOU'LL DO THE COLLECTING, I'LL PAY YOU A COMMISSION... THEN YOU CAN APPLY THE **MONEY** YOU MAKE **TOWARD** THE LAST SET....

AH GET IT... MISTUH SALESMAN.. SHAKE HANDS WIF YO' NEW COLLECTOR..
AH'M HIRED! GIMME TH' BILLS.



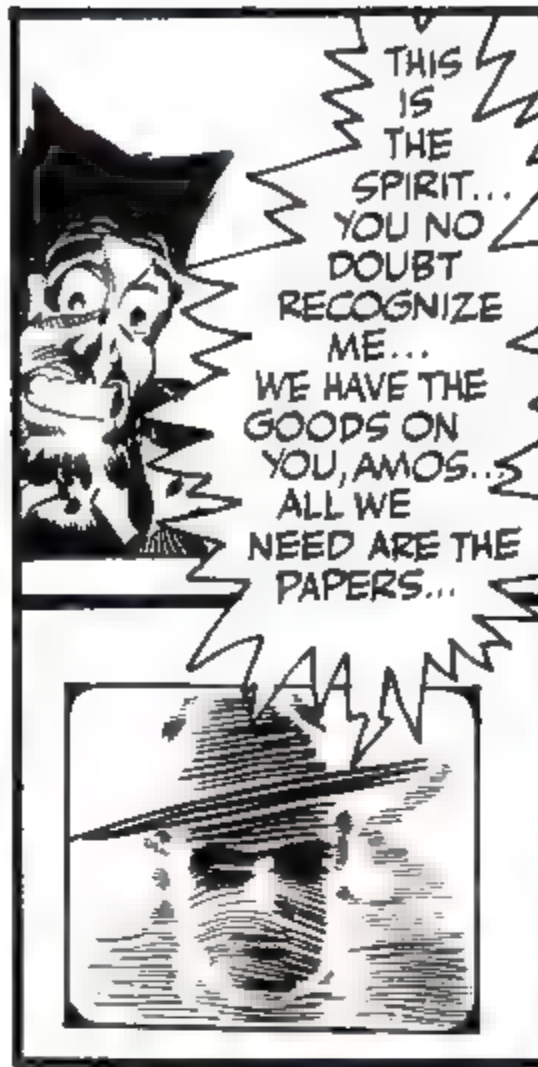








AHEM!...
MR. VIDDEO..
MAY I
DISTURB
YOU...?



THIS
IS
THE
SPIRIT...
YOU NO
DOUBT
RECOGNIZE
ME...
WE HAVE THE
GOODS ON
YOU, AMOS...
ALL WE
NEED ARE THE
PAPERS...



@@#-B
***!!!



YEEAH!





BEFORE I
BEGIN MY STORY
I WANT YOU TO
EXAMINE US
VERY CLOSELY.

AS YOU CAN SEE,
WE'RE **IDENTICAL
TWINS** ... EXCEPT FOR
THE COLOR OF OUR
HAIR AND OUR AGE.
PETER WAS TWO HOURS
OLDER THAN I, AND
WOULD INHERIT THE
FAMILY FORTUNE...

IT WAS THIS
SIMPLE FACT THAT
LED ME TO
COMMIT A
**BLOODLESS
MURDER!**

**MURDER,
... BLOODLESS
TYPE !!**

BY **WILL EISSNER**

My twin Peter was a stuffy, good-natured fool who curried father's favor by working hard and pinching pennies....
 Me?? ...**HA**... I preferred a gay life... fast... and exciting... and the old goat didn't like that!!
 Well, father died and naturally left all his money in Peter's hands..
 I wanted that money.... I paid a visit to Peter at the mansion... **AND THEN BEGAN THE SERIES OF EVENTS...**



W
H
I
C
H



LED

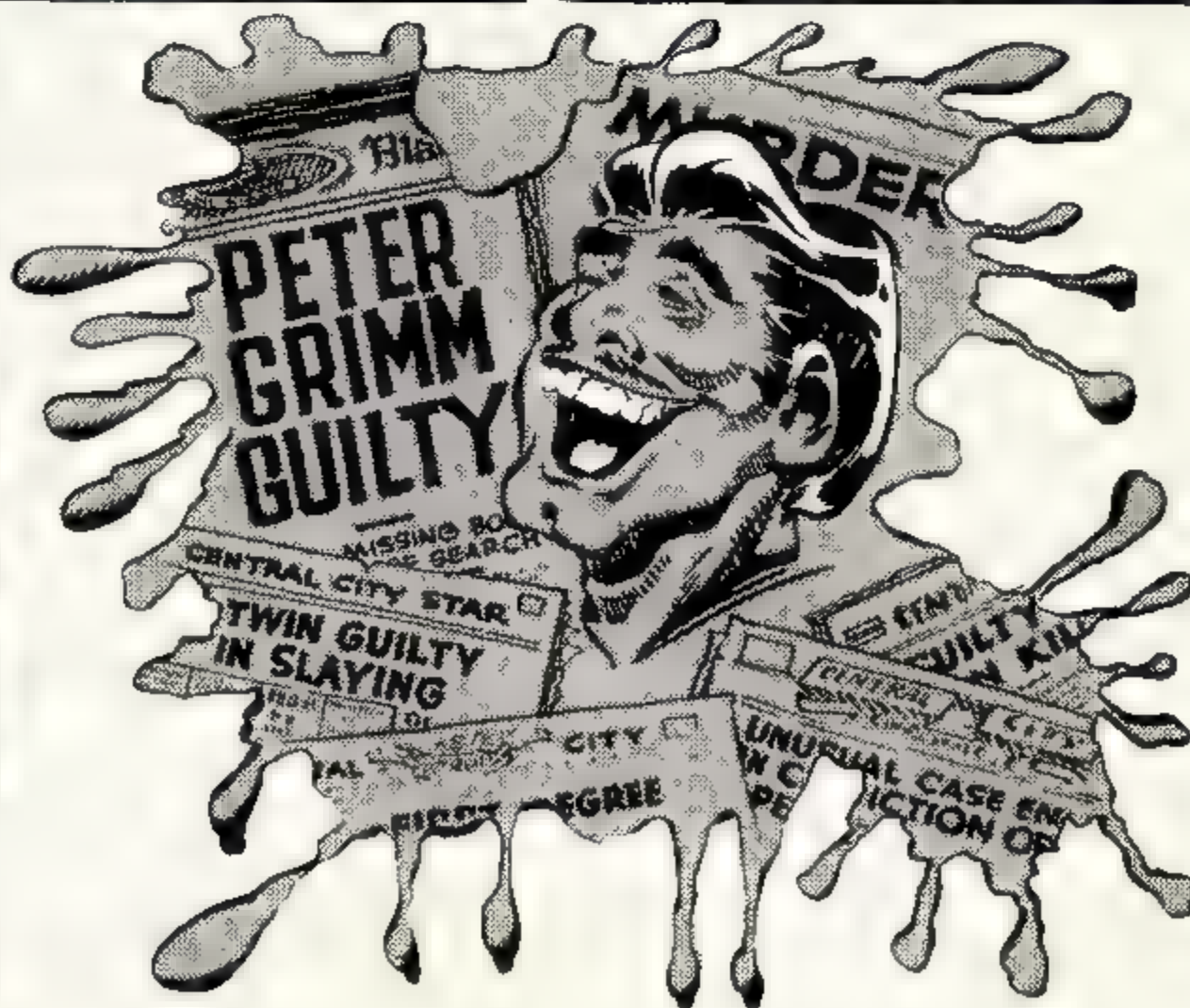
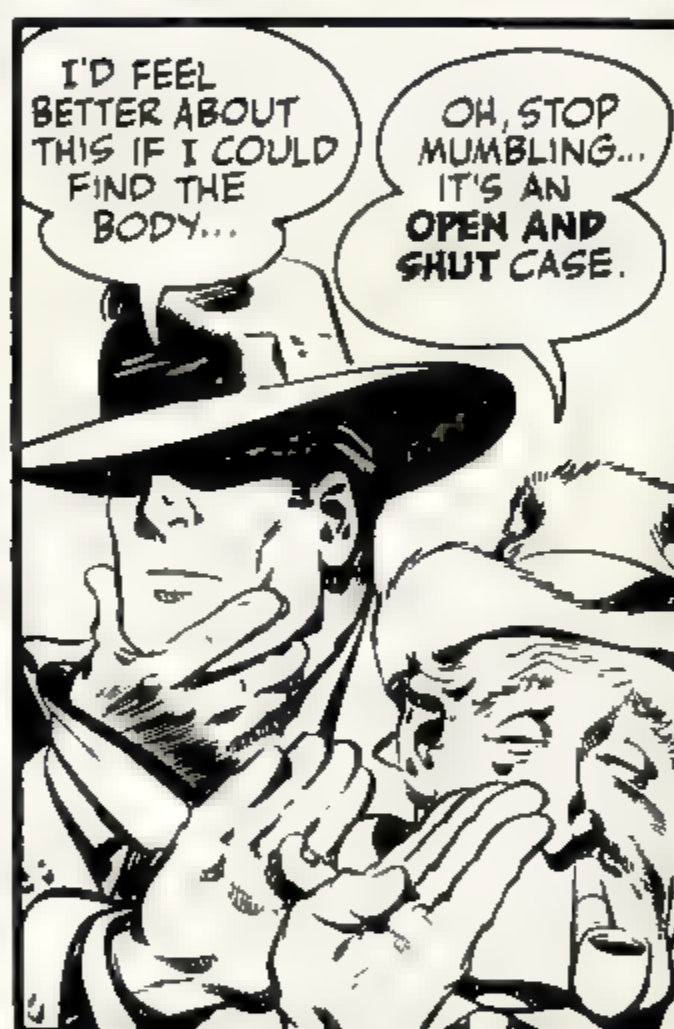
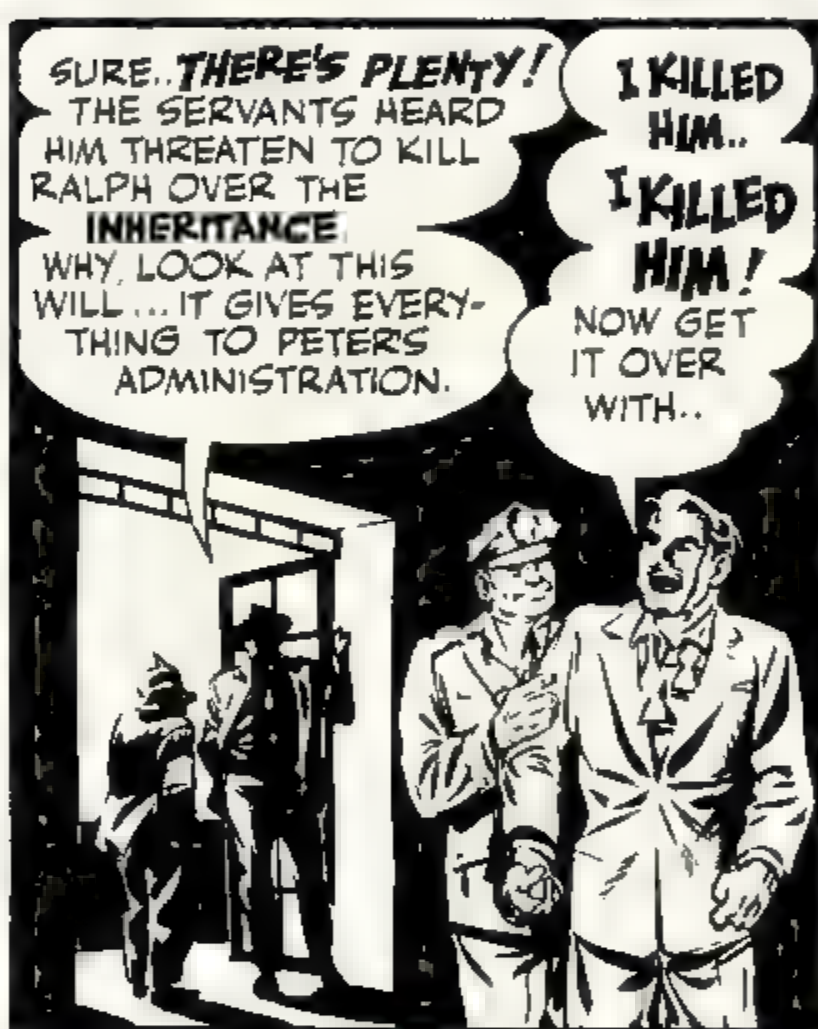
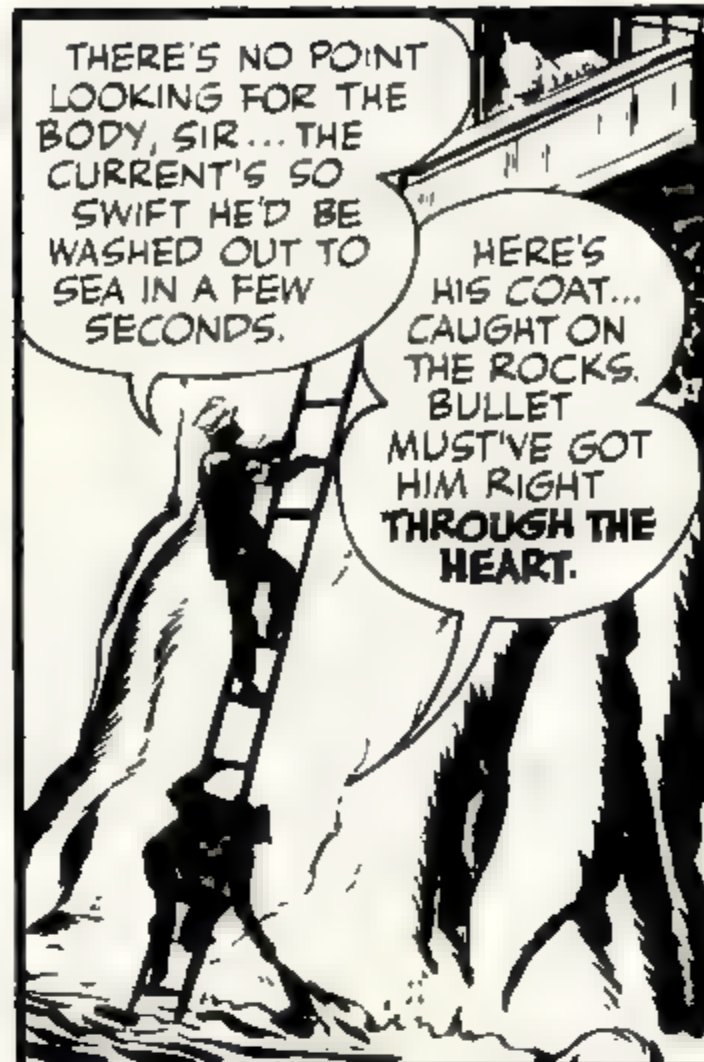
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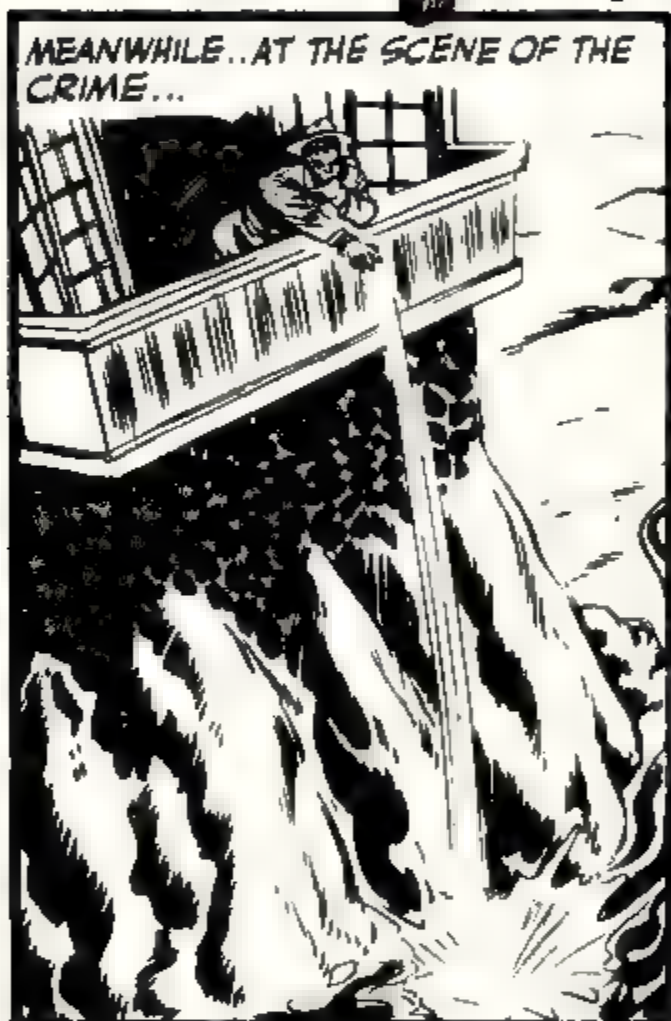
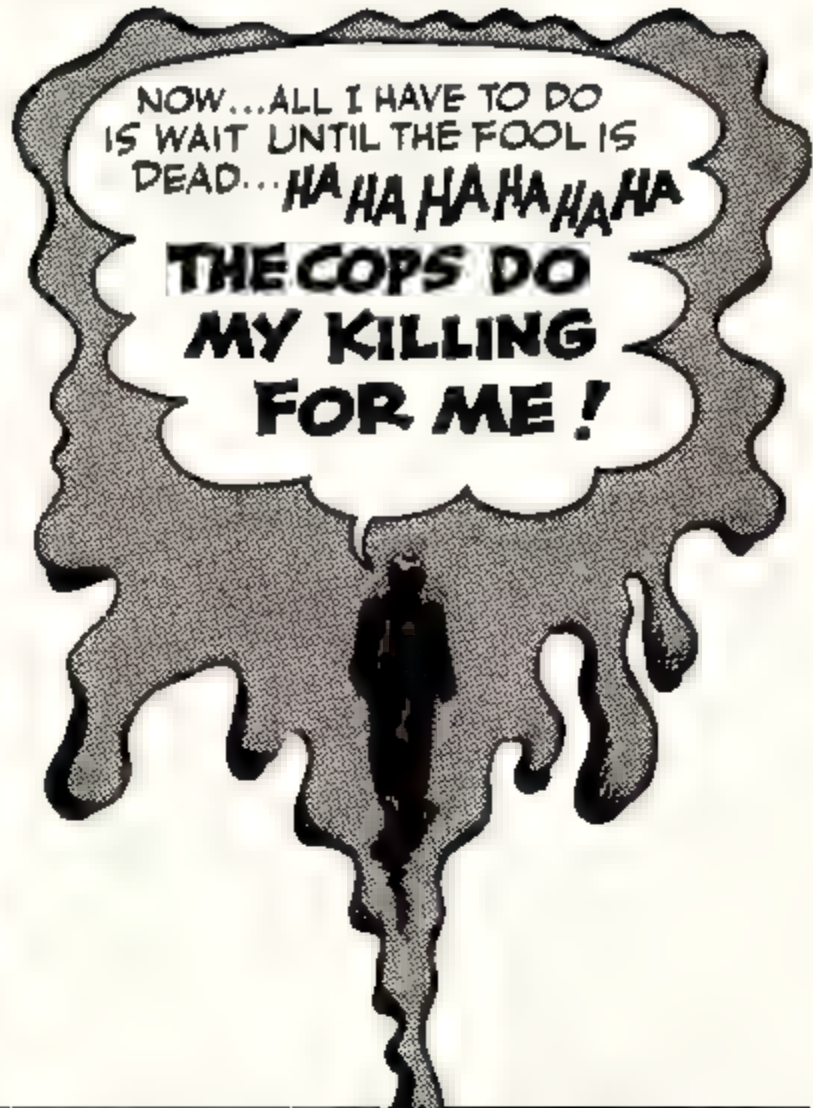
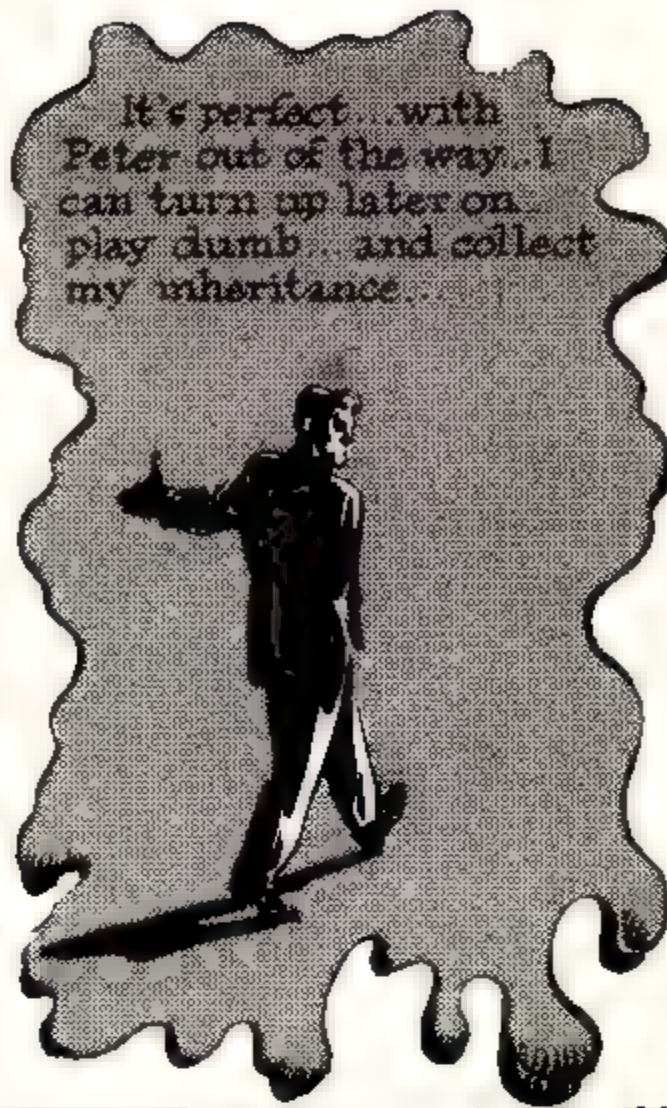
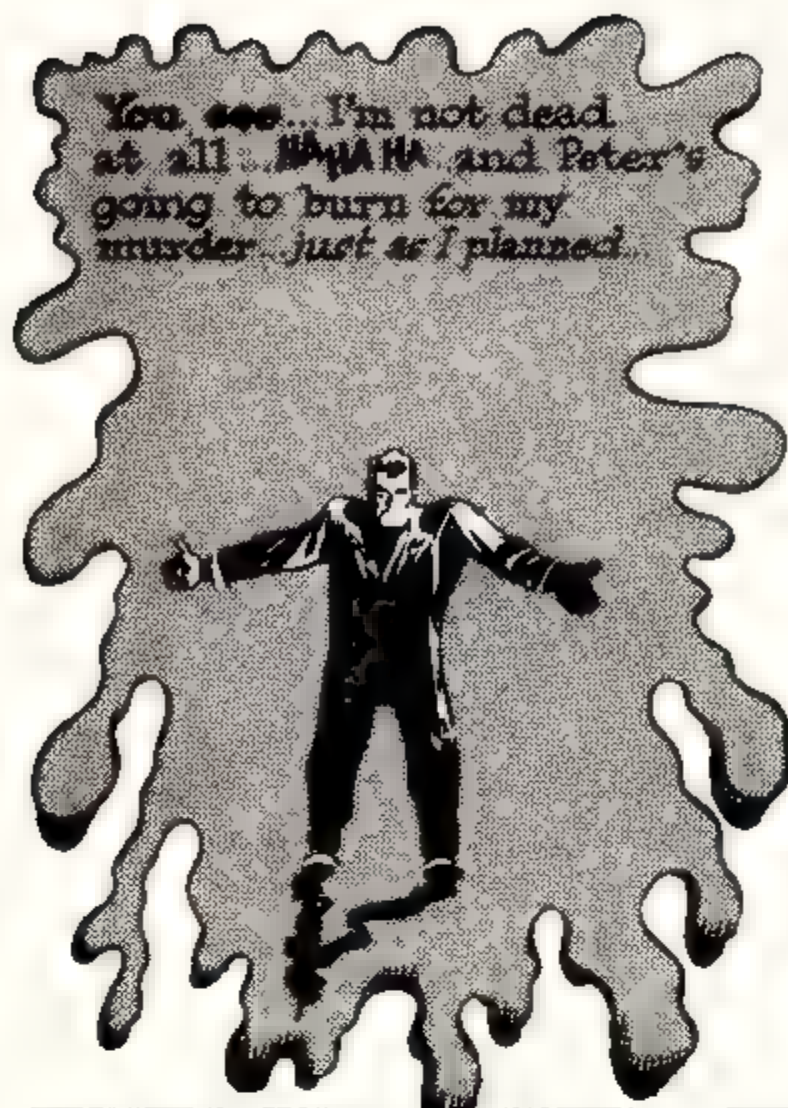


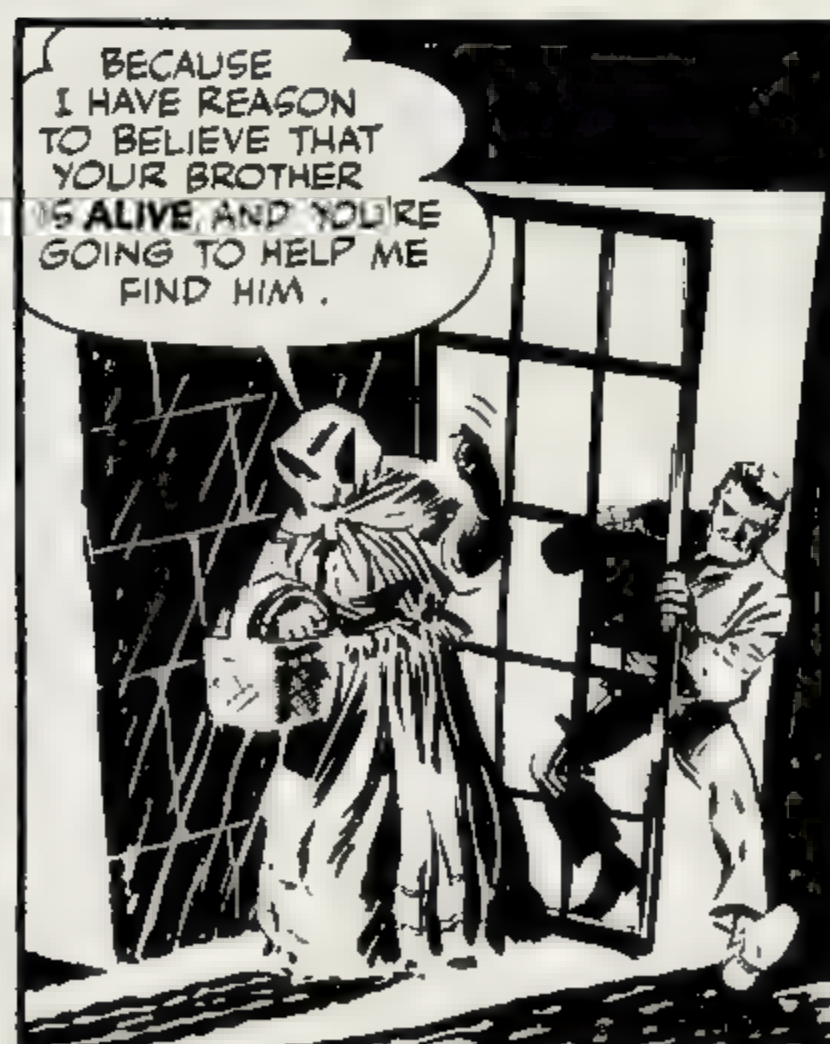
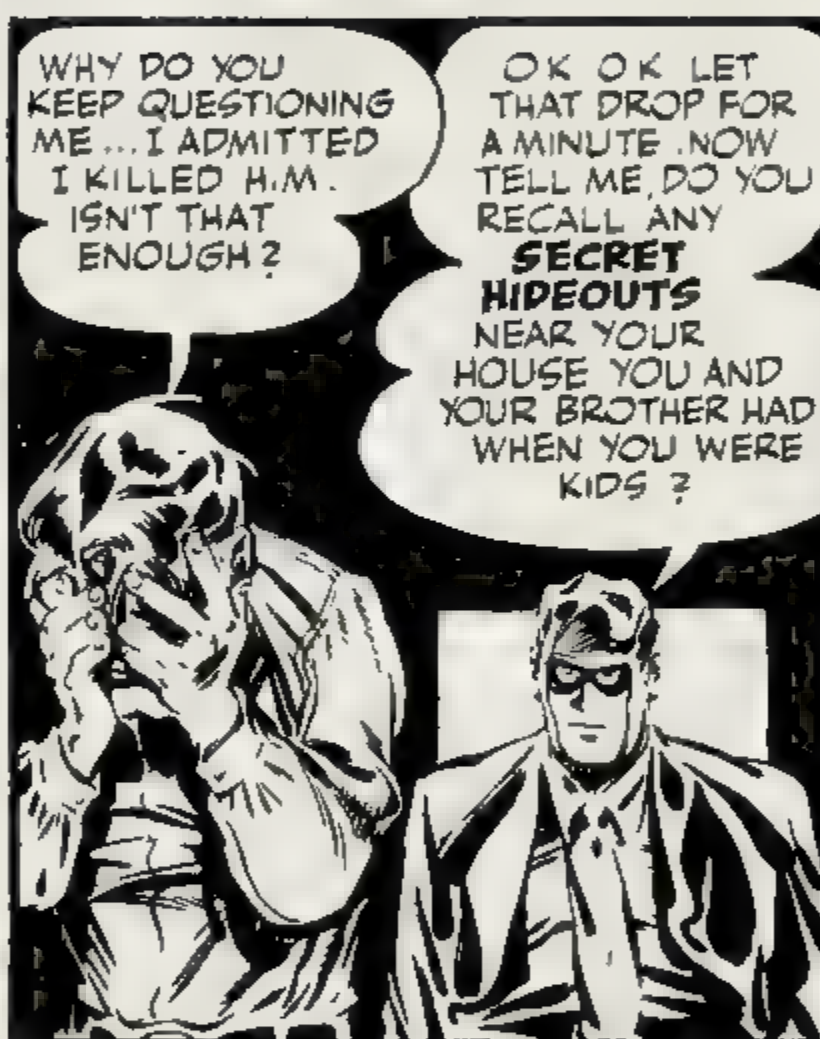
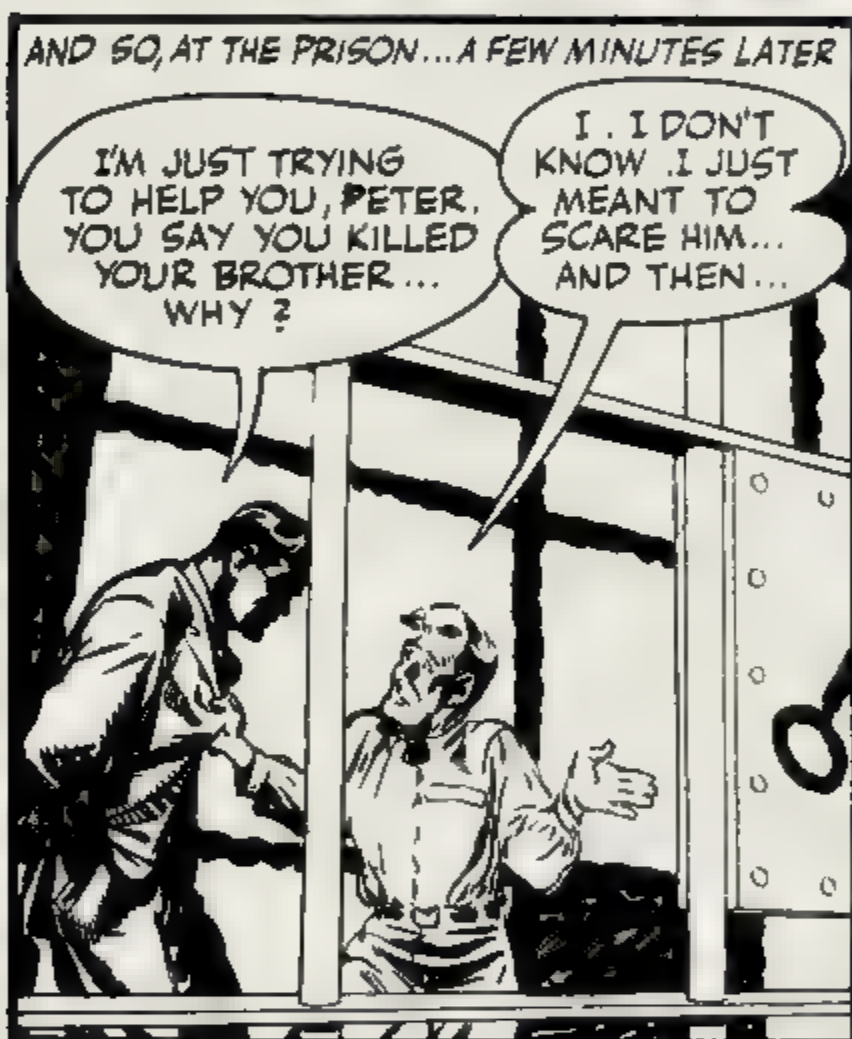
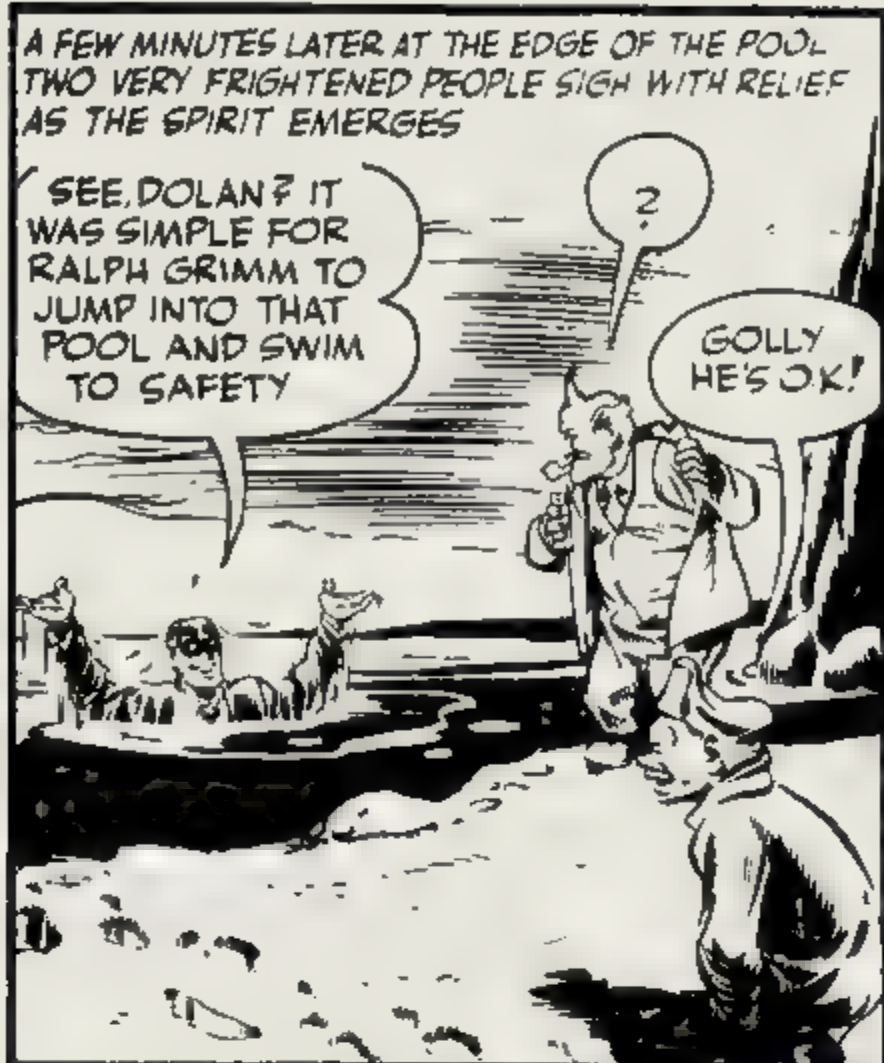
MY OWN



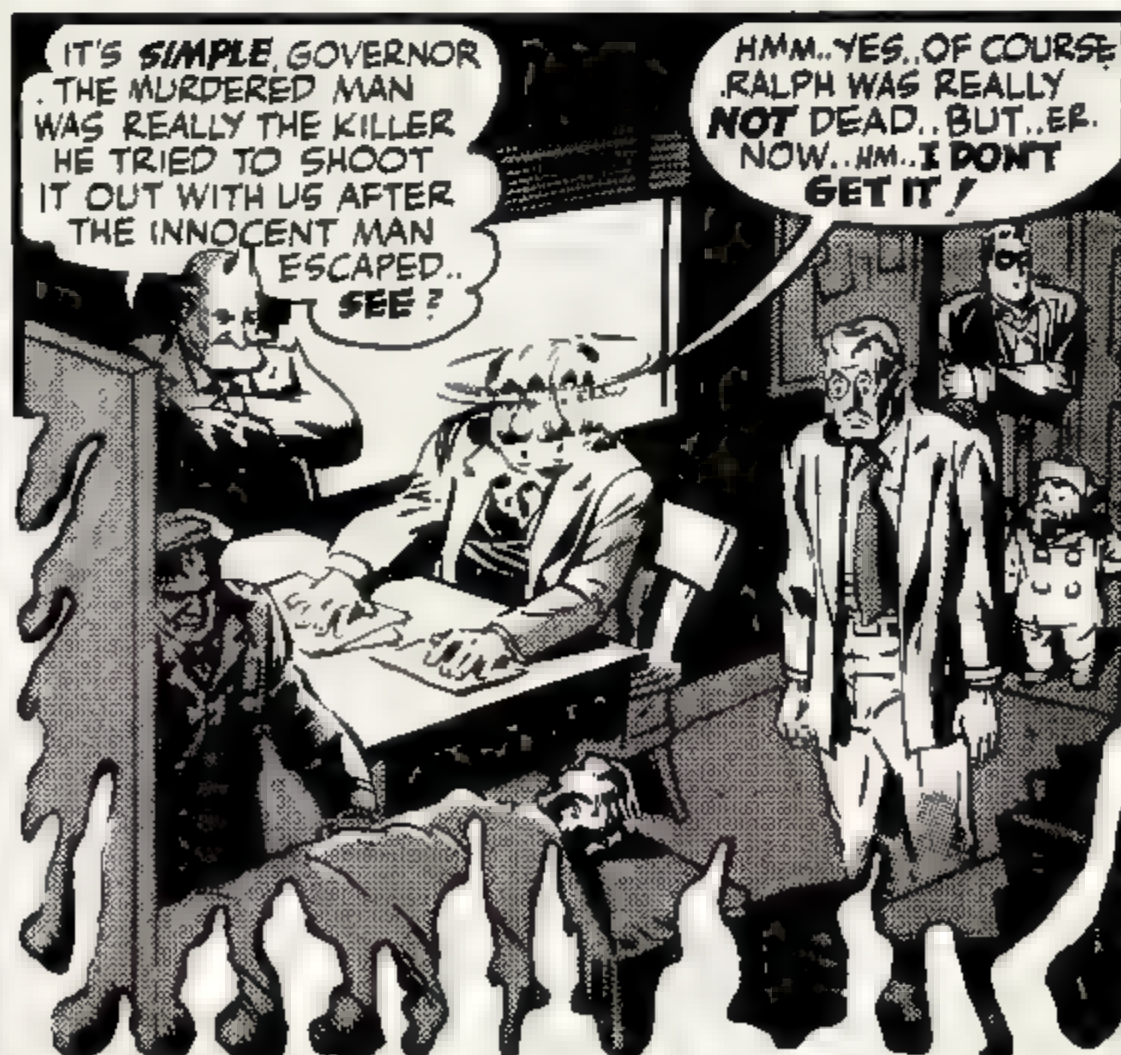
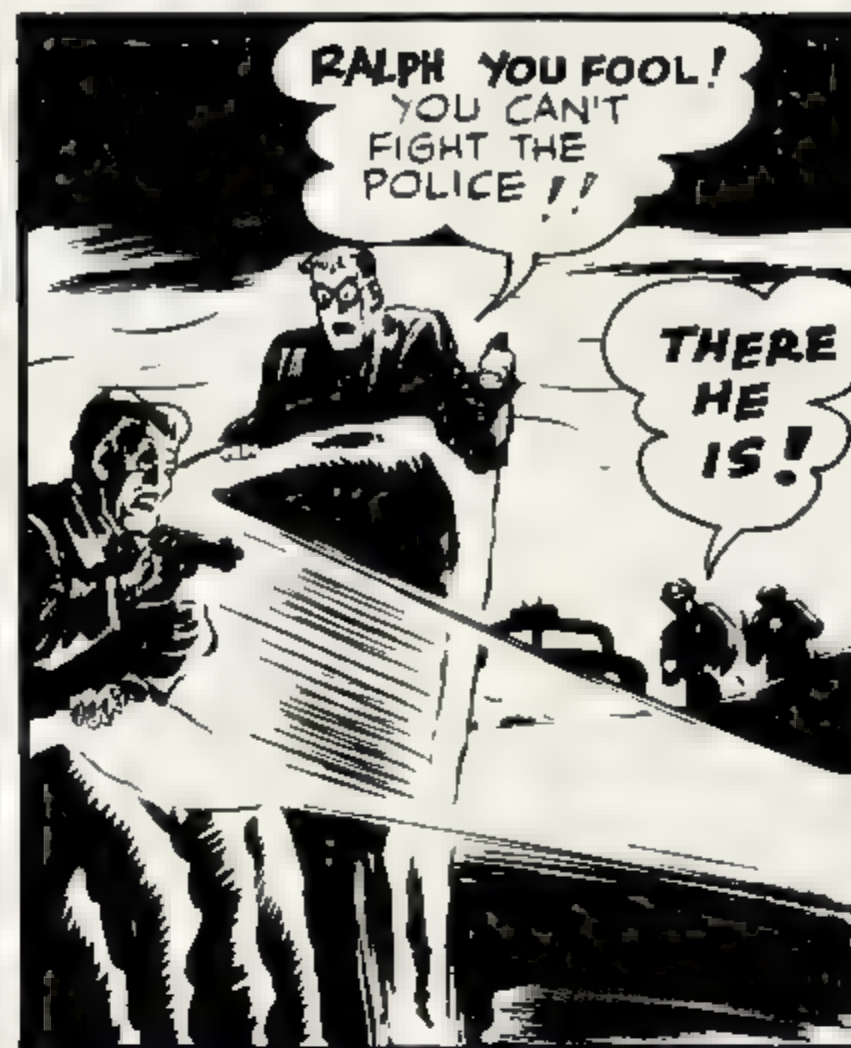
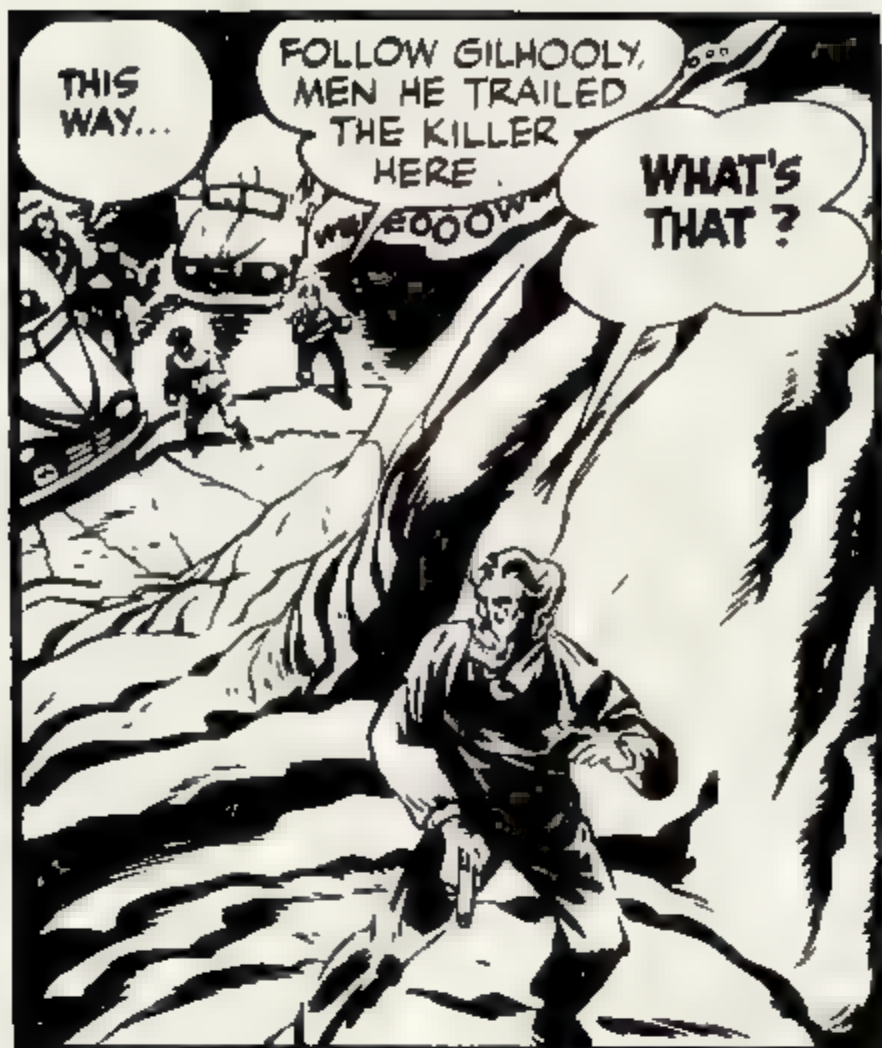
MURDER





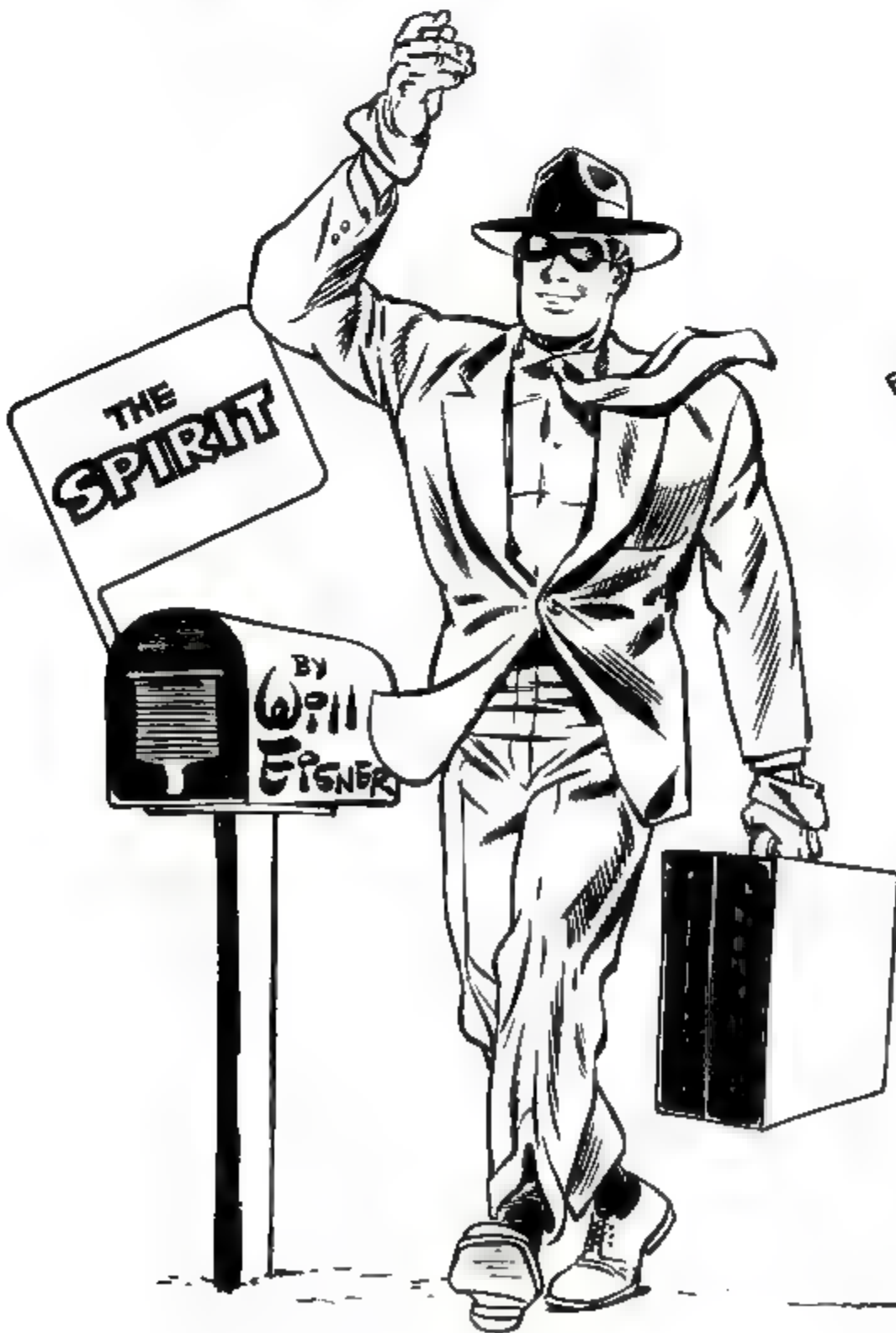


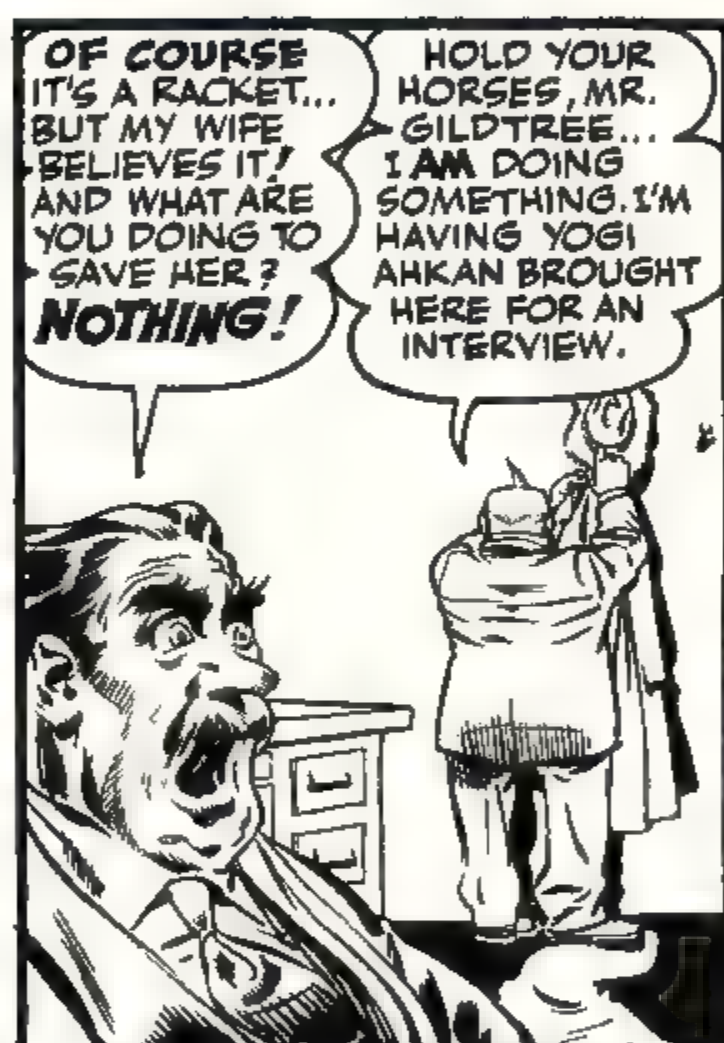
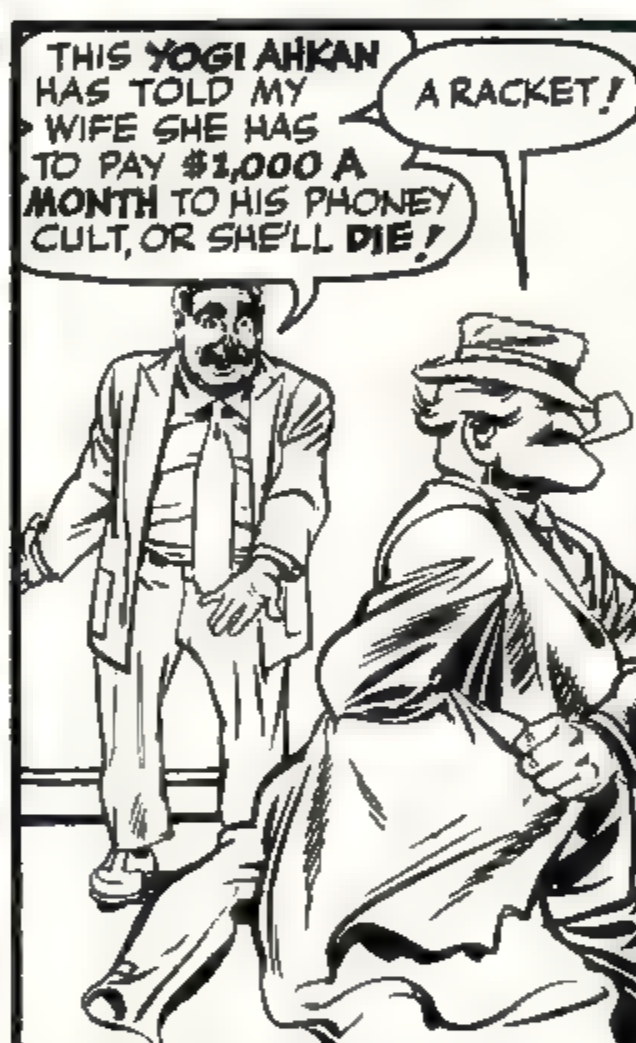


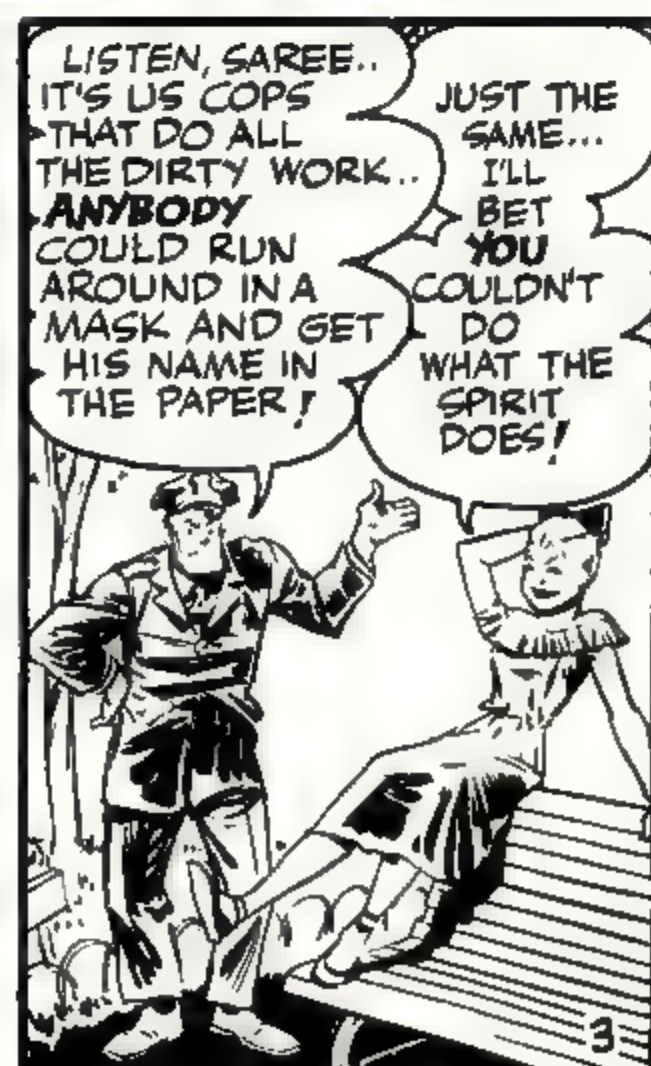


422. Originally published June 27, 1948

THE SPIRIT takes a Vacation



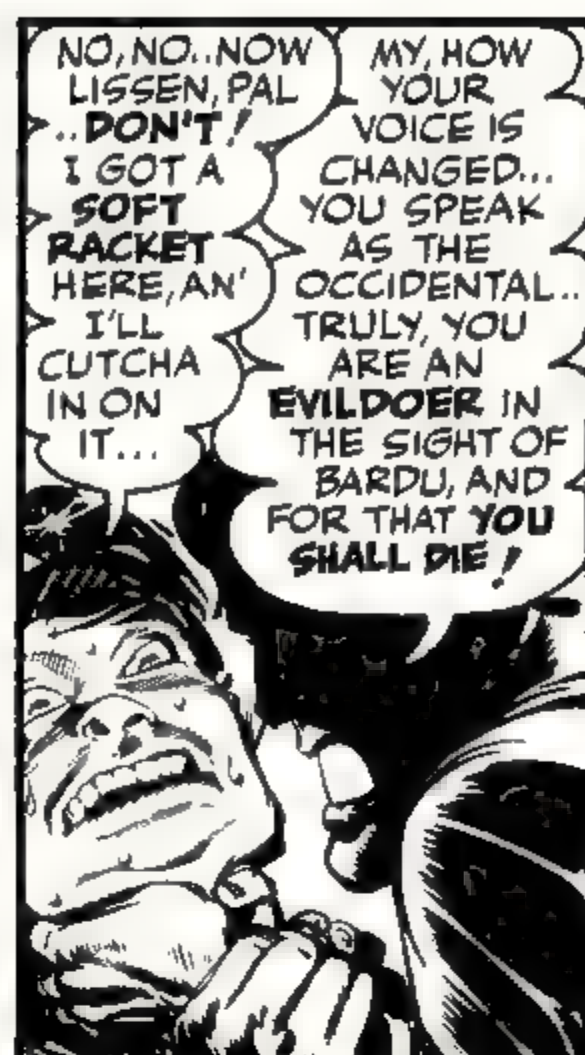
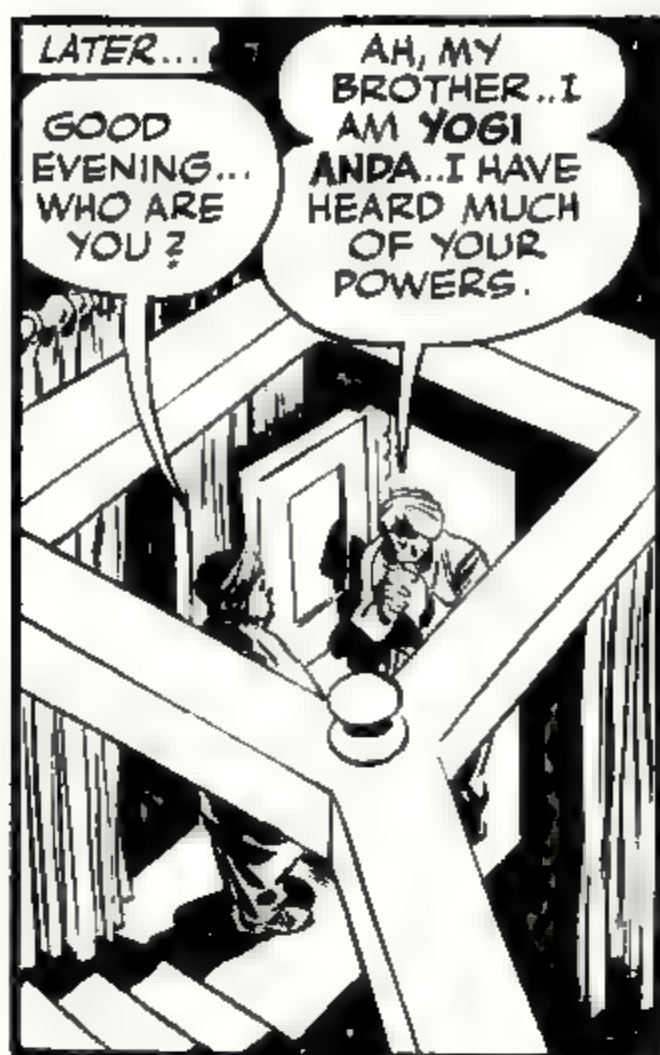






LATER..
AT THE
TEMPLE
OF
BARDU...
MRS
GILDTREE
IS PAYING
HER
MONTHLY
TRIBUTE











To Cromlech there was
no one more wondrous
than city kids.

When he thought of all the
amazing things they
could do, he almost
cried....

City kids could read,
write, add figures,
dial telephones,
use radios,
ride bikes, and
talk about
atomic energy.

But could
Cromlech do any
of these things?

Indeed not!
All he could do
was talk to
animals.
For you see...

**CROMLECH
WAS A
NATURE BOY!**



CROMLECH...

The nature boy dwelt in one of those primordial caves still left on earth...unnoticed by our expanding civilization.

There, from time to time, Old Gnarl, his father, would tell of the great city which lay beyond the forest's edge.

And so... when at last Old Gnarl died, Cromlech set out to see the Big City.



Now as you all know, the Big City is bounded on the east by the sea, and on the north, west, and south by the great river.... So you see, all who wish to enter afoot must do so via the ferryboat that plies the river.



Well, sir... This old ferryboat makes many stops along the river.

It picks up market-bound farmers at Woodkill, commuters at Stoneleigh, freed convicts at State Pen, and then pauses at Lost Landing for fuel and sundries.

So it was one early morning that the river ferry docked as usual and discharged the following passengers:

Six commuters, five farmers, two freed convicts..... and one nature boy.



A l! that day Cromlech wandered around Central City...listening to the strange sounds.

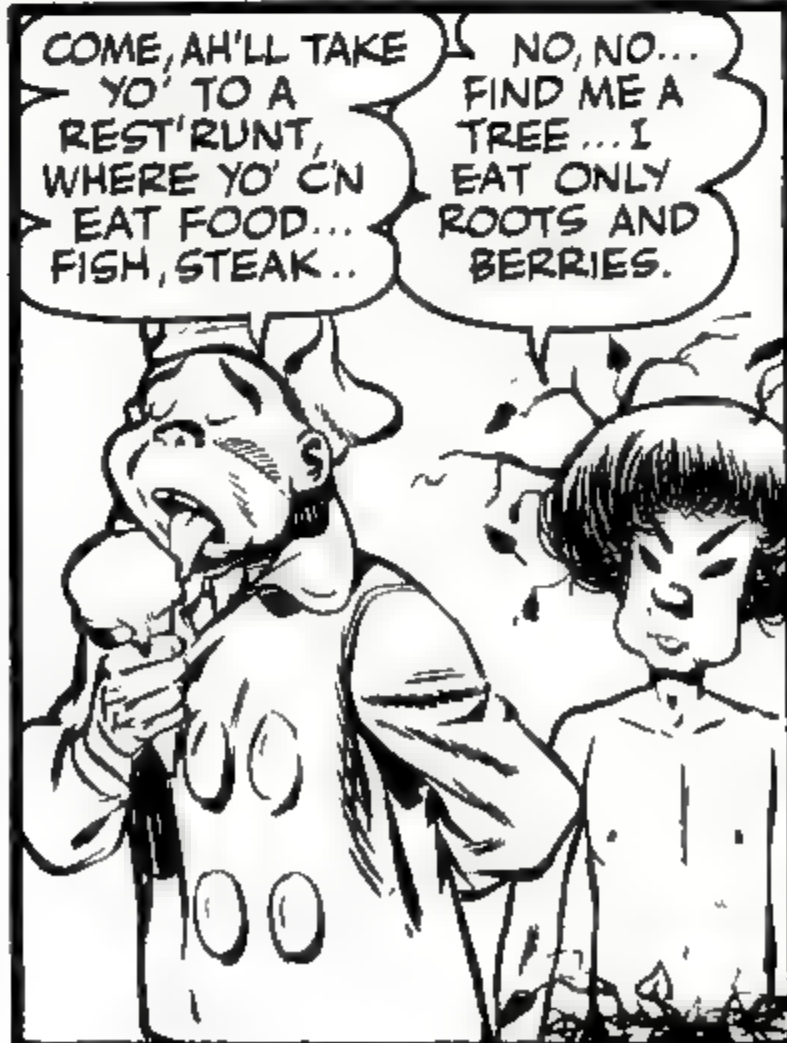


O h, words cannot fully express what a wondrous thing is a big city...especially to a nature boy like Cromlech. Well.... by evening the young wanderer was tired, as you can imagine... and he was hungry.



YO' HUNGRY, BOY??

YES...



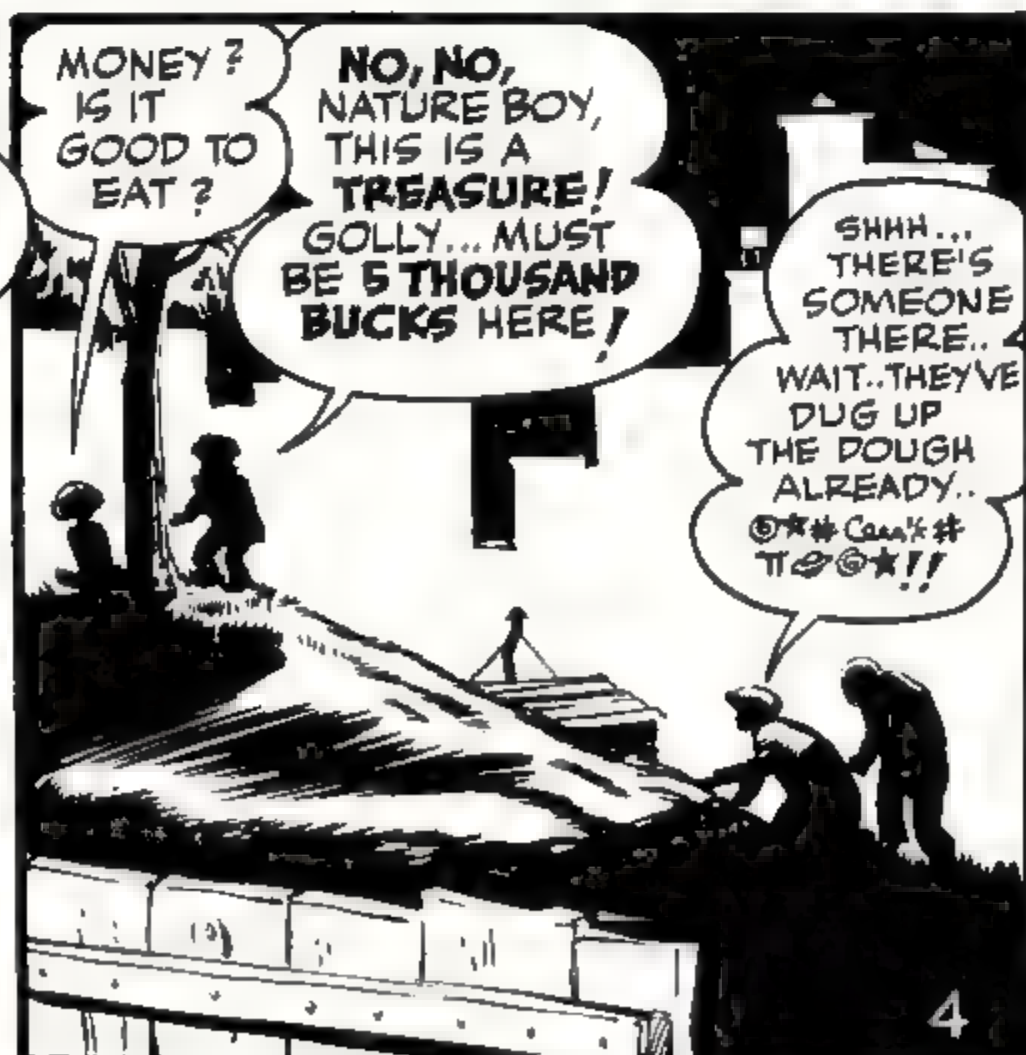
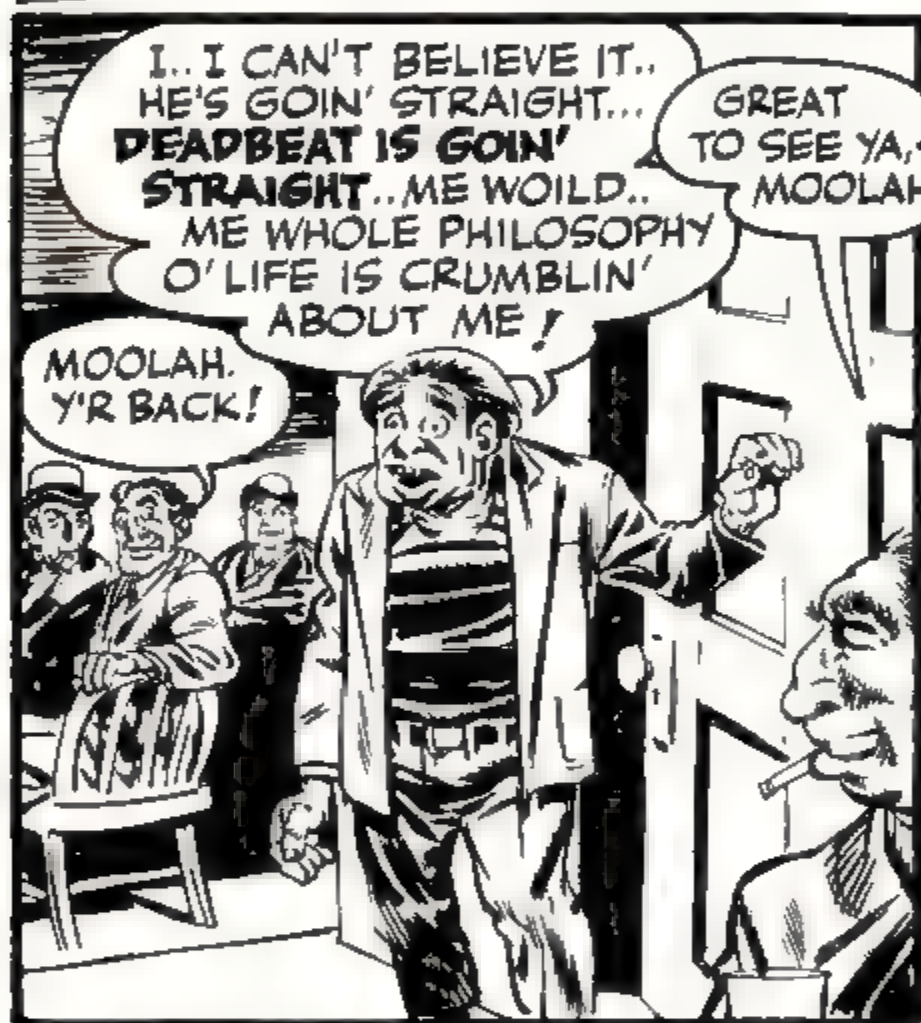
COME, AH'LL TAKE YO' TO A REST'RUNT, WHERE YO' CN EAT FOOD... FISH, STEAK..

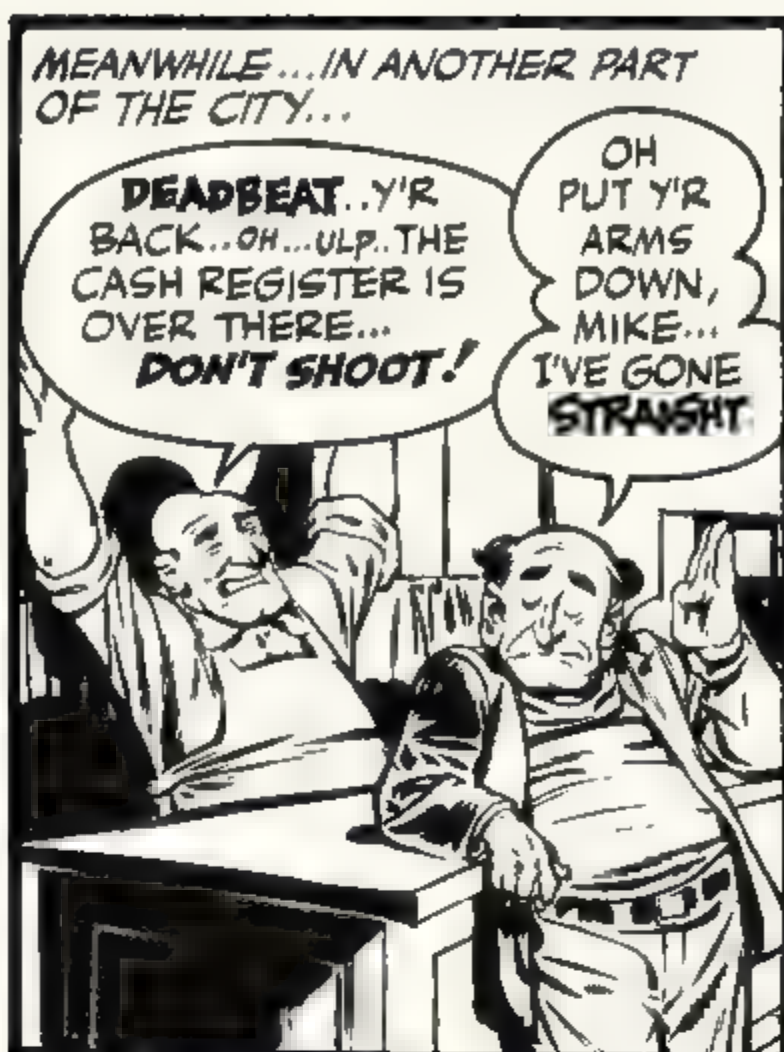
NO, NO... FIND ME A TREE... I EAT ONLY ROOTS AND BERRIES.



HOLY SMOKE.. YO' MUST BE A GULP... A NATURE BOY!

Meanwhile : Let us retrace our steps and follow the two freed convicts as they view Central City....
for the first time
in 15 years.









Meanwhile...

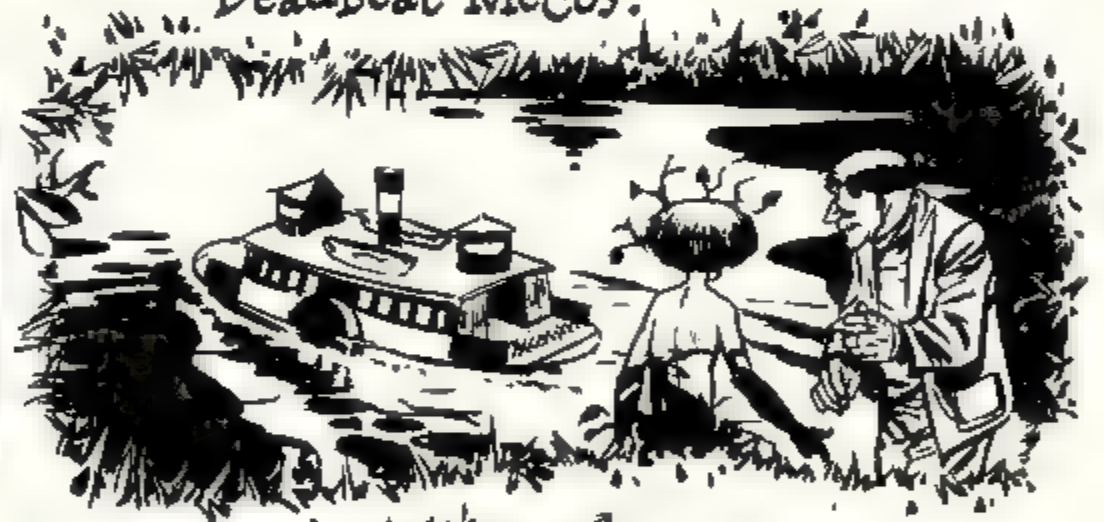
... shortly after the dust settles, another figure appears at the buttonwood tree. It's none other than Deadbeat McCoy!!



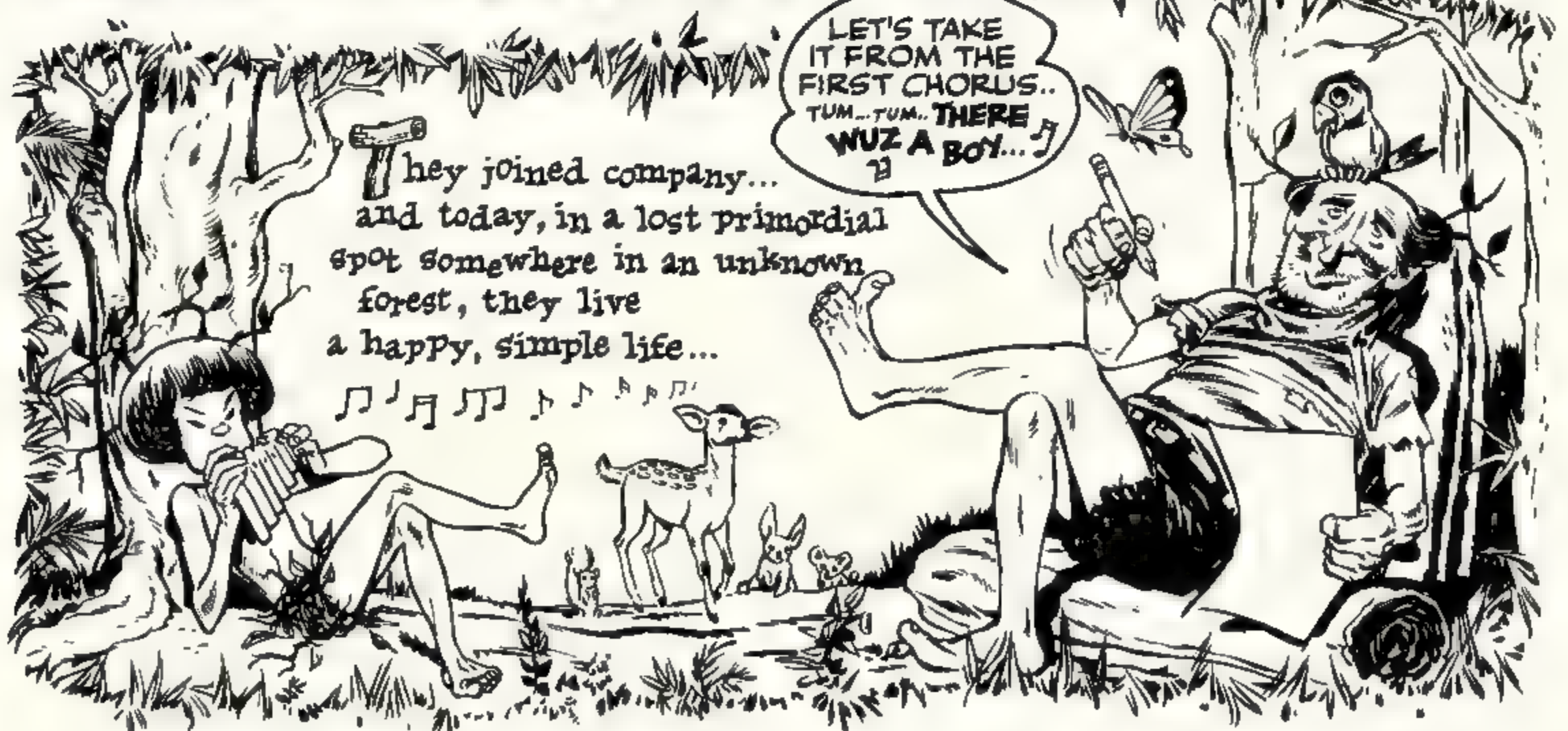
THIS MEANS ME ONE LAST CHANCE TO GO BACK TO SOCIETY IS **GONE** TOO... THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT FIND A **SPOT** ON EARTH WHERE I CAN LIVE OUT ME YEARS IN SIMPLE PEACE...



And so... that very night... as the river ferry paused at Lost Landing... two people disembarked... one was a nature boy... the other, Deadbeat McCoy.



LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE FIRST CHORUS..
TUM...TUM... THERE WUZ A BOY... ♪



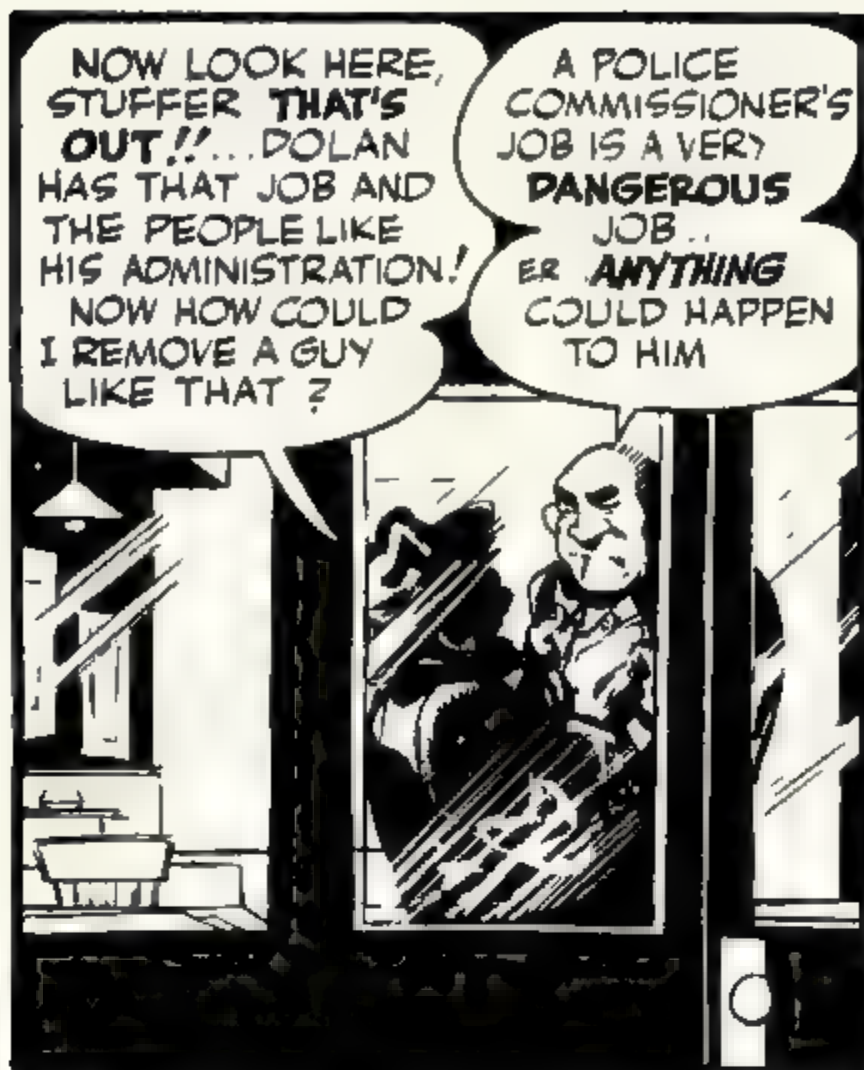
424. Originally published July 11, 1948

The Springtime of DOLAN



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NOW LOOK HERE, STUFFER **THAT'S OUT!!**...DOLAN HAS THAT JOB AND THE PEOPLE LIKE HIS ADMINISTRATION! NOW HOW COULD I REMOVE A GUY LIKE THAT?

A POLICE COMMISSIONER'S JOB IS A VERY **DANGEROUS** JOB... **ER ANYTHING** COULD HAPPEN TO HIM



NO NO NO NOT THAT!

SLAM



MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE



NEXT DAY...

AFTER WE'RE WED, MY DEAR, THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME.

OH, EUSTACE, IT'S PERFECTLY **LOVELY**... I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET MY HANDS ON IT!



SO THIS IS MY NEW DAUGHTER ELLEN... SUCH A PRETTY CHILD!



HMM...A NEW HAIRDO, TAKE OFF A TEENSY BIT OF WEIGHT, AND YOU'LL BE BREATHTAKING. WHAT YOU NEED, MY DEAR, IS A MOTHER'S CARE.

ISN'T SHE SWEET, ELLEN?

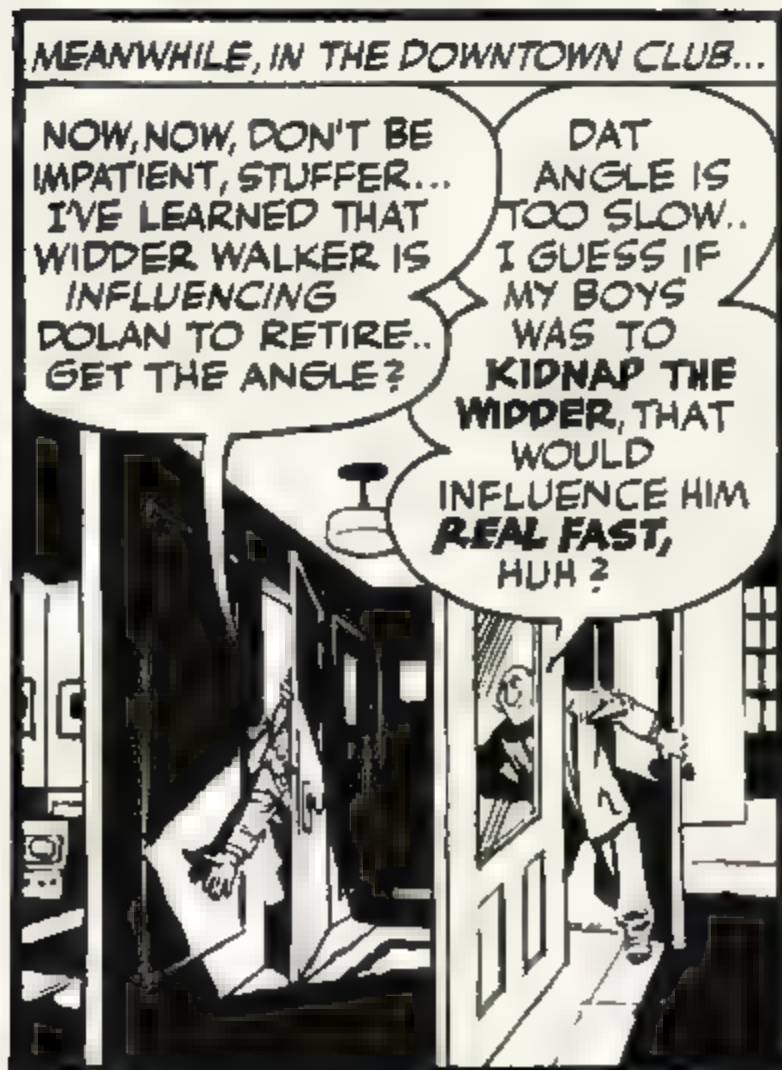
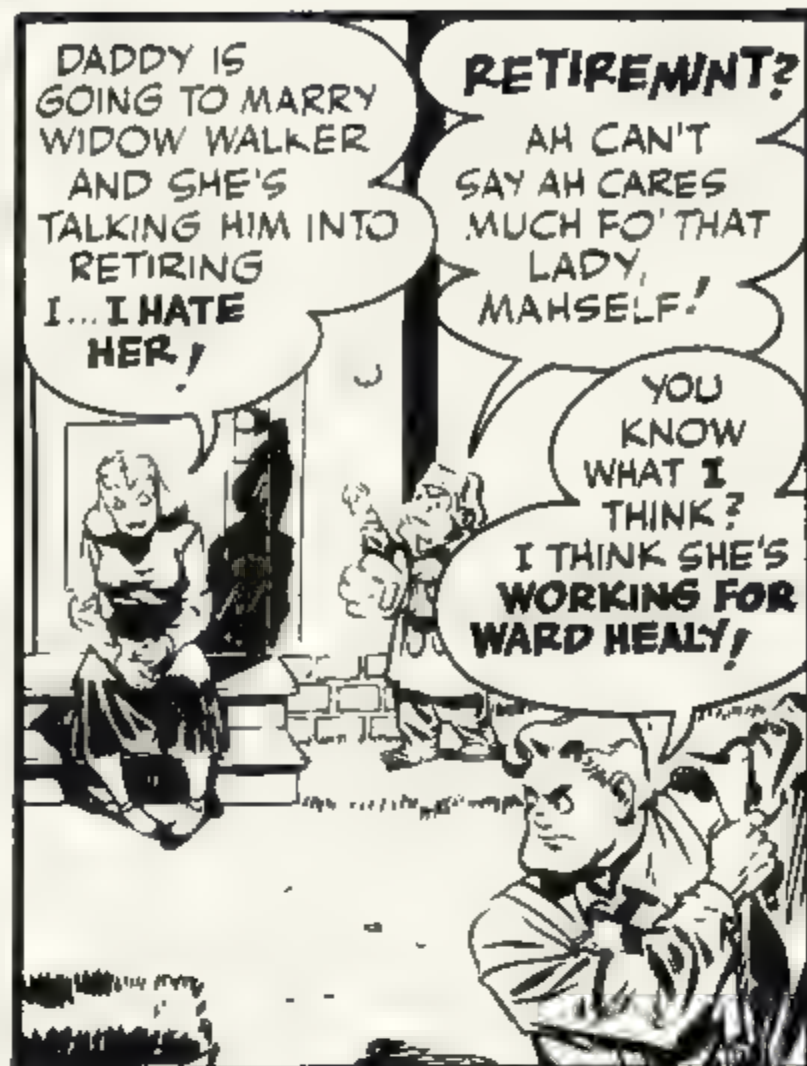


♪ SIGH ♪...IT'LL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE A WOMAN AROUND THE HOUSE AGAIN...



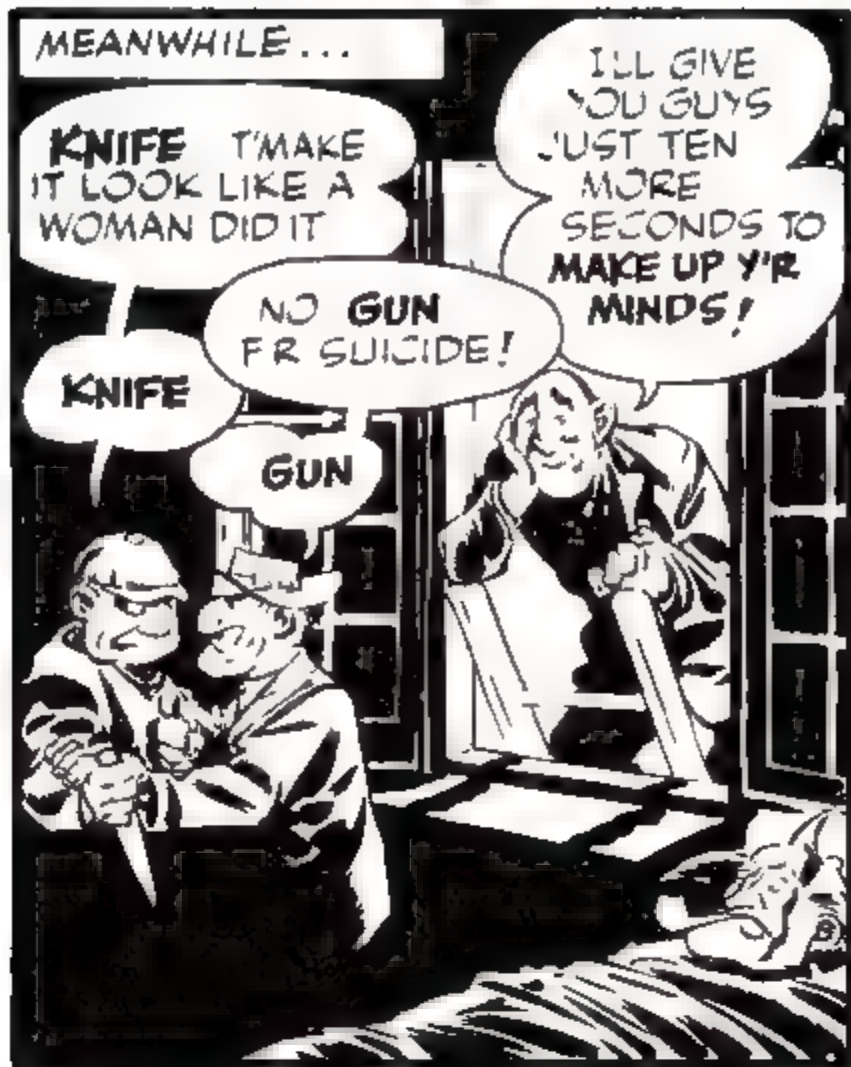
TELL THEM WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO FIRST, DEAR...

OH YES... AHM... AFTER MY MARRIAGE I'VE DECIDED TO **RETIRE** FROM THE **FORCE!!**









425. Originally published July 18, 1948

The SPIRIT

By Will Eisner



IN

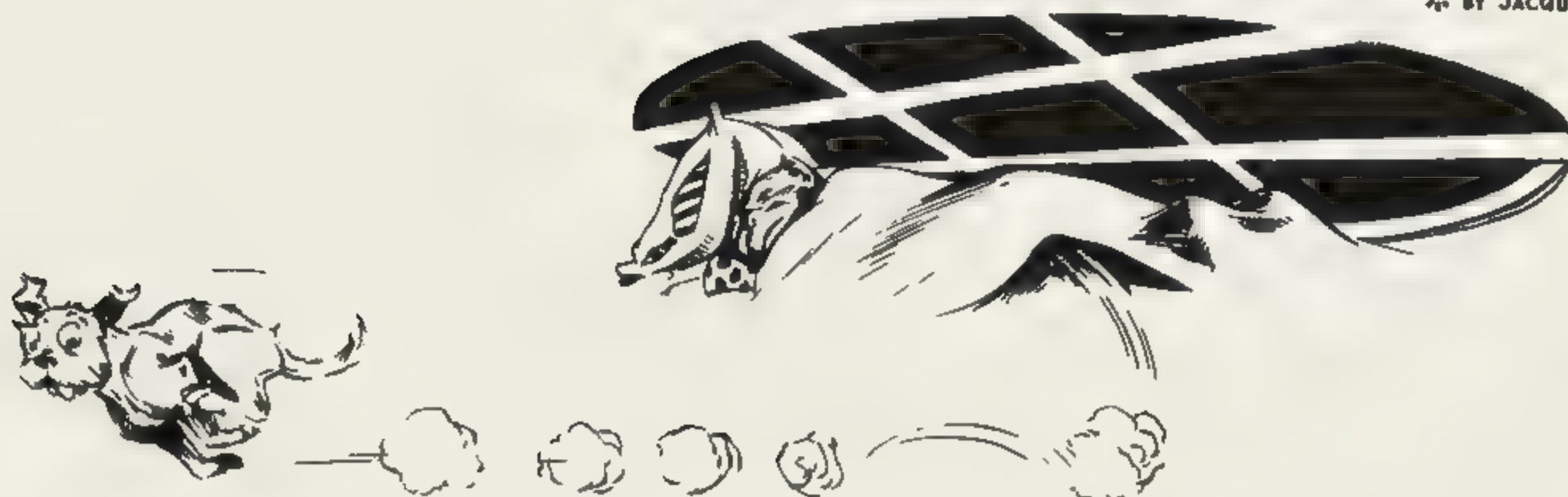
BARKAROLLE

FROM

*Tails of Arfmann**

The warm story of a valiant intermission in the symphony of a life...the turbulence, the surging passions of crime's maelstrom. The tender tale of those caught in its treacherous current, and of the stalwart who survive. Here we tell of Roger...young, impetuous Roger...one such dog....

* BY JACQUES ARFENBARK



Young dog Roger had everything... security, position in the community, and the love of his master, Ebony...
...Yet there lay deep within him a seed of discontent which grew, vine-like, in the dark.. fed by secret springs... and one hot July night... it burst full blown upon the garden of his consciousness...

.. and suddenly he knew!!
Yes..he knew he must go forth and live a dog's life!!



Downtown Central City was a hustling, bustling community when young dog Roger arrived... and though he did not know it at the time, old dog Growler had picked him out as a likely prospect.

All that day Growler followed him. By nightfall, young dog Roger lay tired and and unhappy in the gutter. Then old dog Growler approached.



"NEW IN THE CITY, EH?" said Growler.

"SIGH..." said Roger.

"AAH..ER..AHM.. A SMART GUY LIKE YOU DON'T NEED T'SCRABBLE FR SCRAP'S"

"NO?...Y' MEAN I GOT TALENT?...Y'C'N GET ME A CHANCE IN THE MOVIES?"

"HAW.. MORE GLAMOROUS THAN THAT! THRILLS. EXCITEMENT.. EASY DOUGH!"

"GOSH" said young dog Roger.

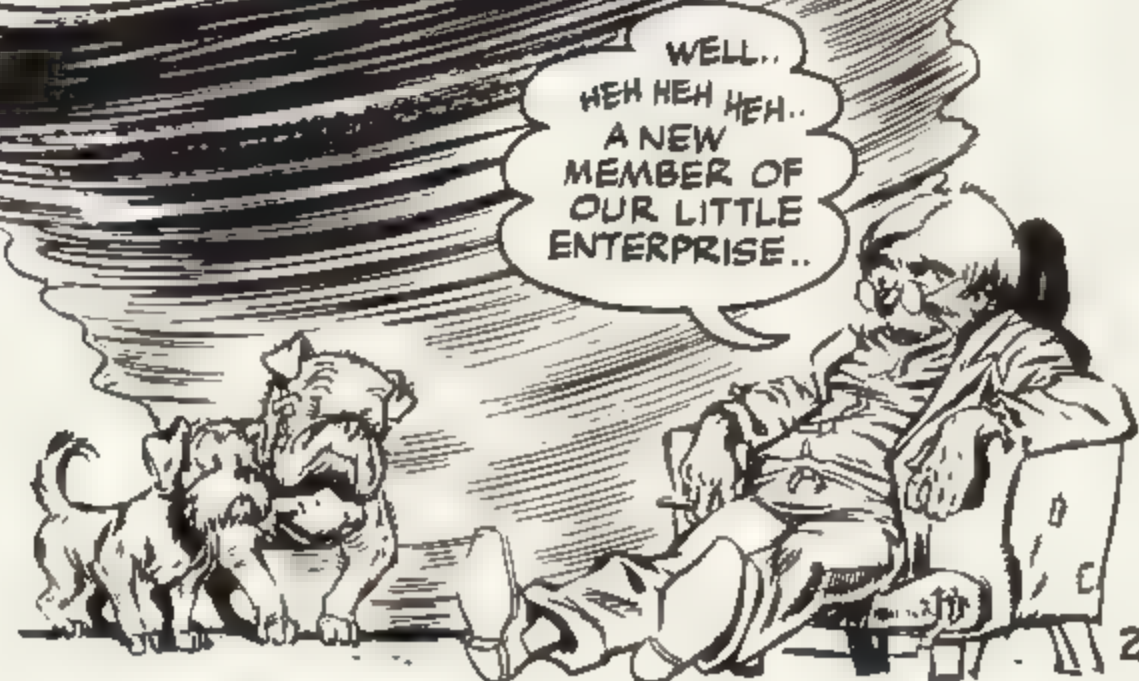
With old dog Growler leading the way they loped through alleys and byways until they came at last to a sleazy slum shack.

"Where are we?" asked young dog Roger. "We're at the hideout of the mob, kiddo," replied Growler.

"Come in..I want you to meet up with Sven Galli, our gang leader."



... and so it was that Roger.. young dog Roger.. waif of whim.. was caught in the maelstrom of crime...



YES Sven Galli was always glad to welcome a new dog to his net...

YESH...HIC! YESH, MY DEAR DOG..I WAS NOT ALWAYS AS YOU SEE ME NOW.. **ONCE..HIC(PARDON ME) ONCE I WAS THE GREAT GALLI.. MASTER OF HOUNDS AND ADMIRER BY MEN..**



I HAD A WAY WITH DOGS THAT...HIC



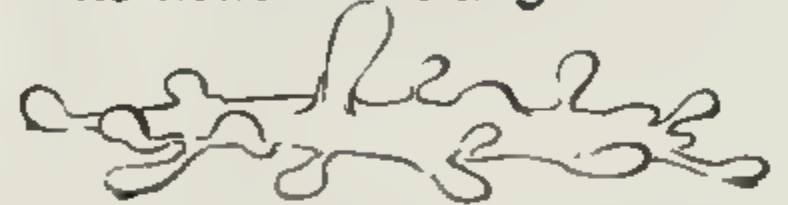
Once he was a great man...



But vaudeville died, and no one wanted a man like Sven... and so...

...AHM...

he went to the dogs...



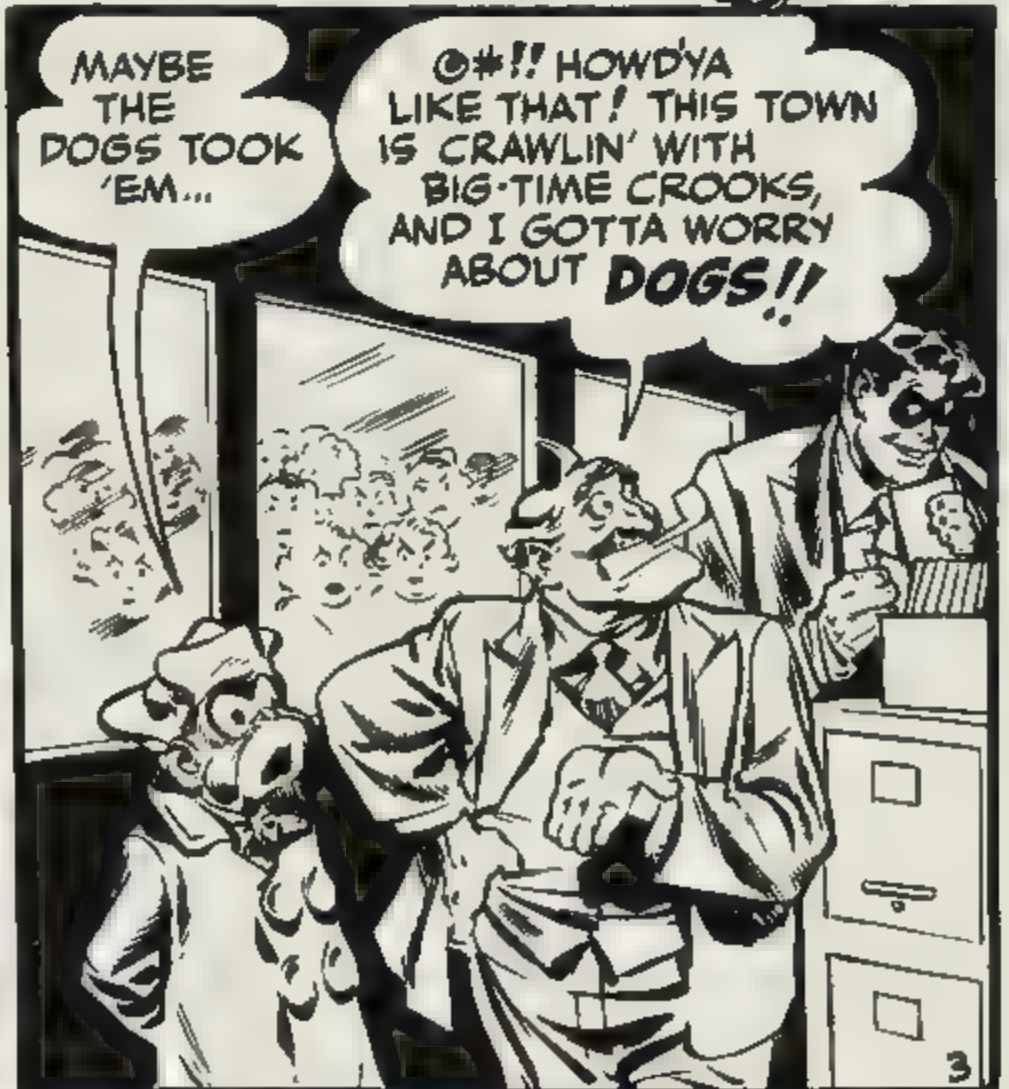
Well...he would show them... ignore his dog power, eh...? Very well...it would be Sven Galli against the world from there on in... people would know, would feel his presence....

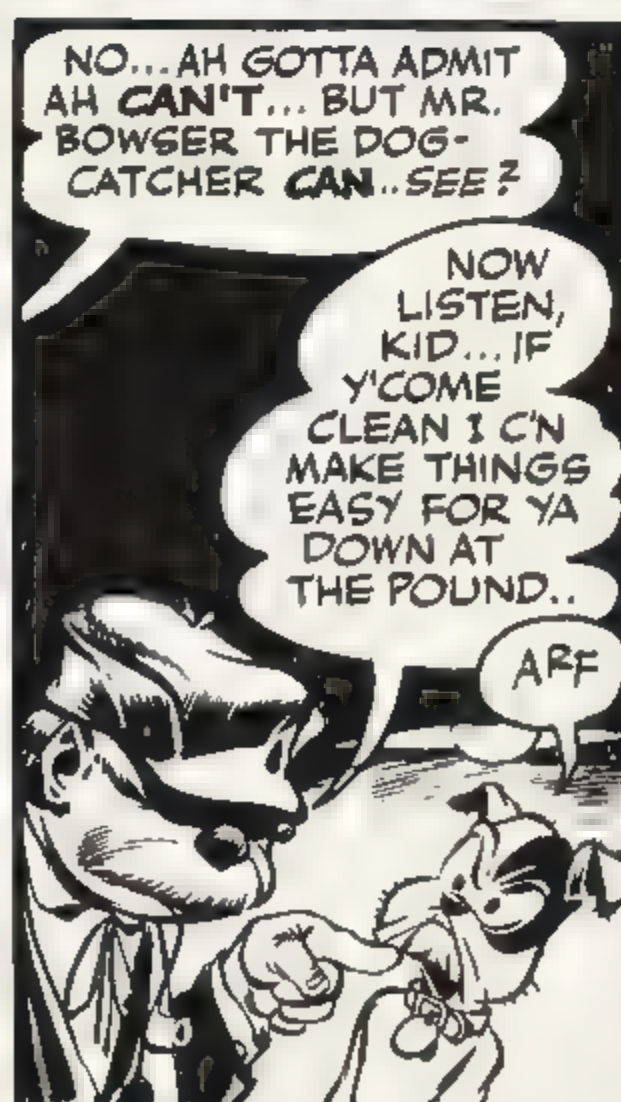
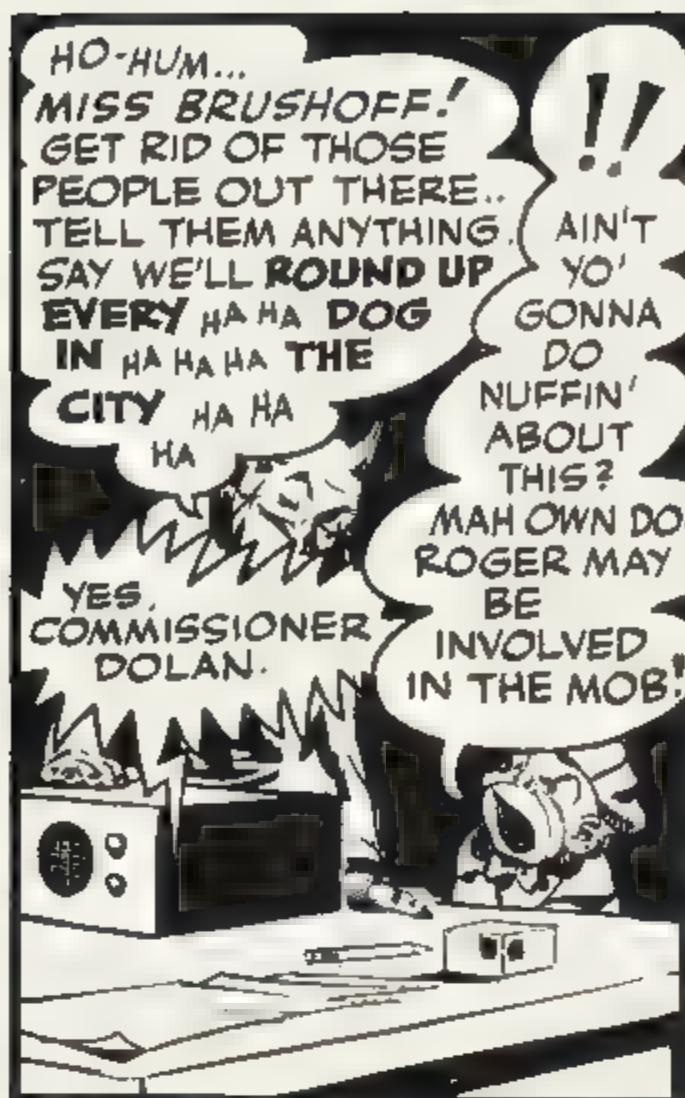
...A great talent may go ignored...
...A great artist may be humbled...

Bah!... talent, denied one outlet... will find another...

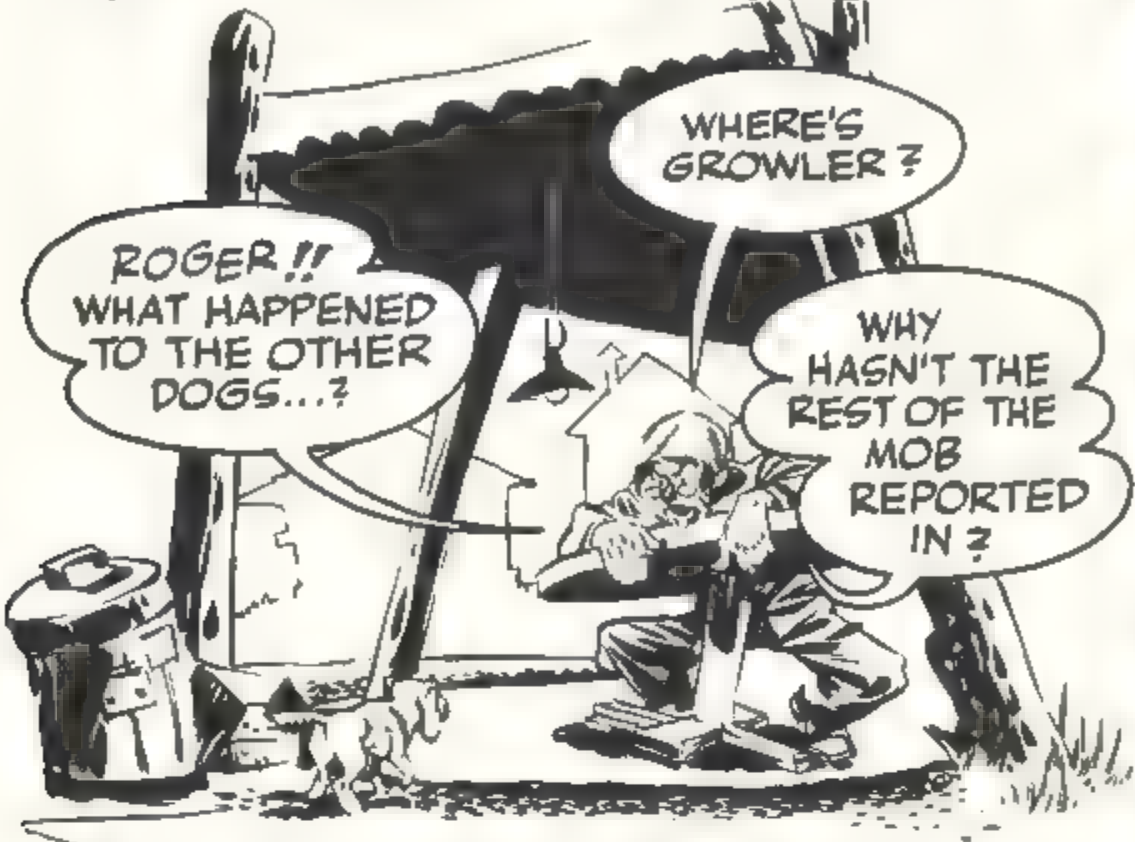


Ah...but a cloud was forming on the horizon that was to engulf young dog Roger... But now, let's look in at Police Headquarters...





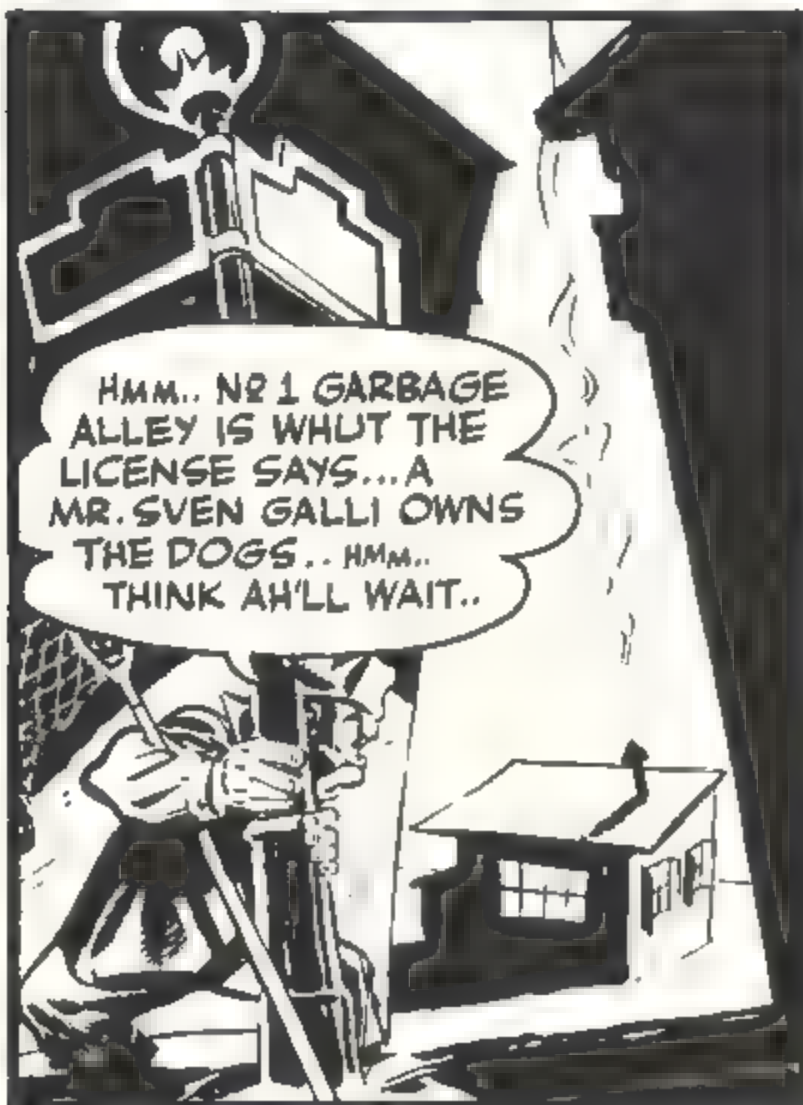
And now, whilst the forces that uphold civilization with the starch of discipline begin to congeal, let us return to young dog Roger.... a hardened criminal by now...

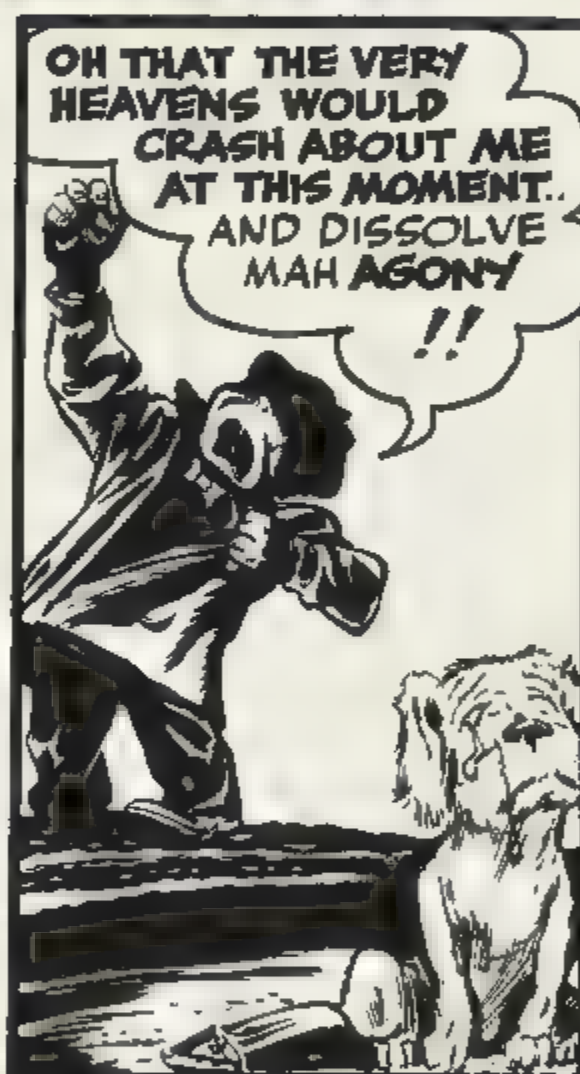


And so...young Dog Roger learns what every criminal discovers...there is no "easy" money.



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.







BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I CAN'T STAND THIS SUSPENSE ANY LONGER..MAYBE THE OWNER OF THOSE DOGS WILL **HURT** EBONY...I'M GOING TO HELP HIM!!

NO YOU DON'T! YOU ENCOURAGED THIS..NOW YOU CAN SUFFER!



YOUNG DOG ROGER.. IF YOU ARE WILLING TO HELP THE LAW NOW, AH'LL GIVE YO' A BREAK...

YARF!



SVEN GALLI... YO' ARE UNDER ARREST!

!?



WHY, YOU LITTLE PIP squeak.. PLAYIN' COPS AND ROBBERS WITH ME, EH? **GET OUT OR I'LL..**

AH... EVIDENCE ALL OVER THE PLACE... YOU'RE A GUILTY MAN, SUH.



GRRR SNARL GRR....



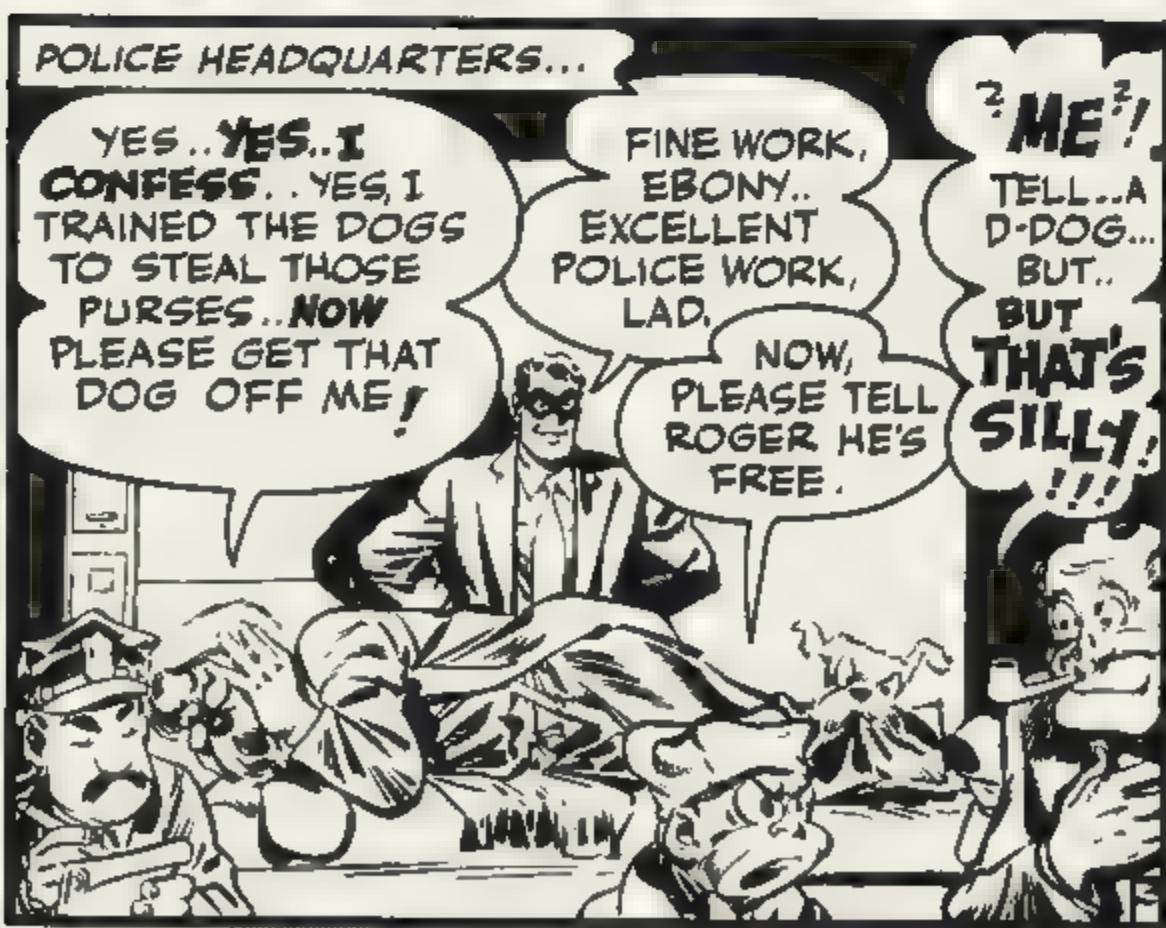
ROGER TURNED COPPER !!

OW!



OW!

OW!



POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

YES..YES..I CONFESS.. YES, I TRAINED THE DOGS TO STEAL THOSE PURSES..NOW PLEASE GET THAT DOG OFF ME!

FINE WORK, EBONY.. EXCELLENT POLICE WORK, LAD.

NOW, PLEASE TELL ROGER HE'S FREE.

ME?! TELL...A D-DOG... BUT.. **BUT THAT'S SILLY!!!**

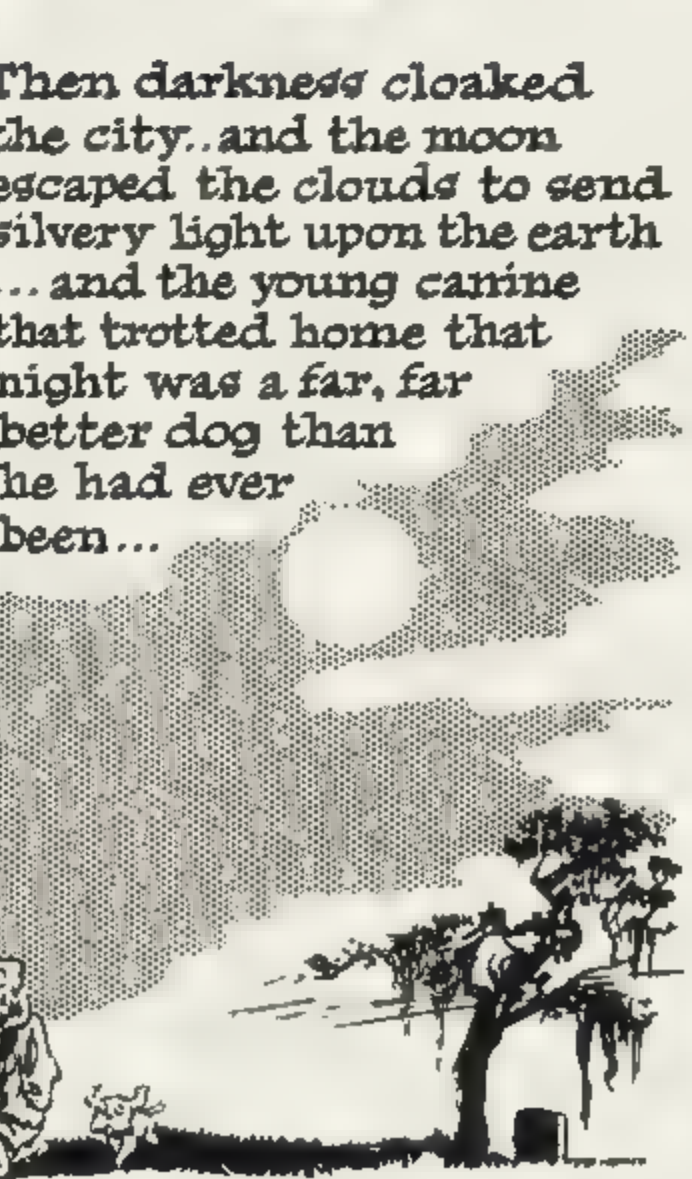


GO ON, DOLAN !!

MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE...


AW... Y'R FREE, ROGER!

ARF



Then darkness cloaked the city..and the moon escaped the clouds to send silvery light upon the earth ... and the young canine that trotted home that night was a far, far better dog than he had ever been...

THE THING



In response to suggestions by many of the Spirit's friends, we have prevailed upon the great criminologist to select, from his vast library of mystery and intrigue, the works of classic masters in the field.

In this issue is presented one of the more outstanding masterpieces of this type... abridged from the original and related through this medium by the Spirit.

Will Eisner

HMMM... LET'S START
WITH A SHORT PIECE CALLED
"THE THING,"
BY AMBROSE BIERCE...



..AMBROSE
BIERCE?...AH
NEVER HEARD OF
HIM...WHO WUZ
HE?

AMBROSE BIERCE
WAS ALMOST AS STRANGE
A MAN AS THOSE GHOST-LIKE
FOLK IN HIS STORIES... HE ROSE
FROM A CIVIL WAR DRUMMER
BOY TO A RESPECTED NEWS-
PAPERMAN... HIS REAL WORK,
HOWEVER, WAS SHORT STORIES..
WEIRD, TERRIFYING, AND
MATCHING EDGAR ALLEN POE
IN MANY WAYS.... HE DISAPPEARED
MYSTERIOUSLY IN MEXICO IN 1913
AND WAS NEVER HEARD
FROM AGAIN..

THE THING

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

By the light of a tallow
candle which had been placed
on one end of a rough table,
a man was reading something
written in an old, greasy,
worn account book.

Besides the reader, eight others were
present. Seven of them sat against the
rough log wall, motionless. On the
table, not very far from the seven
men, lay the eighth man.

HE WAS DEAD



The men around the table were evidently men of the vicinity... farmers and woodsmen. The man reading was the coroner.



It was by virtue of his office that he had possession of the book from which he was reading. It had been found among the dead man's effects, in his cabin, where the inquest was now taking place.

Suddenly, a young man entered. He was clad as those who dwell in cities, and his clothing was dusty from travel.



The coroner greeted him..

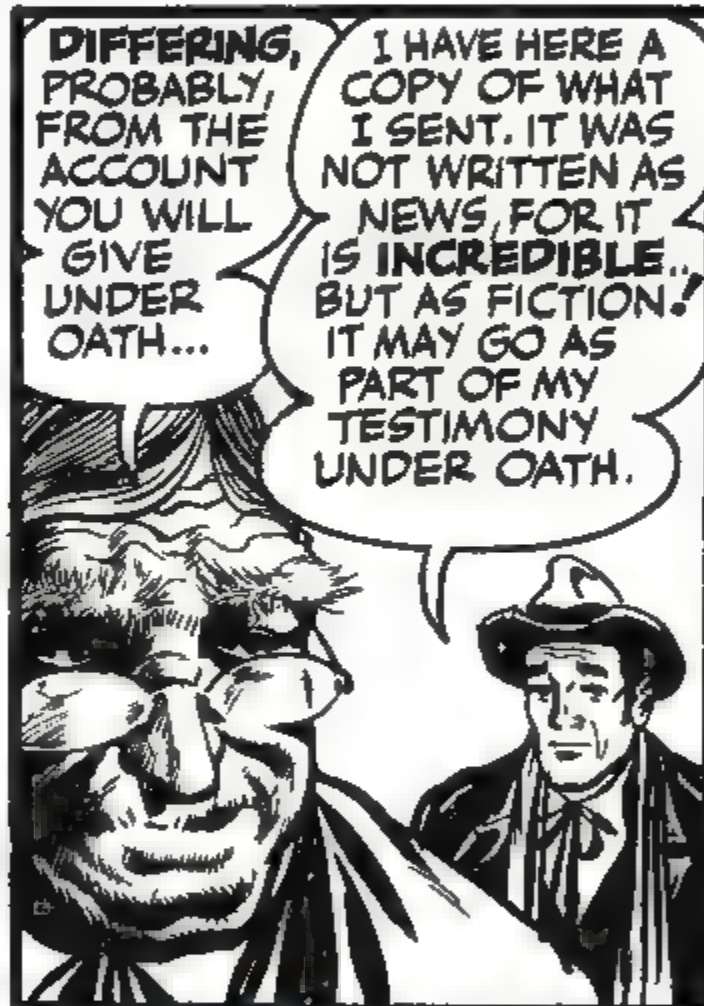
WE HAVE WAITED FOR YOU.

I'M SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU ...I HAD TO POST TO MY NEWSPAPER AN ACCOUNT OF THIS.



DIFFERING, PROBABLY, FROM THE ACCOUNT YOU WILL GIVE UNDER OATH...

I HAVE HERE A COPY OF WHAT I SENT. IT WAS NOT WRITTEN AS NEWS, FOR IT IS INCREDIBLE.. BUT AS FICTION. IT MAY GO AS PART OF MY TESTIMONY UNDER OATH.



BUT.. YOU SAID IT WAS INCREDIBLE..

THAT IS NOTHING TO YOU, SIR.. IF I ALSO SWEAR THAT IT IS TRUE.



YOUR NAME IS WILLIAM HARKER, AND YOU WERE WITH THE DECEASED, HUGH MORGAN, WHEN HE DIED ?

NEAR HIM.



"Relate the circumstances of his death", said the coroner, and the young man pulled a manuscript from his breast pocket



"THE SUN HAD HARDLY RISEN WHEN WE LEFT THE HOUSE... WE WERE LOOKING FOR QUAIL, EACH WITH A SHOTGUN. WE EMERGED FROM A THICKET... MORGAN WAS A FEW YARDS IN ADVANCE WHEN WE HEARD A NOISE AS OF SOME ANIMAL THRASHING ABOUT IN THE BUSHES, WHICH WE COULD SEE WERE VIOLENTLY AGITATED."



WE'VE STARTED A DEER... I WISH WE HAD BROUGHT A RIFLE.



"MORGAN SAID NOTHING, BUT COCKED HIS GUN. I THOUGHT HIM A TRIFLE EXCITED, WHICH SURPRISED ME."

OH, COME! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FILL UP A DEER WITH QUAIL SHOT...



"STILL HE DID NOT REPLY, AND I WAS STRUCK BY THE INTENSITY OF HIS LOOK..."

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT THE DEVIL
IS IT?



THAT... THAT...
THE THING!



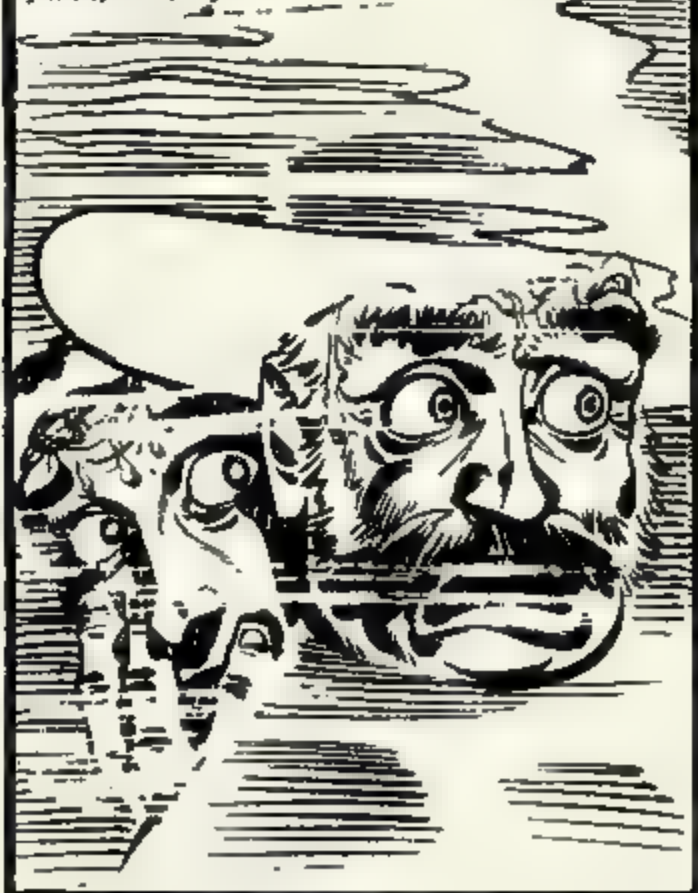
"I WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK FURTHER WHEN I OBSERVED THE WILD OATS NEAR THE PLACE OF OUR DISTURBANCE MOVING IN THE MOST INEXPLICABLE WAY. IT SEEMED PRESSED DOWN BY A STREAK OF WIND... AND THIS MOVEMENT WAS SLOWLY PROLONGING ITSELF DIRECTLY TOWARD US!"



"MORGAN FIRED BOTH BARRELS AT THE AGITATED GRAIN."

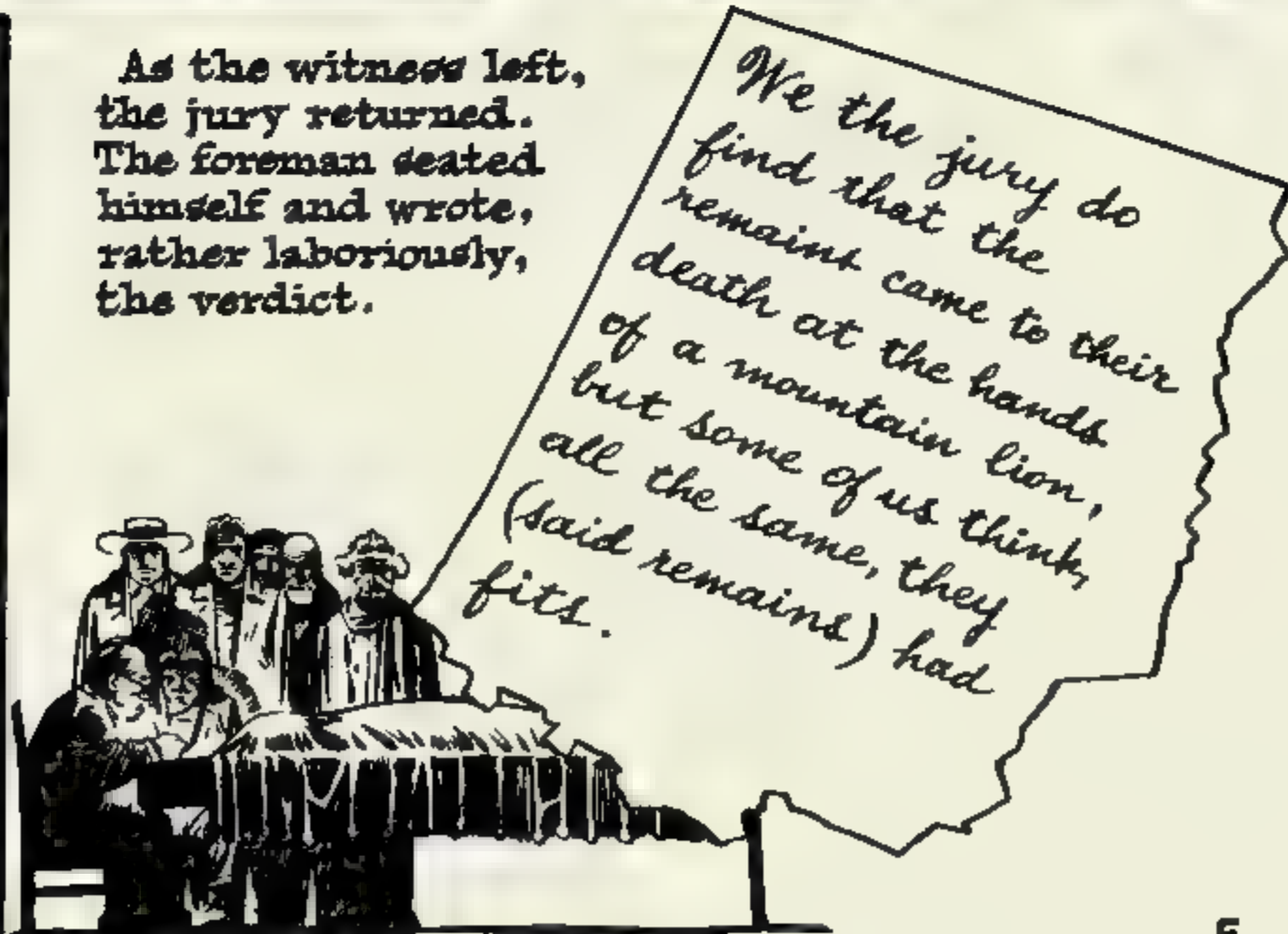
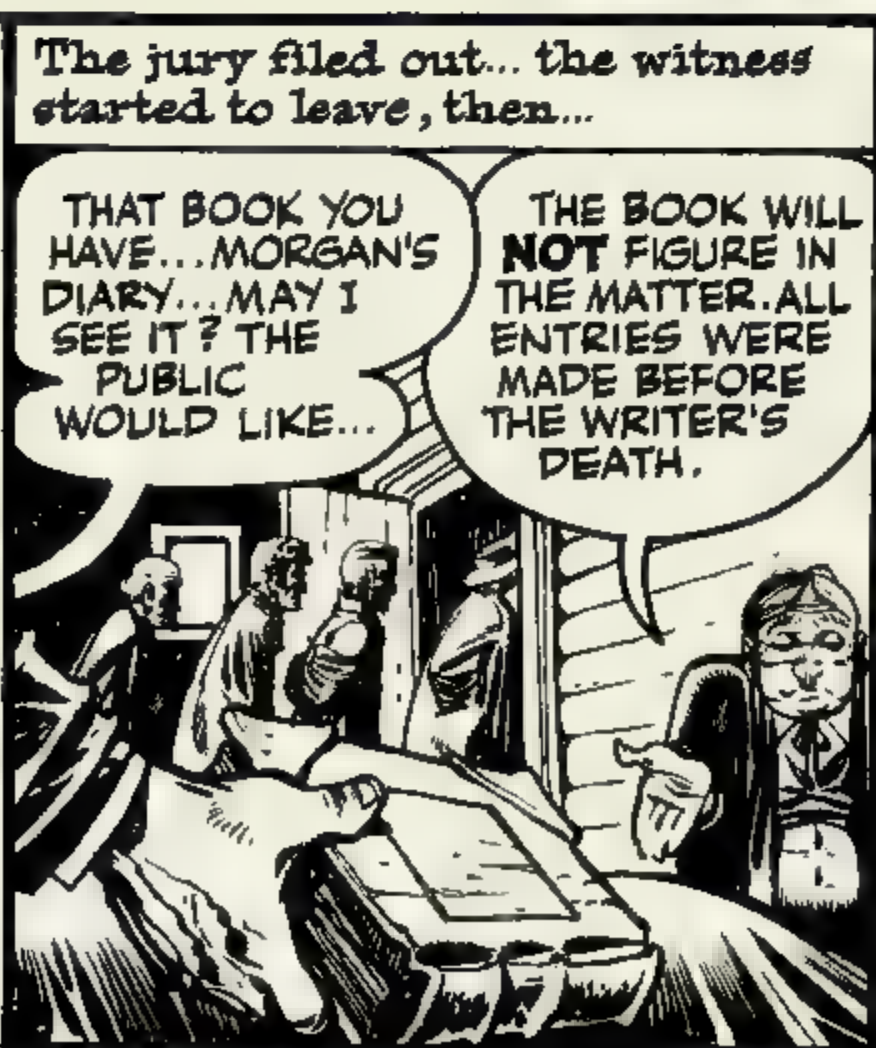
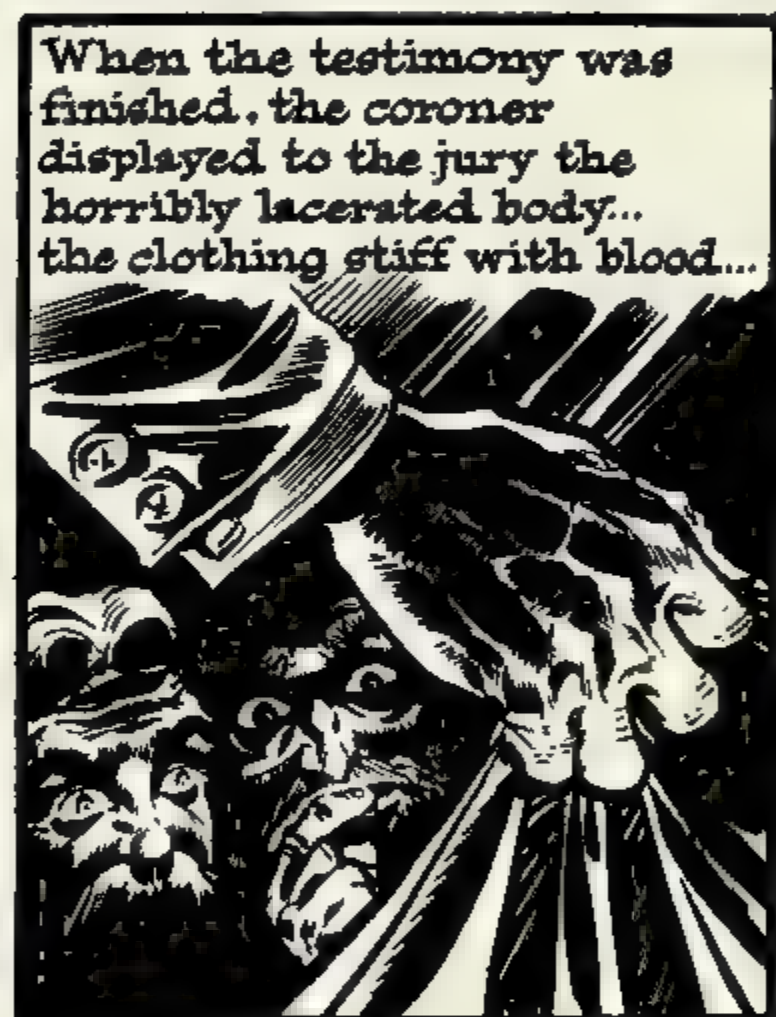


"THERE WAS A LOUD, SAVAGE CRY, LIKE THAT OF A WILD ANIMAL!"



"MORGAN SPRANG AND RAN FROM THE SPOT... AT THE SAME TIME, I WAS THROWN TO THE GROUND BY SOMETHING UNSEEN IN THE SMOKE..."





In the diary of the late Hugh Morgan are certain interesting entries having, possibly, a scientific value as suggestions.....The date of the first entry is torn off, but the part remaining is as follows:...

would run in a half-circle, keeping his head always turned toward the center. At last he ran away as fast as he could go.



Can a dog see with his nose?



Sept. 2 - I saw the stars disappear from left to right, as if something had passed along between me and them...but there were not enough stars to define its outline.



Sept. 27 - It has been here again. I watched all last night -- in the morning the footprints were there as before.

If this is true, I shall go mad... if it is fanciful, I am mad already!



Oct 3 - I shall not go... it shall not drive me away!



Oct 5 - I can stand it no longer. I have invited Harker to spend a few weeks with me... He has a level head...

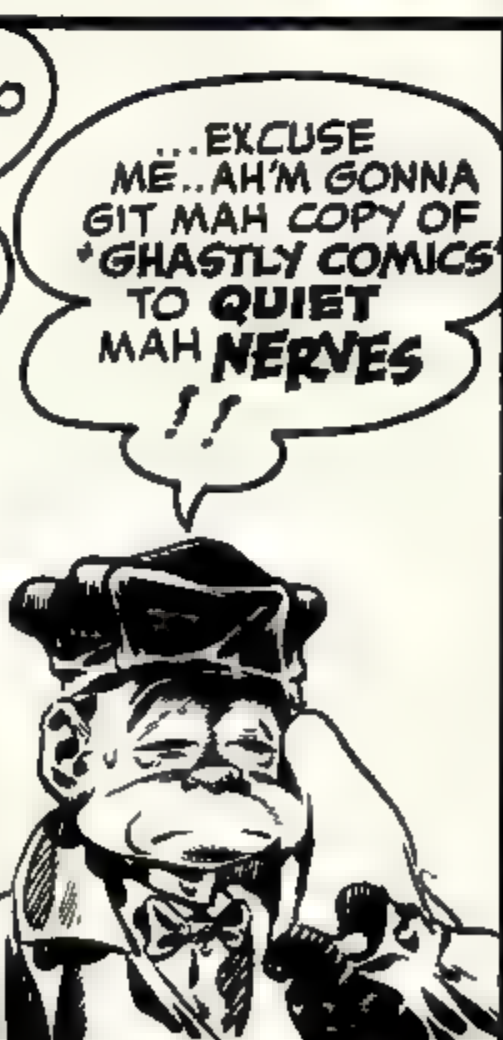
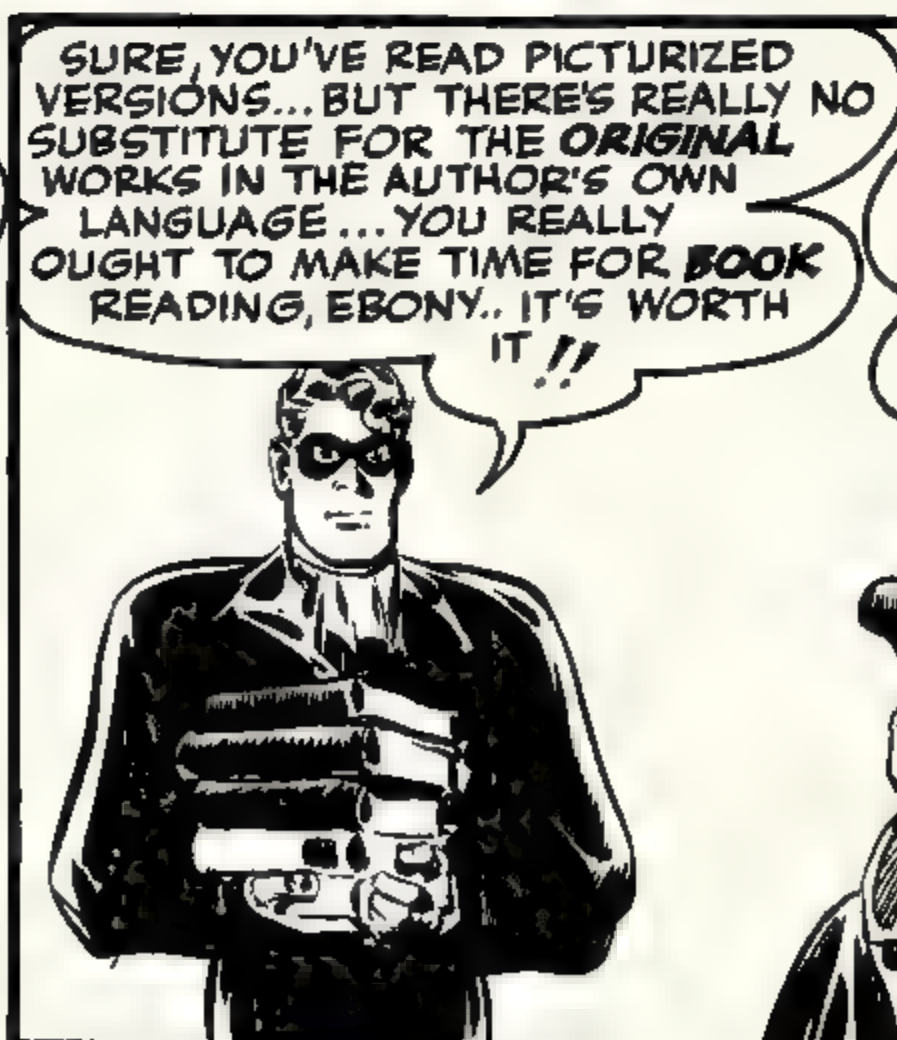
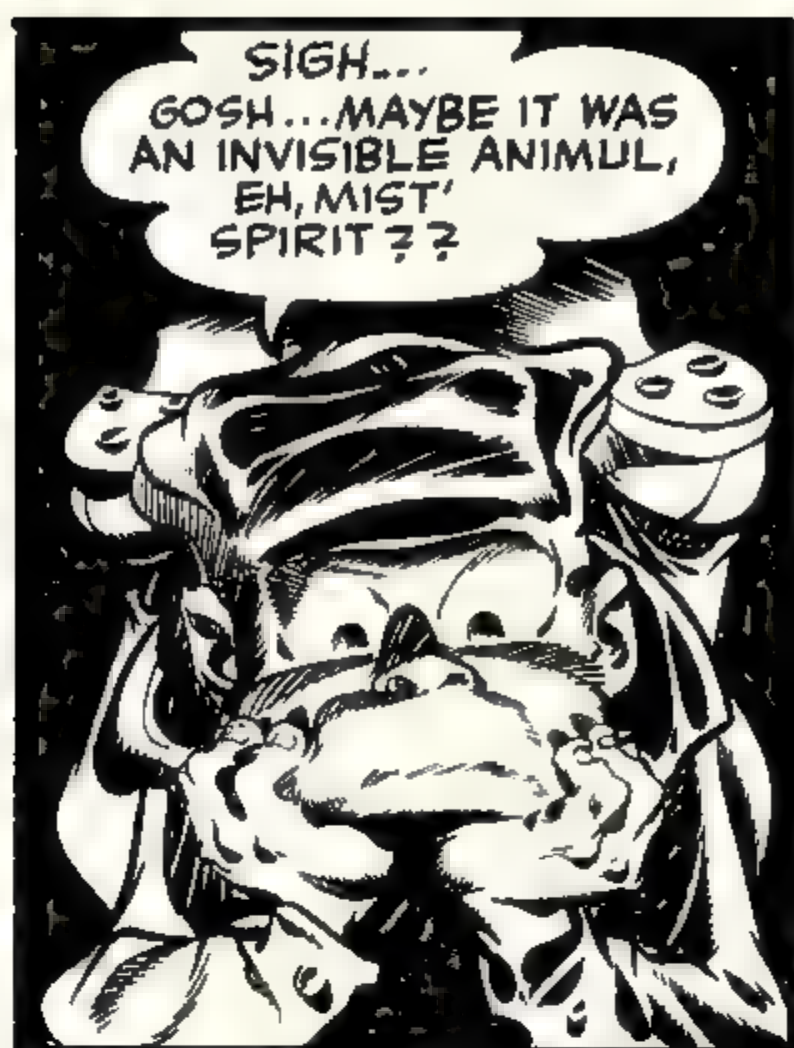
Oct. 7 - I have the solution to the mystery... It came to me last night... how simple... how terribly simple!... There are sounds too high or too low for the human ear... as with sounds, so with colors...

I am not mad; there are colors that we cannot see....

and, Heaven help me... The Thing is of such a color...



The End



427. Originally published August 1, 1948



VISIT CARAMBA THE CAPITAL OF CRIME

- GUNPLAY
- GAMBLING
- MURDER
- VERY LOW SUMMER RATES

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR DETAILS

THERE IS NO OTHER SPOT ON EARTH LIKE CARAMBA

GAMBLING HALLS
VISITORS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD WILL ENJOY PICTURESCUE CROSSBONES SPA.

A TYPICAL GAY INFORMAL GROUP ENJOYING THE GAMES OF CHANCE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ARE OFTEN WON AND LOST HERE

EATING PLACES:
MR. CARBON'S EATERY & MURDERERS LUNCH

HOTELS:
THE OCTOPUS REST (OCTOPUS REST)
& MORGUE MANOR (MURDERERS MANOR)

By Rail...
To Florida thence by boat.

By Boat...
From Florida to mouth of Amazon River in Brazil. thence by canoe and canoe.

By Air...
Southlands Air Lines to Rio de Janeiro thence by local plane and parachute to destination.

A DEPOSIT IS REQUIRED ON ALL PLANE & BOAT RESERVATIONS.

OH! WHOEVER WROTE THAT CATALOGUE WAS A FRAUD!

MY PUPILS BACK HOME WILL BE SO DISAPPOINTED...IT'S TAKEN HALF MY SUMMER VACATION TO GET HERE..AND STILL NOTHING BUT JUNGLE!

WHEW..WHAT A BEASTLY TRIP...

LADIES.. PUHLEEZ! CROOK TOURS GUARANTEES EVERY WORD IN OUR FOLDER!

STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, LADIES... AH... DIRECTLY AHEAD WE HAVE CARAMBA...THE CRIME CAPITAL OF THE WORLD!!

NOTICE THE INTERESTING CHARACTERS...YES! TO THIS PLACE COME THIEVES FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE...FOR CARAMBA IS THE GREAT MODERN CROOK SANCTUARY... HERE THERE IS NO LAW!

OH MY... HOW THRILLING!

OOOH.. SARAH.. LOOK AT THAT POOR MAN...

OH DEAR.. GHASTLY!

COME, COME LADIES... WE MUST BE CAREFUL..THERE IS A CROOK CONVENTION THIS WEEK...

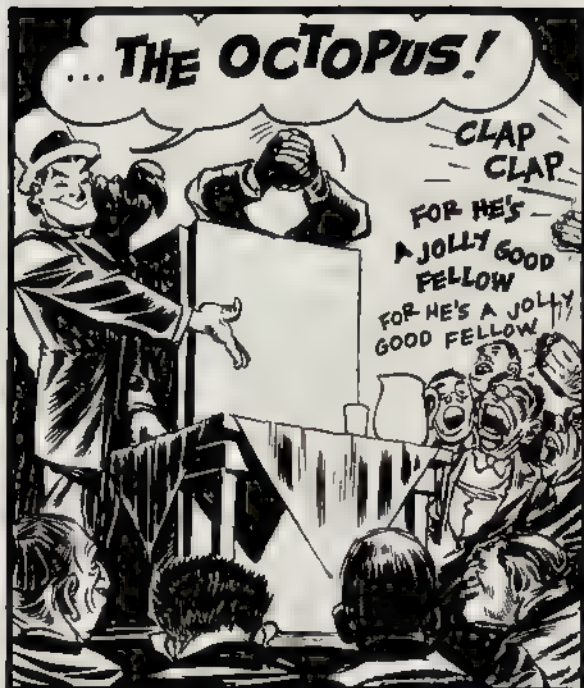
...AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHO MIGHT BE HERE..



...AND NOW, BOYS... I GIVE YOU **YOUR FRIEND AND MINE**... A MAN WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION...



...A MAN WHO HAS THE LONGEST, **MOST VICIOUS CRIMINAL RECORD IN THE WORLD...** A MAN WHOM NO ONE ALIVE HAS EVER SEEN... **OUR WORLD DIRECTOR....**



...**THE OCTOPUS!**

CLAP CLAP
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW



THANK YOU, MEN... THANK YOU ONE AND ALL... IT'S GOOD TO BE IN CARAMBA AGAIN!



EXCUSE ME A MOMENT... GLUG... GLUG... GLUG...



AHH... AHM... COUGH... NOW... RATHER THAN GIVE YOU A LONG SPEECH... I PREFER TO INTRODUCE A NEW MEMBER...



AHM... GENTLEMEN... I GIVE YOU **GASS TOCSEN**... AN AMERICAN THIEF OF CONSIDERABLE FAME!



CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP



OOF



MR. TOCSEN... SUPPOSE YOU RELATE SOME OF YOUR EXPLOITS TO THE GROUP...

AHEM... THANK YOU, OCTOPUS... WELL, I LANDED IN CENTRAL CITY WITH AN IDEA FOR A JOB THAT NO CROOK HAD EVER DARED TO PULL BEFORE...



...IT HAS LONG BEEN THE AMBITION OF US ALL TO OUTWIT THE SPIRIT... WELL... I DID IT!

... I PICKED MY SPOT CAREFULLY... POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CENTRAL CITY!!... AND I WAITED... HEH HEH... THEN... ONE AFTERNOON... YOUNG EBONY WHITE EMERGED... ALONE!!... I MOVED IN...

EBONY WHITE, THE SPIRIT'S ASSISTANT, I PRESUME...?

CHIEF ASSISTANT WOULD BE MO' C'RECT!

THE REST WAS ABSURDLY SIMPLE...

ALL RIGHT NOW, KID... WE'VE GOT THE SPIRIT ON THE PHONE... TELL HIM WHAT I COACHED YOU TO SAY...

NO AH WON'T! MIST' SPIRIT... DON'T DO NUFFIN' HE ASTS! WE'RE AT 125 WATERFRONT STREET! COME QUICK!

Y'R LITTLE PAL THINKS HE'S TOUGH, SPIRIT... BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE HIM ALIVE, YOU'D BETTER GET UP \$50,000..

MFF FF

AND MY CRIMINAL RECORD, NOW IN POLICE FILES!

..AT HEADQUARTERS, THE GREAT CRIMEFIGHTER WAS A PRETTY WORRIED MAN.. HAW HAW HAW..

..I'LL AGREE, MR. TOCSEN.. BUT IF YOU SO MUCH AS SCRATCH THAT BOY... I'LL GET YOU, AND...

HAW.. I'LL LIVE UP TO ME BARGAIN... I'LL BE AT HEADQUARTERS IN TEN MINUTES...

Qee★#! KLINK... GET A PATROL CAR... WE'LL TEACH THAT WISE GUY A LESSON!

HA HA... I EVEN OUTWITTED CRAFTY OLD COMMISSIONER DOLAN... FOR EVEN THOUGH THE PATROL CAR GOT TO MY HIDEOUT IN FIVE MINUTES, THERE WAS NO TRACE OF ME... OR EBONY...

Qee★!! GONE!

NOT A TRACE... WHAT COULD HE HAVE DONE WITH THE KID?

BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS, MEN!

THE COPS RETURNED TO HEADQUARTERS IN TIME TO FIND ME GETTING THE PAYOFF...

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, AND THE POLICE FILE TOO.. NOW, WHERE'S EBONY??

HERE'S THE KEY... YOU'LL GET HIM BACK UNHARMED.. JUST GIVE ME A 24-HOUR HANDICAP!

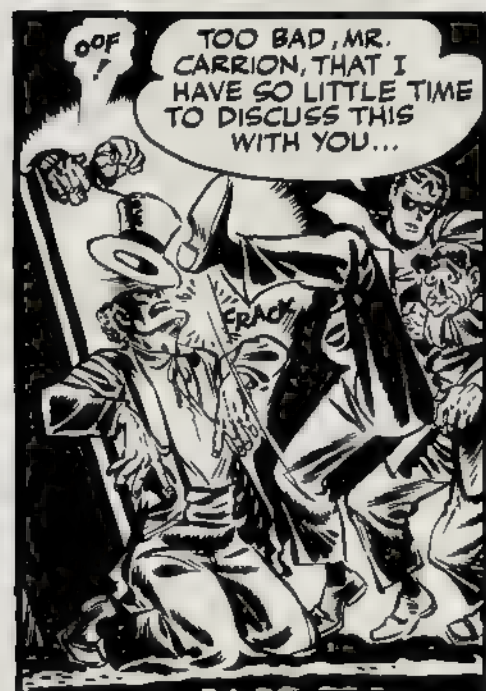
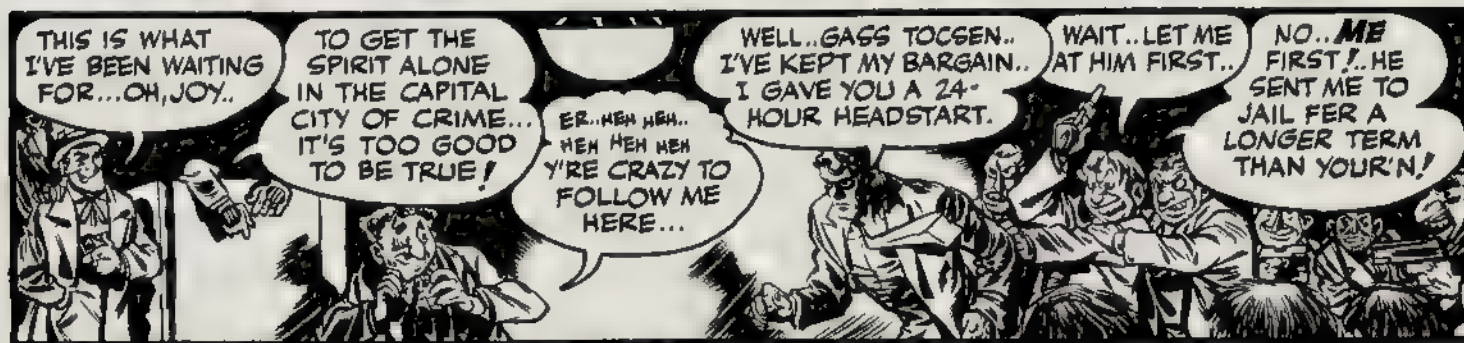
..AND WHILE DOLAN'S COPS WATCHED EVERY EXIT FROM CENTRAL CITY... I NEATLY FLEW SOUTH BY PRIVATE PLANE!

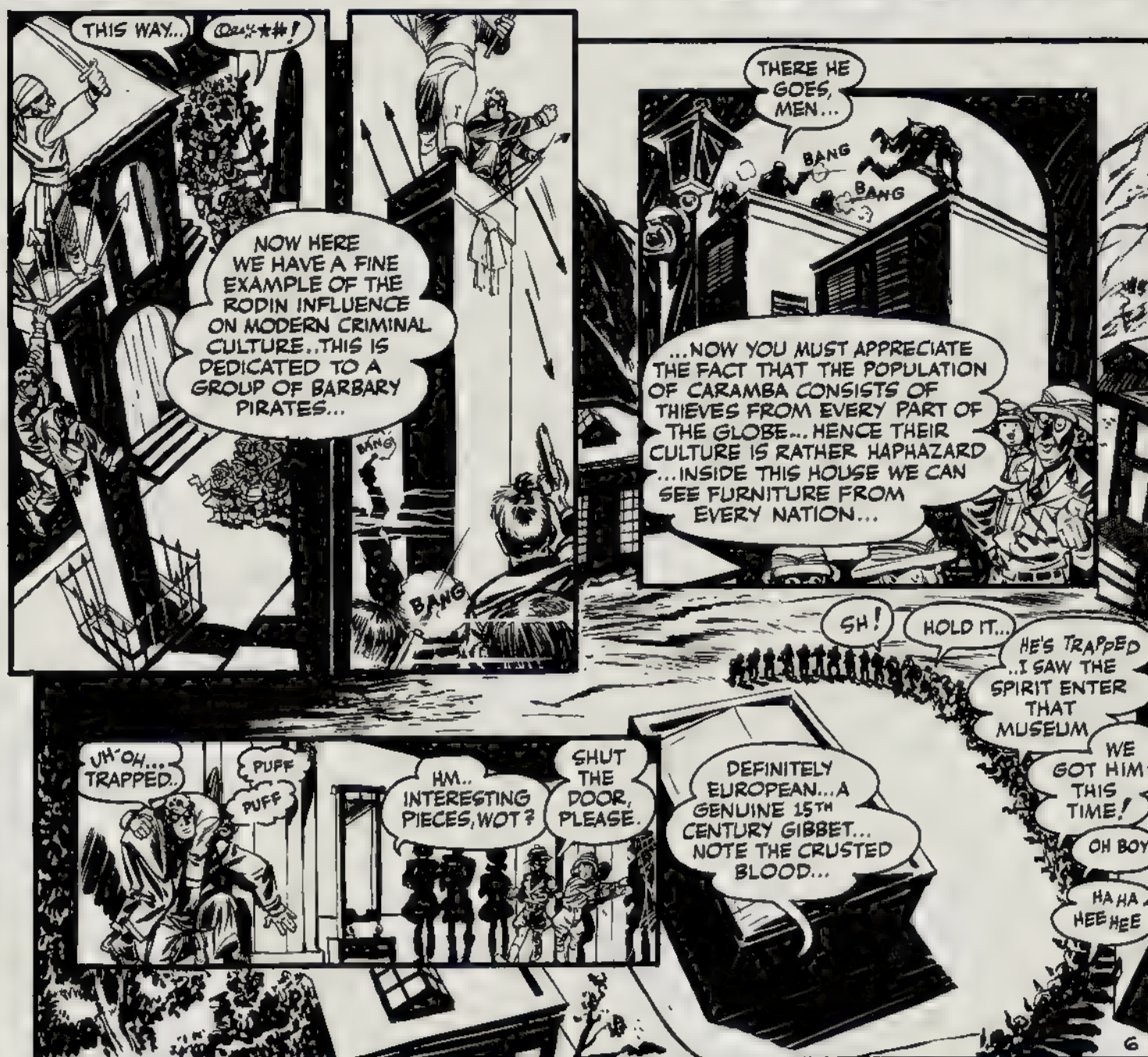
HOW COME THE SPIRIT DIDN'T DOUBLECROSS YA AN' SLUG YA ONNA SPOT?

Y'GOTTA ADMIT THE SPIRIT IS AN HONORABLE MAN.. EVEN WHEN HE'S SORE.

WHERE'D YA HIDE LITTLE EBONY?

HAW HAW.. WAIT'LL I TELL YA... HA HA HA.



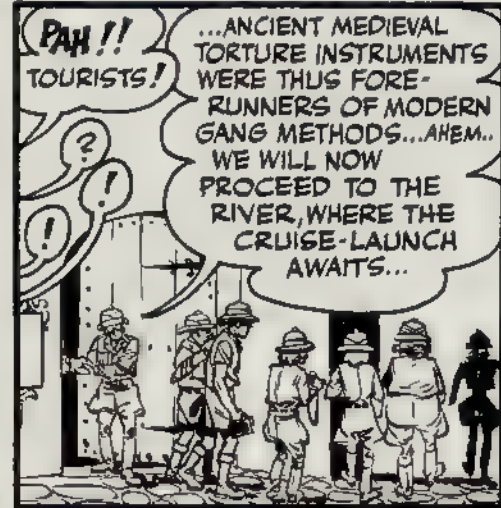




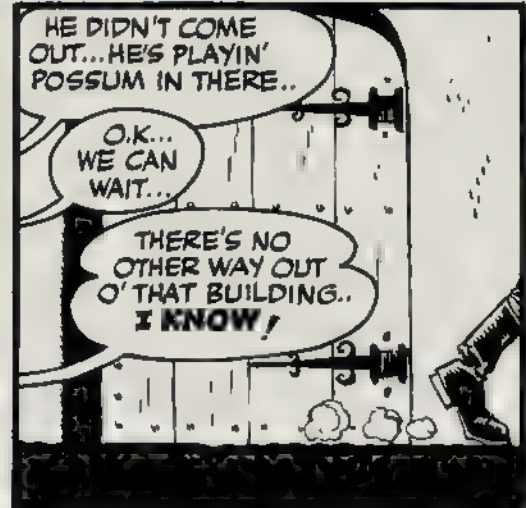
ALL AT ONCE A GREAT AND TERRIBLE SILENCE SETTLES OVER CARAMBA...THE PACK OF BAYING CRIMINALS HAS AT LAST CORNERED ITS PREY...
...THE SPIRIT!



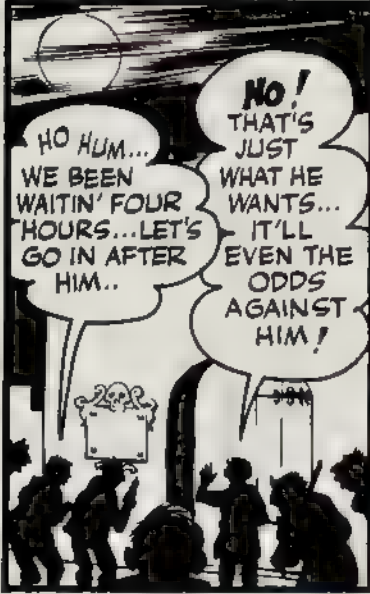
LET'S GO IN AFTER HIM...
NO... WAIT! THE DOOR'S OPENING...



PAH!!
TOURISTS!
...ANCIENT MEDIEVAL TORTURE INSTRUMENTS WERE THUS FORE-RUNNERS OF MODERN GANG METHODS...AHEM... WE WILL NOW PROCEED TO THE RIVER, WHERE THE CRUISE-LAUNCH AWAITS...



HE DIDN'T COME OUT...HE'S PLAYIN' POSSUM IN THERE..
O.K... WE CAN WAIT...
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT O' THAT BUILDING.. I KNOW!



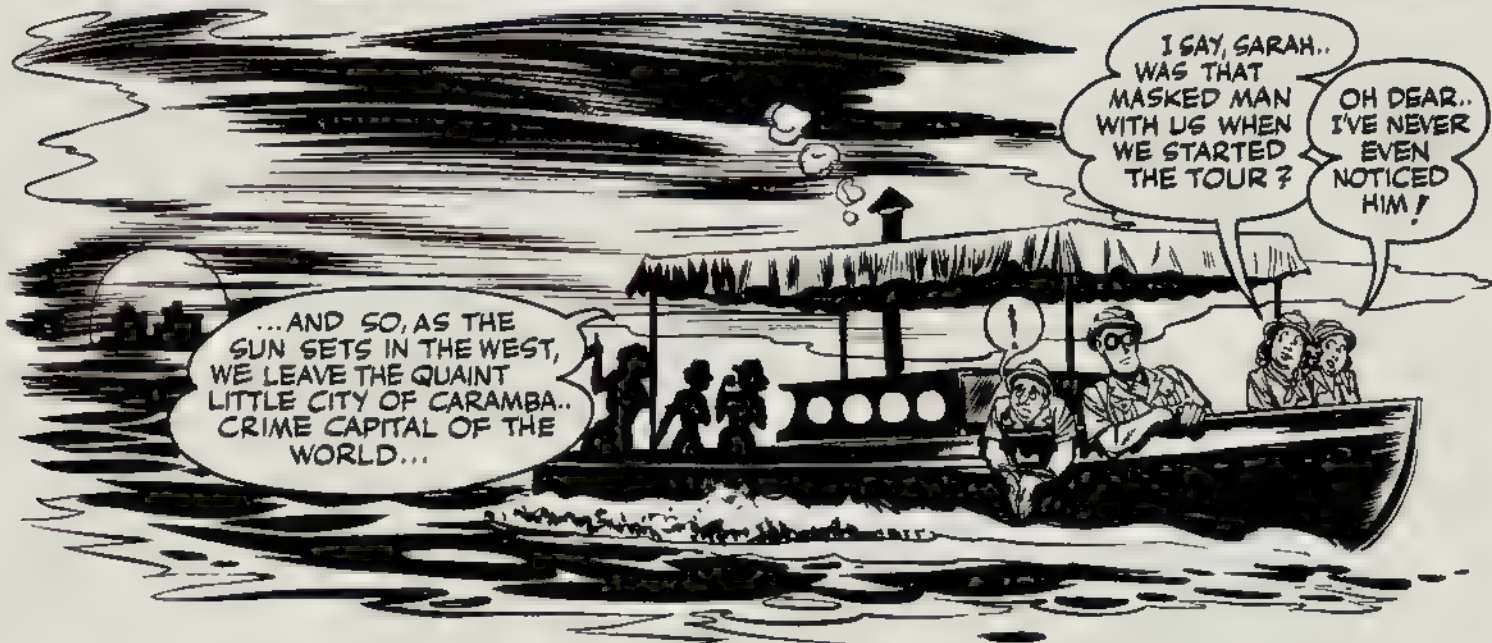
HO HUM... WE BEEN WAITIN' FOUR HOURS...LET'S GO IN AFTER HIM..
NO! THAT'S JUST WHAT HE WANTS... IT'LL EVEN THE ODDS AGAINST HIM!



NO USE HIDING THERE...WE'LL WAIT HERE ALL NIGHT... COME OUT!!



WE CAN'T!
...SOME MASKED MAN TOOK OUR CLOTHES!
...AND WENT OFF WITH OUAH PARTY!



...AND SO, AS THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST, WE LEAVE THE QUIANT LITTLE CITY OF CARAMBA.. CRIME CAPITAL OF THE WORLD...

I SAY, SARAH.. WAS THAT MASKED MAN WITH US WHEN WE STARTED THE TOUR?

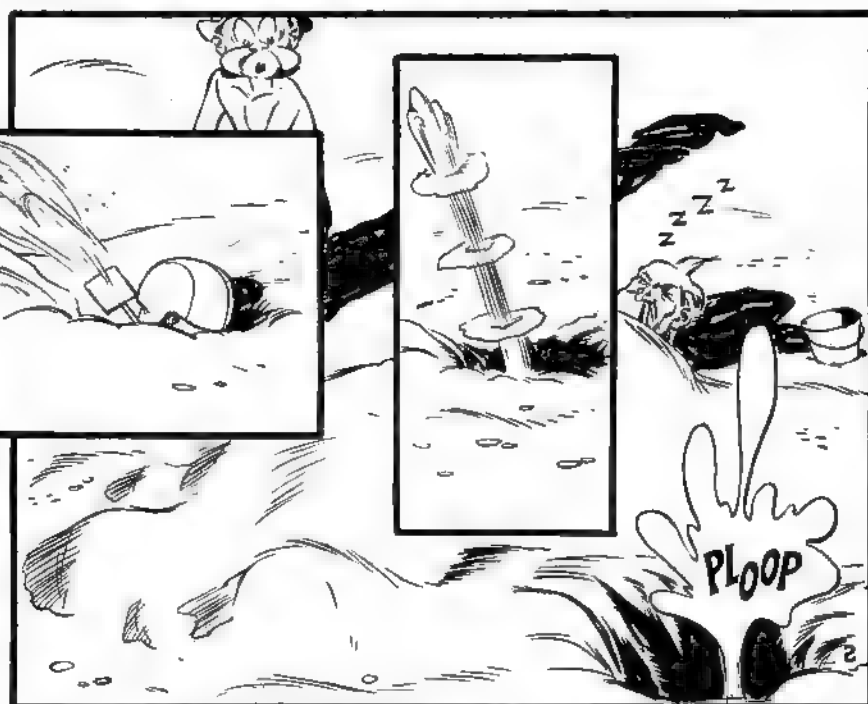
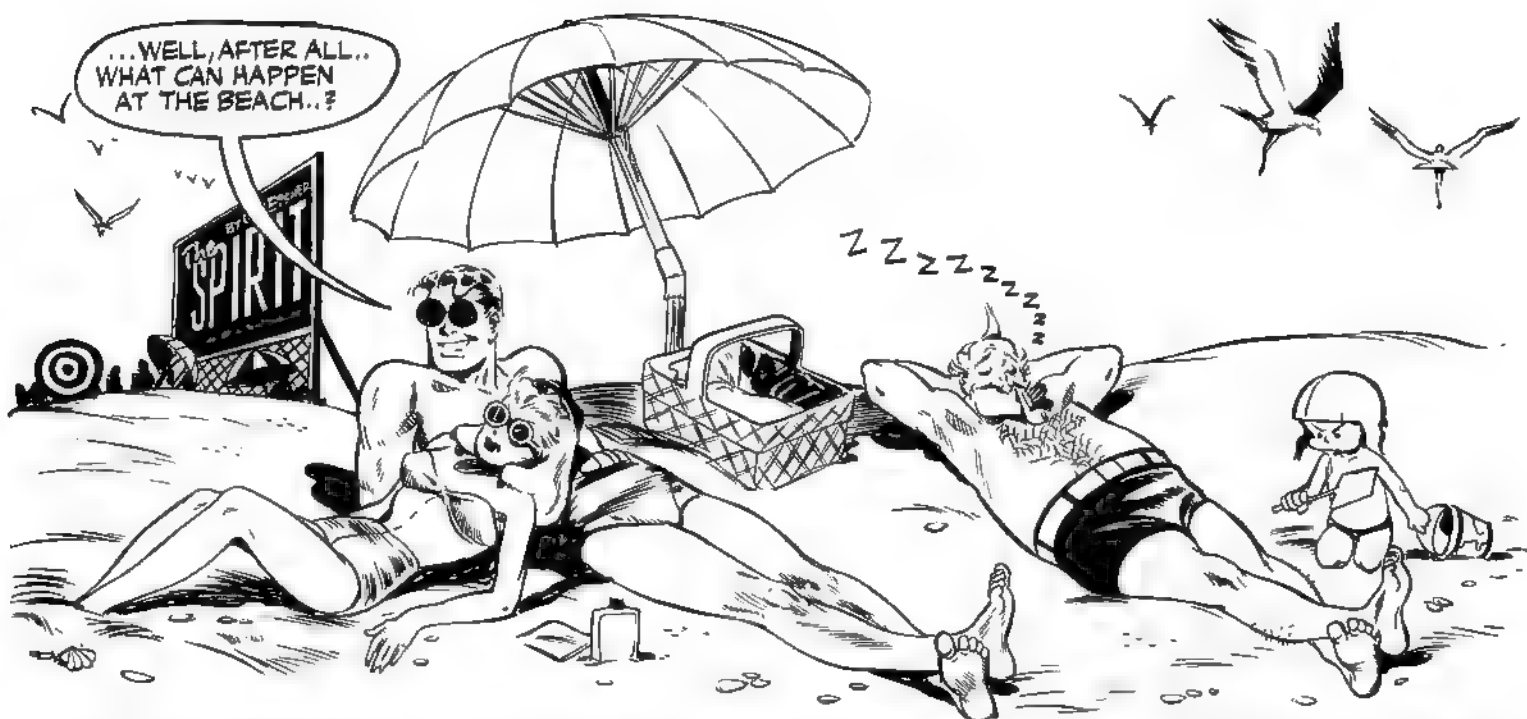
OH DEAR.. I'VE NEVER EVEN NOTICED HIM!

428. Originally published August 8, 1948

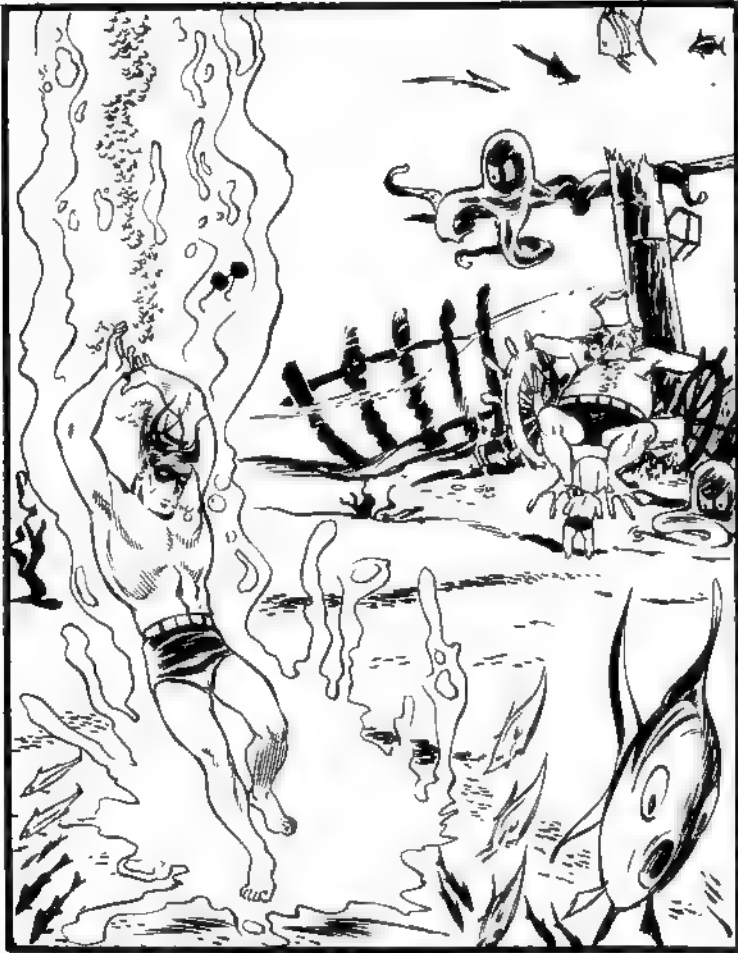
A DAY AT THE BEACH

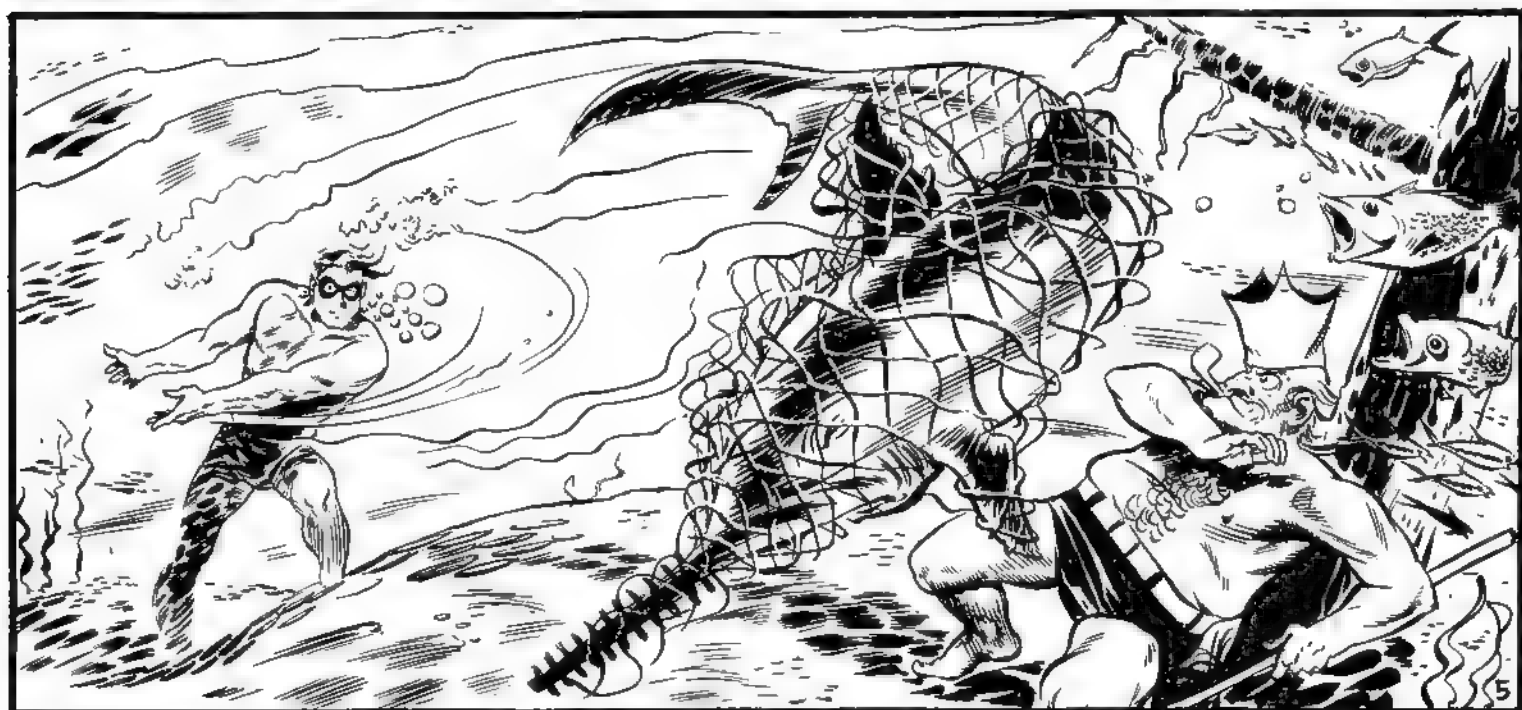
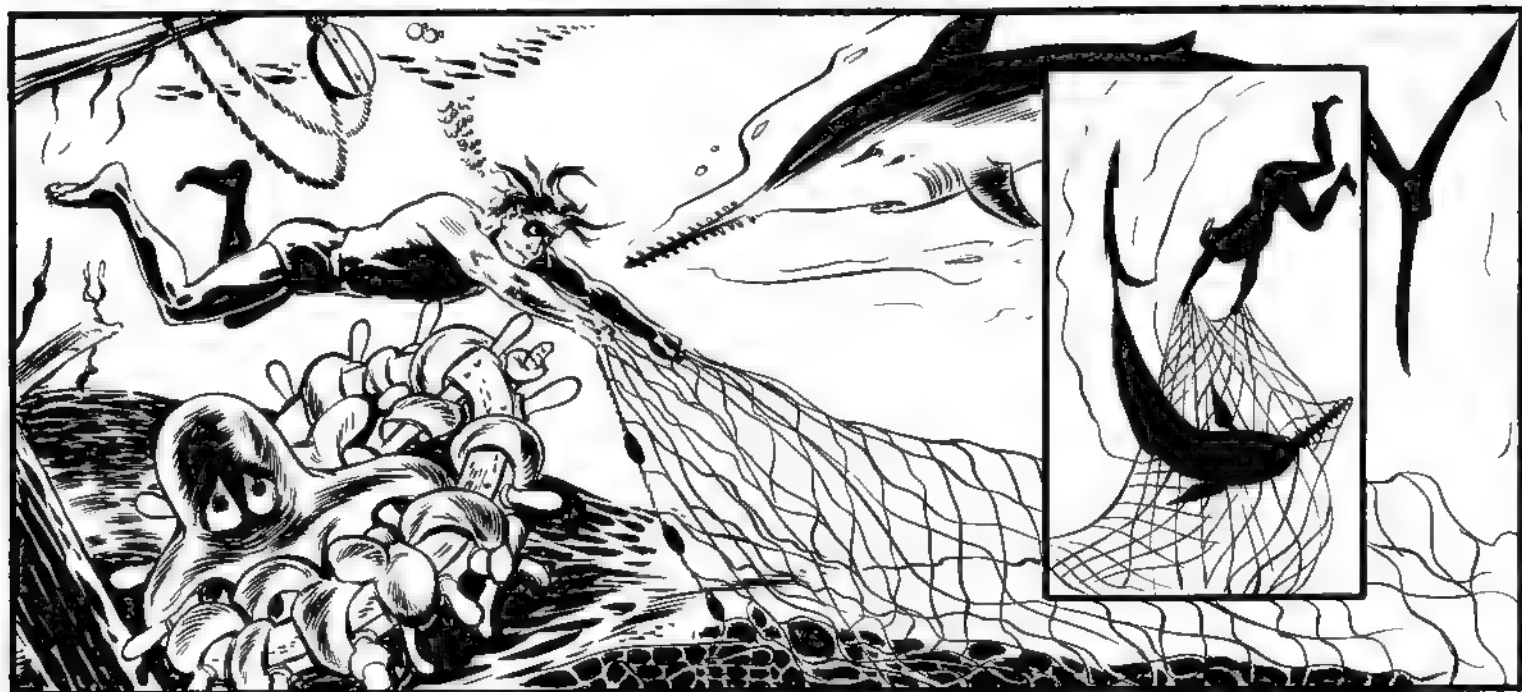
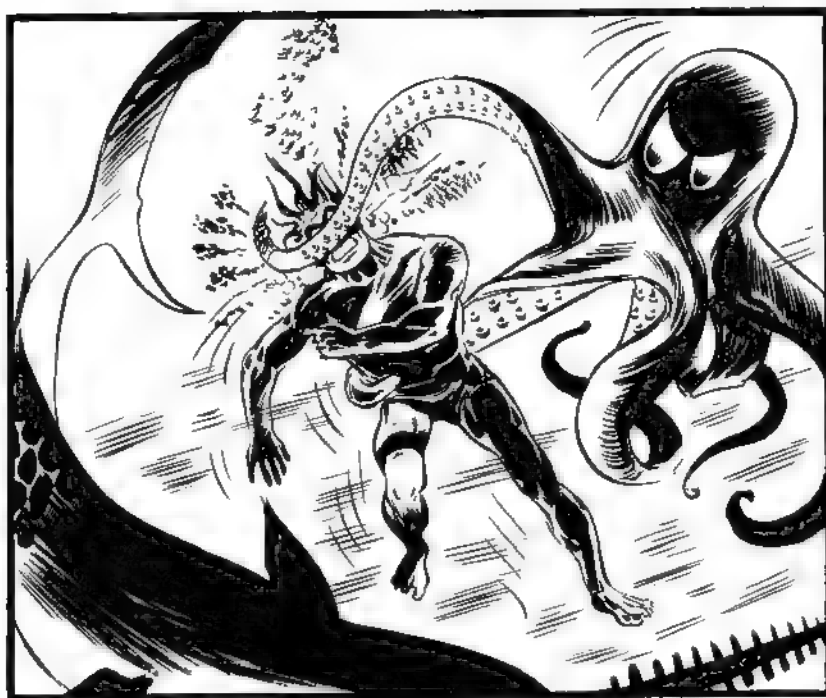


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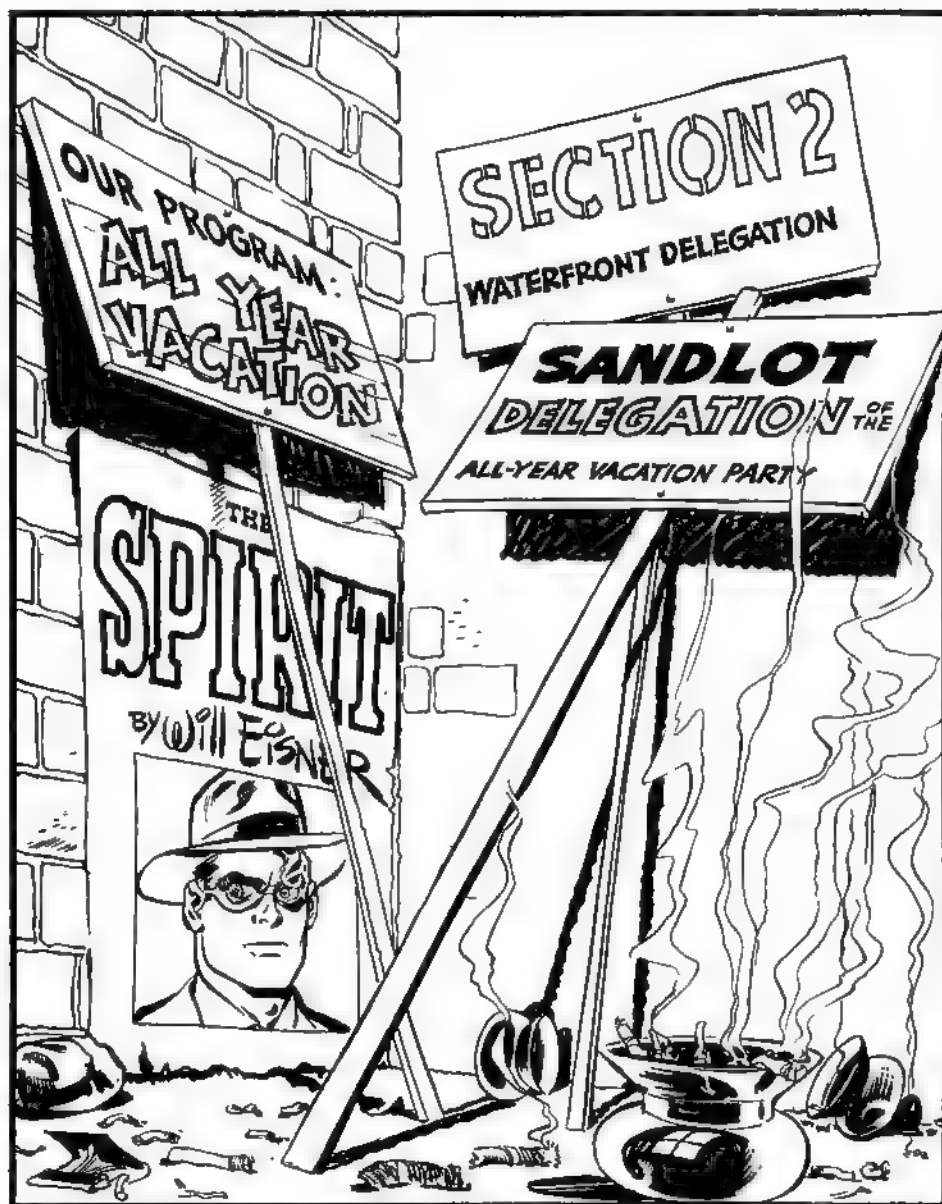








Junior President ELECTION



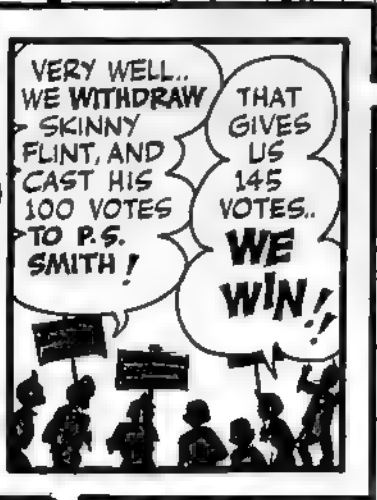
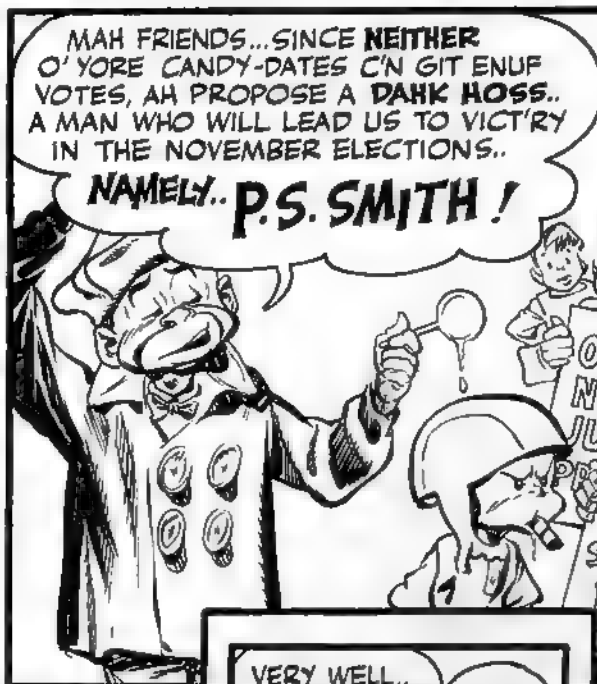
GROWNUPS HAVE ALL SORTS OF REPRESENTATION... CONGRESSMEN, SENATORS, A PRESIDENT... BUT WHAT OF THE KIDS OF THIS NATION ???

FOR A LONG TIME THOSE OF US WHO ARE TOO YOUNG TO VOTE HAVE FELT THE UNFAIRNESS OF HAVING A PRESIDENT ELECTED **ONLY** BY ADULTS.

AT THIS MOMENT A CONVENTION IS BEING HELD IN CENTRAL CITY WHICH MAY GIVE TO THE KIDS OF THE NATION THEIR LONG SOUGHT ANSWER....

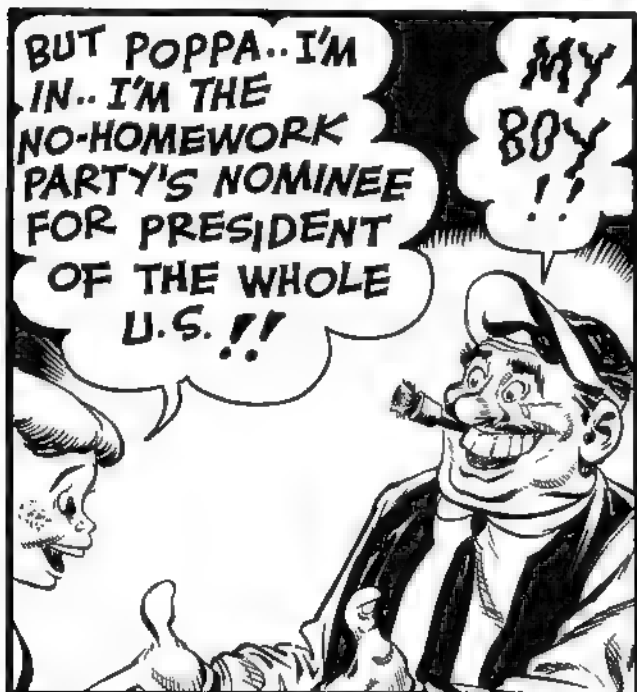
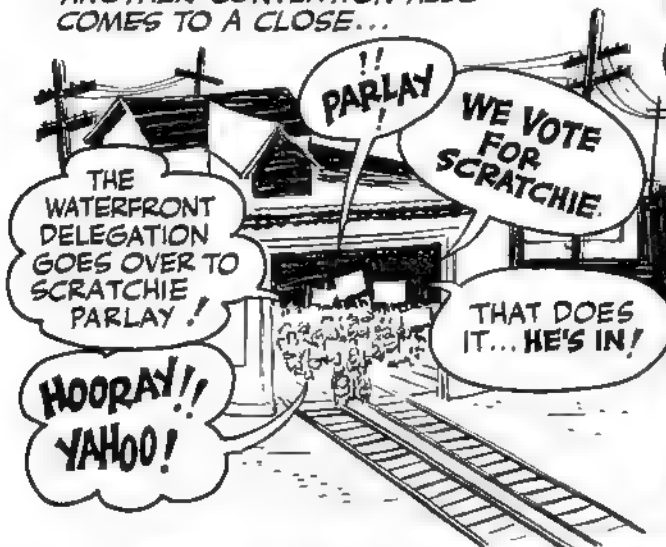


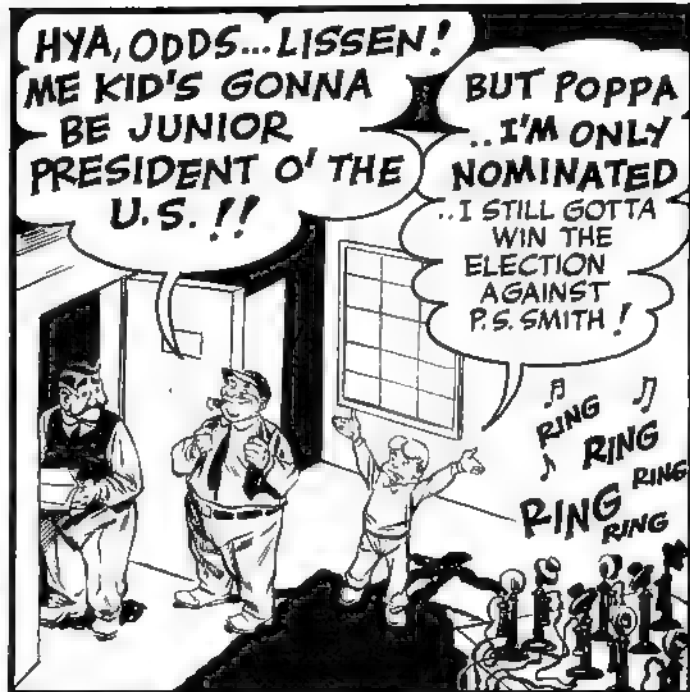
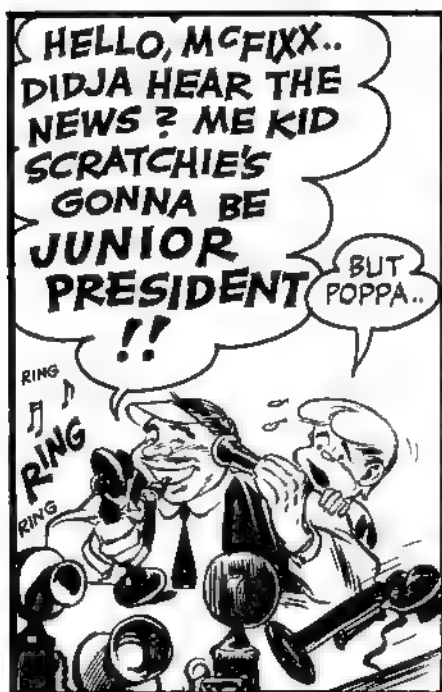
BUT AS USUAL... WHERE THERE'S POLITICS, THERE ARE BACK ROOMS... DEALS... ETC...

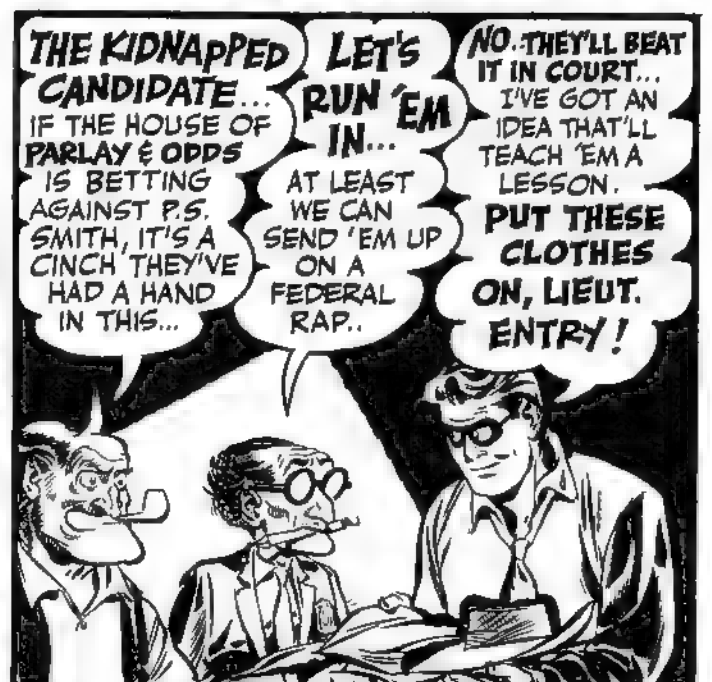
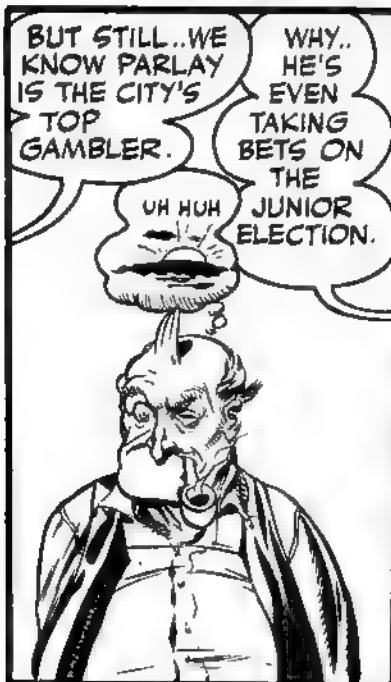
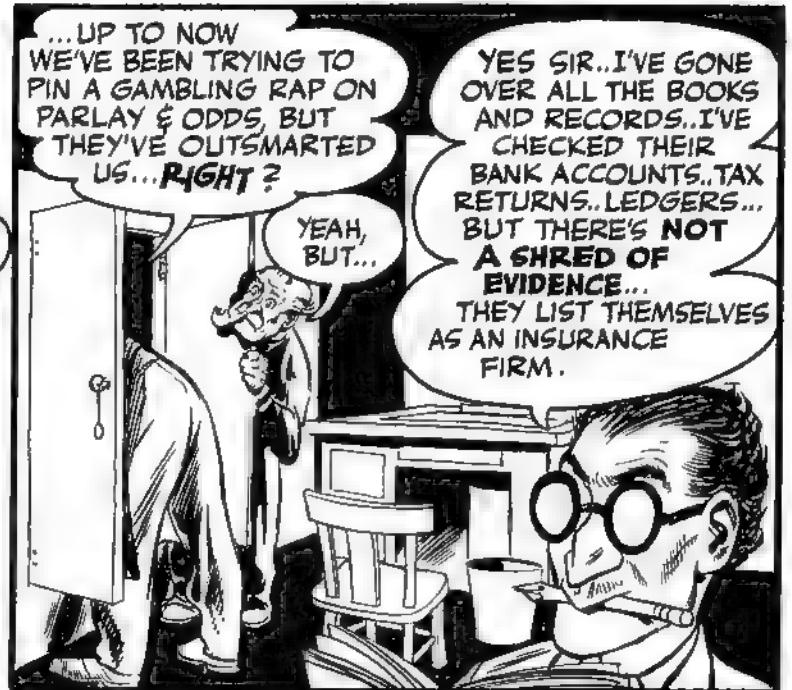


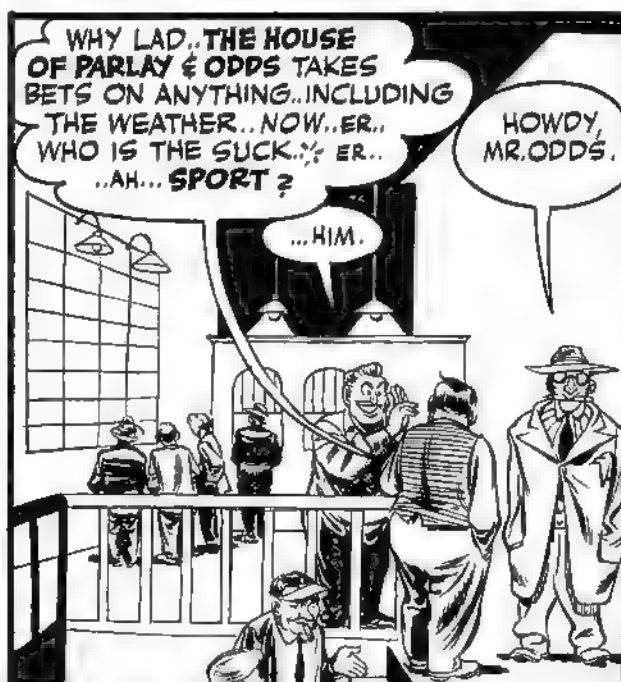
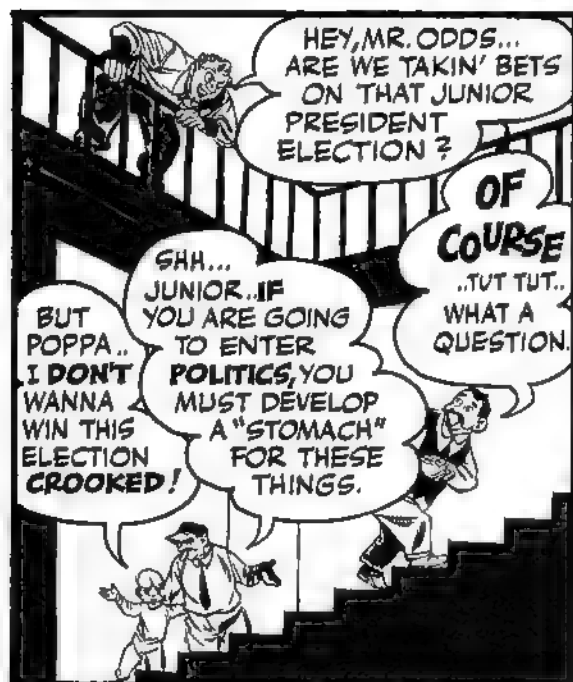
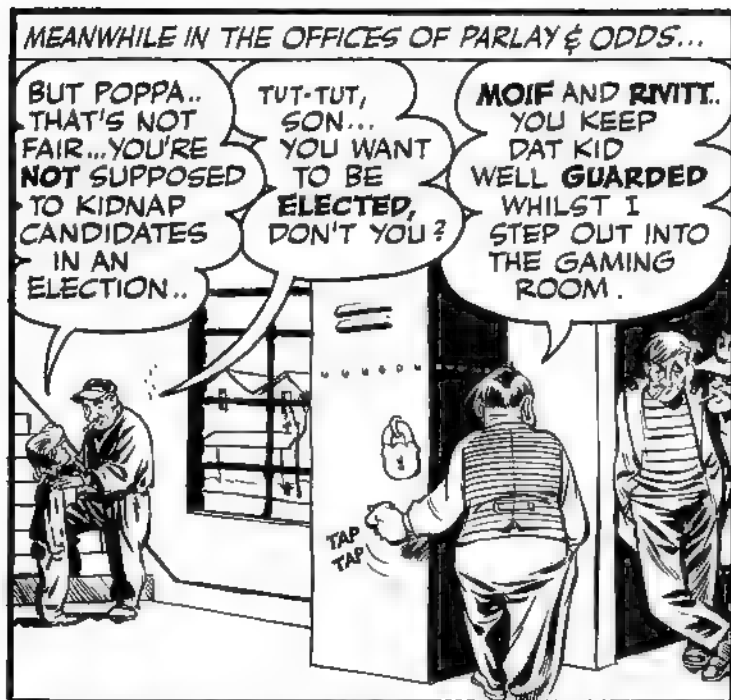
MEANWHILE...

AT THE OLD CITY CARBARN...
ANOTHER CONVENTION ALSO
COMES TO A CLOSE...











430. Originally published August 22, 1948

The Fall Of The House Of Usher



THE

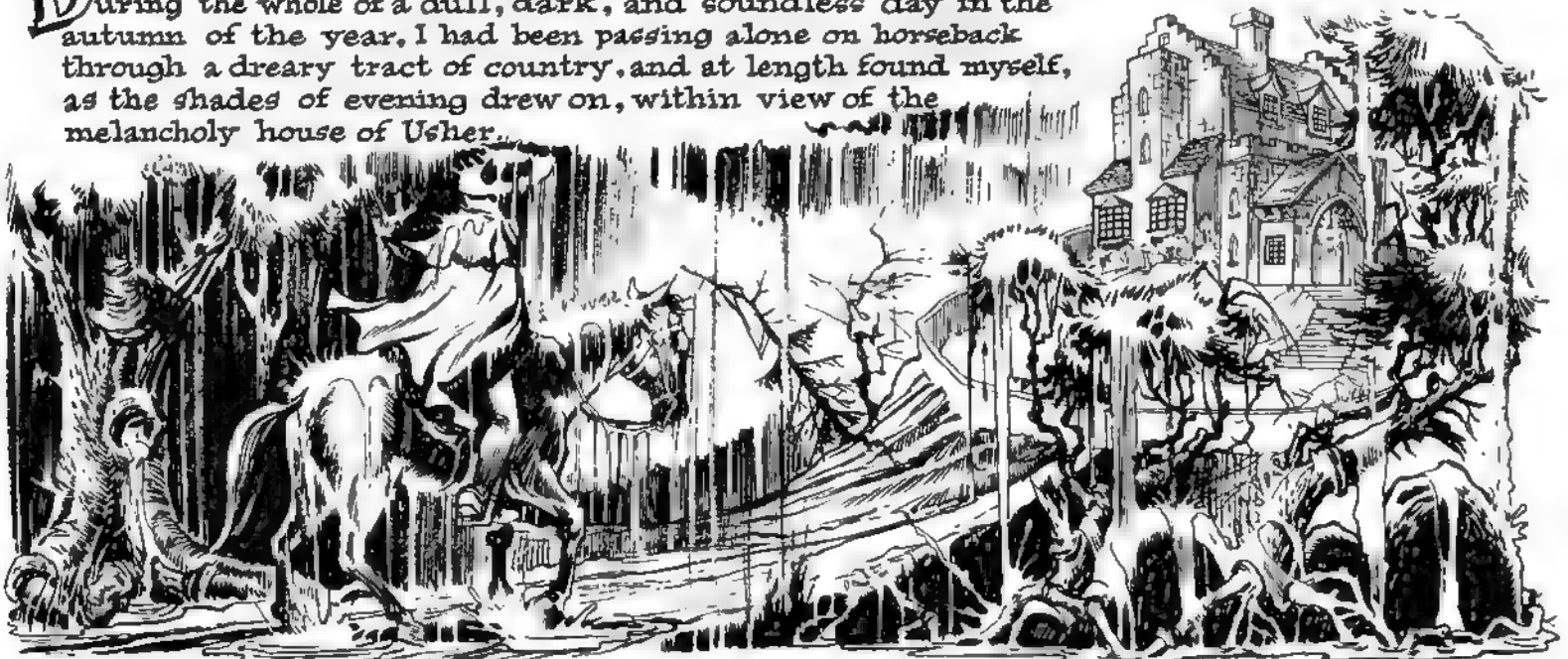
FALL

OF THE

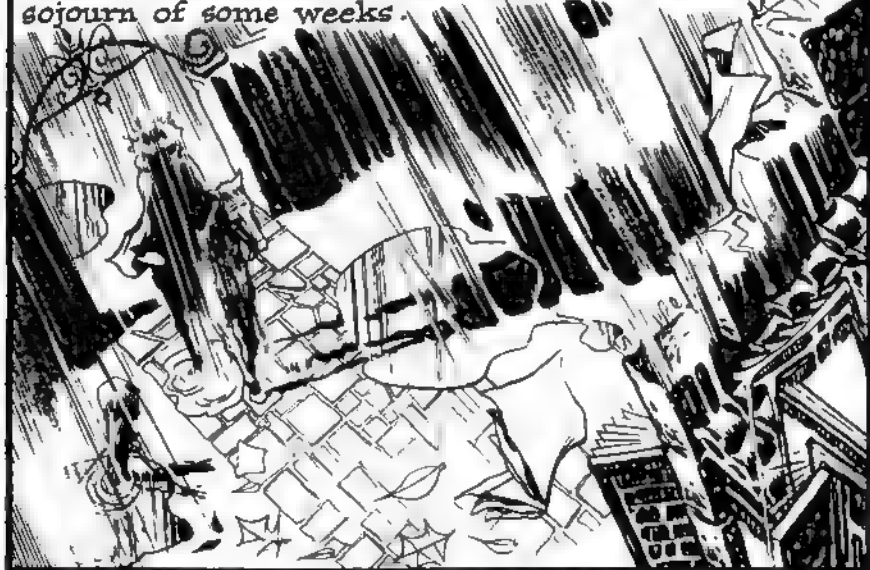
HOUSE OF USHER

BY
EDGAR
ALLAN
POE

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, I had been passing alone on horseback through a dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy house of Usher.



With the first glimpse, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit... an iciness, a sinking of the heart... Nevertheless, in this mansion, I proposed a sojourn of some weeks.



Roderick Usher, its master, was a boyhood friend, but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter from him had recently reached me... giving evidence of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me.

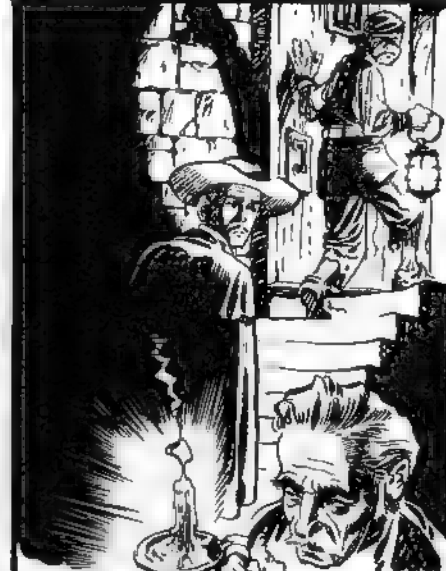
I rode over a short causeway to the house, where a servant took my horse.



I was conducted in silence through the intricate passageways.



On the staircase I met the family physician...



his countenance wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity.

...And then I was led into the presence of the master....



It was difficult for me to identify the being before me with my boyhood friend... His manner gave evidence of great agitation...



...which his words...



I SHALL...I MUST PERISH IN THIS DEPLORABLE FOLLY... I DREAD THE EVENTS OF THE FUTURE...

... confirmed ..



I FEEL I MUST SOON ABANDON LIFE AND REASON TOGETHER IN A STRUGGLE WITH THE GRIM PHANTASM...
FEAR...

Eventually he admitted that much of the peculiar gloom afflicting him could be attributed to the strange illness which had overtaken his sister, the Lady Madeline ...and as he spoke...



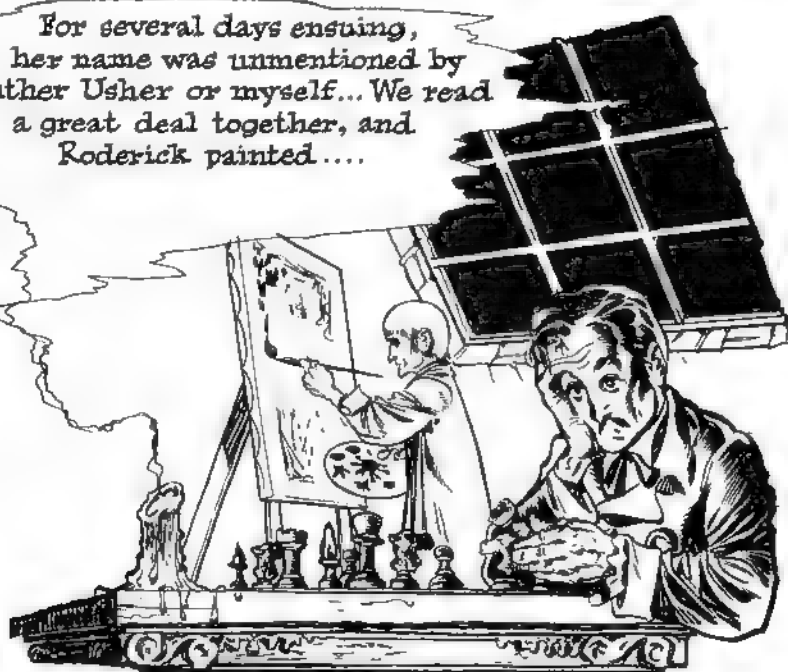
The disease of the Lady Madeline, of a cataleptic nature, had long baffled her physicians...



...and I learned that this glimpse of her was probably the last I should obtain.



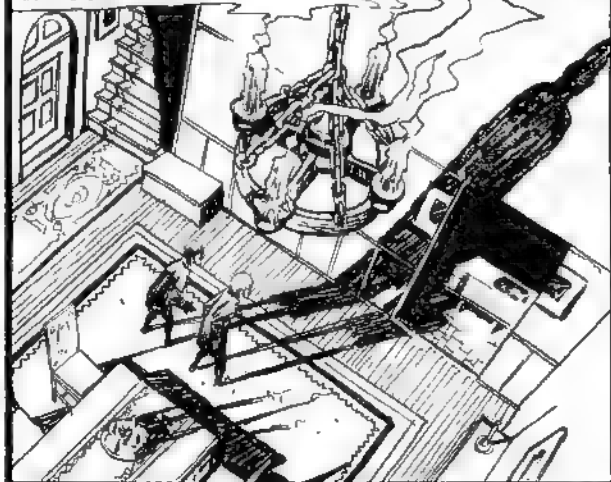
For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself... We read a great deal together, and Roderick painted....



Then one evening Roderick informed me that the Lady Madeline was no more!



The body was to be interred temporarily within the walls of the house... a precaution, he said, against certain inquisitive and unscrupulous medical men.... We two alone bore it to its rest.



We looked for the last time on the face of the lady... and we could not regard her unawed... For her disease had left, as is usual in such maladies, the mockery of a faint, lingering smile upon the lip... most terrible in death.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, a change came over my friend. His ordinary occupations were neglected...he roamed from chamber to chamber. ...There were times, indeed, when I thought his mind was laboring under some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage.

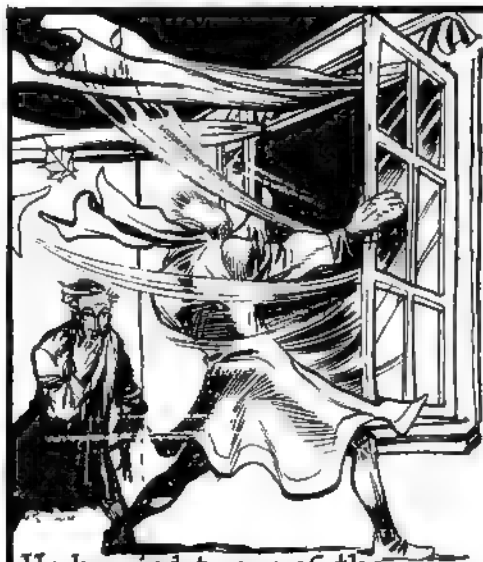


One night, the seventh or eighth day after placing the Lady Madeline in the donjon, I was unable to sleep, when I heard Usher's knock at the door.



HA HA HA
..AND YOU HAVE
NOT SEEN IT?... BUT
STAY.. YOU **SHALL!**

He entered, and there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes.



He hurried to one of the casements and threw it open. The entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet.



...A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, and the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects around us, were glowing from a distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.



YOU MUST NOT.. YOU SHALL NOT BEHOLD THIS... HERE IS ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE ROMANCES.. I WILL READ, AND YOU SHALL LISTEN, AND SO WE SHALL PASS THIS TERRIBLE NIGHT TOGETHER.

I led Usher from the window and tried to calm him.



"...AND WITH HIS GAUNTLETED HAND HE SO CRACKED AND RIPPED THE WOOD ASUNDER THAT THE SOUND REVERBERATED THROUGH THE FOREST..."

I read to him from "The Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning. I had reached that portion where the knight forces entrance to the hermit's hut.. when I stopped.



For I seemed to hear, from a remote portion of the house, that very cracking and ripping sound!

"... HE STRUCK UPON THE HEAD OF THE DRAGON, WHICH GAVE A SHRIEK THE LIKE WHEREOF WAS NEVER HEARD BEFORE..."



I continued reading...

SCREEEEEEEE



... and stopped again... for this time I certainly heard the counterpart of the dragon's shriek.

By no means certain that Usher had heard the sound, I hastened to resume the narrative...

"...and the shield upon the wall fell at his feet with a terrible clanging and ringing sound..."

... and no sooner had these words passed my lips than...

CLANG



...completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet.

NOT HEAR IT?... YES I HEAR IT AND HAVE HEARD IT... MANY HOURS... MANY DAYS... YET I DARED NOT SPEAK...



I bent over Usher... he was muttering...

WE HAVE PUT HER LIVING IN THE TOMB... YET I DARED NOT SPEAK... AND NOW SHE IS HERE... SHE IS HERE...



MADMAN.. I TELL YOU THAT SHE NOW STANDS WITHOUT THE DOOR !!



As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been a spell... the heavy door swung open...



.. and there did stand the Lady Madeline of Usher !



For a moment she stood trembling on the threshold.... then with a cry she fell heavily on her brother and bore him to the floor... a corpse... ⑥



From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast.



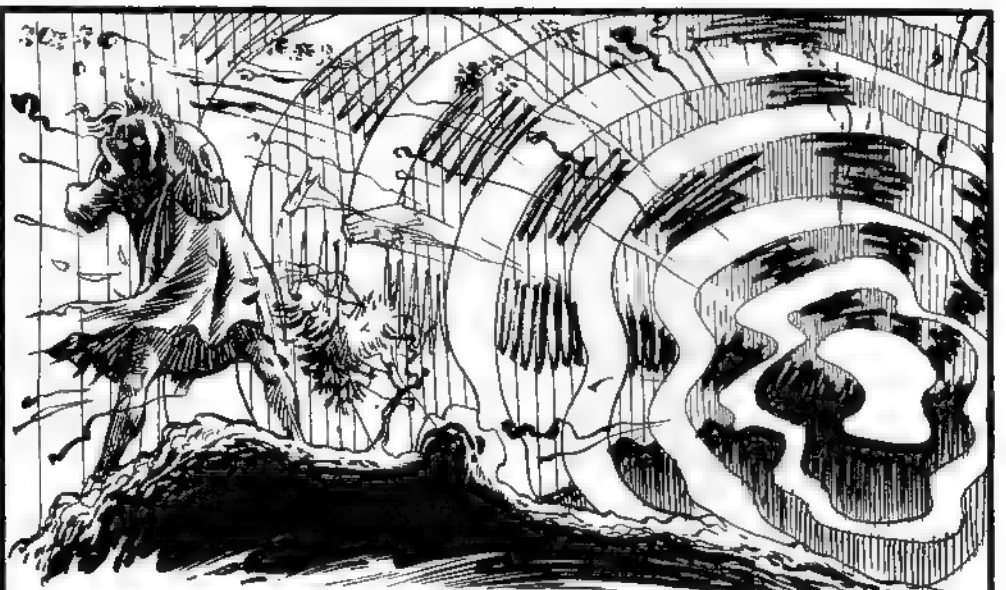
The storm was still abroad ..and suddenly there shot across my path a wild light....



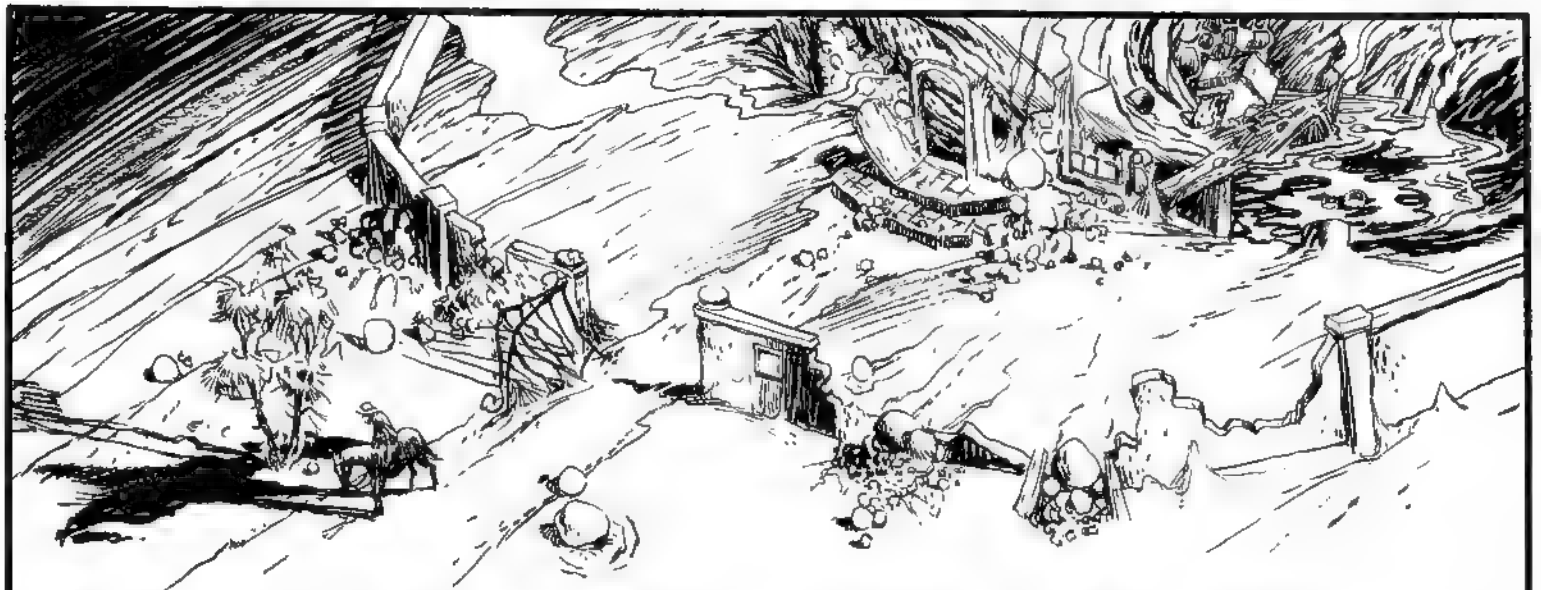
Turning, I saw a fissure extending from the roof of the building to the base... the fissure widened...



There came a fierce breath of the whirlwind... the mighty walls rushed asunder...



...There was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters...



...and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the House of Usher.

THE END

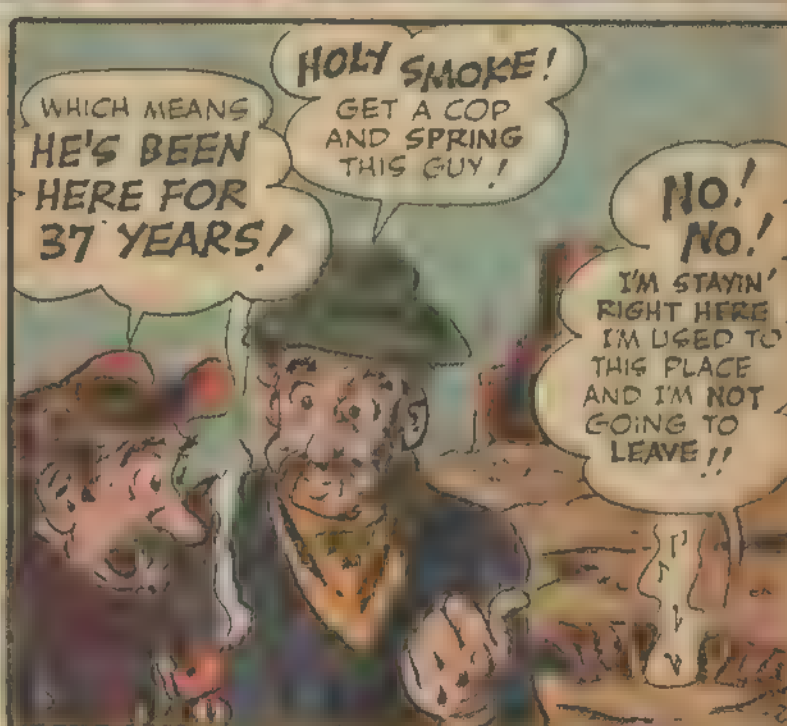
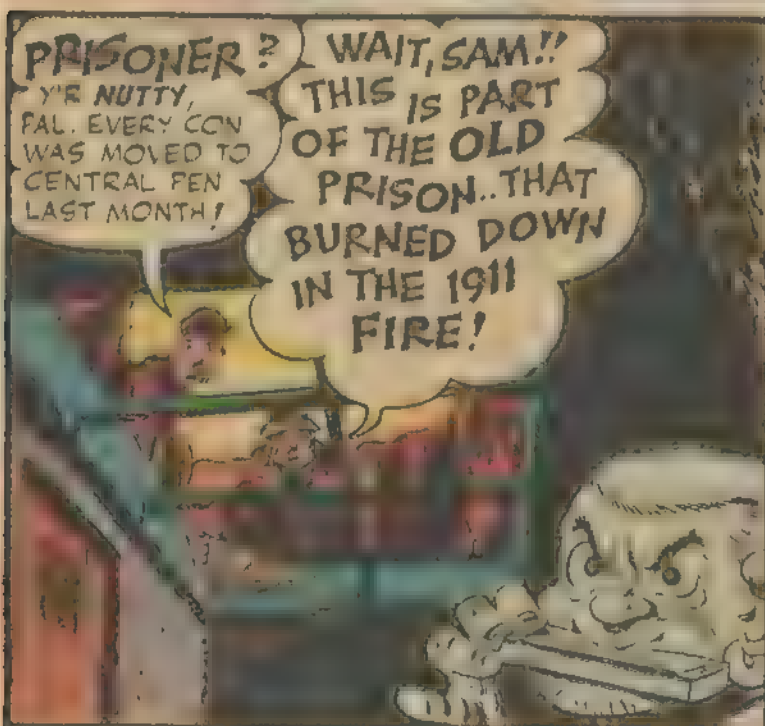


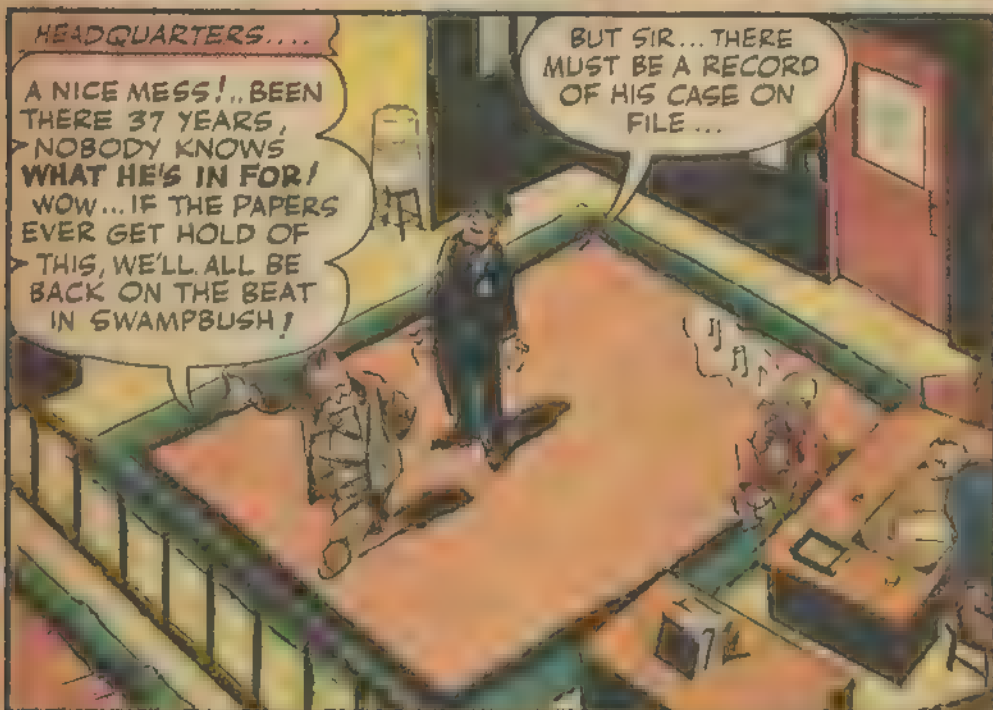
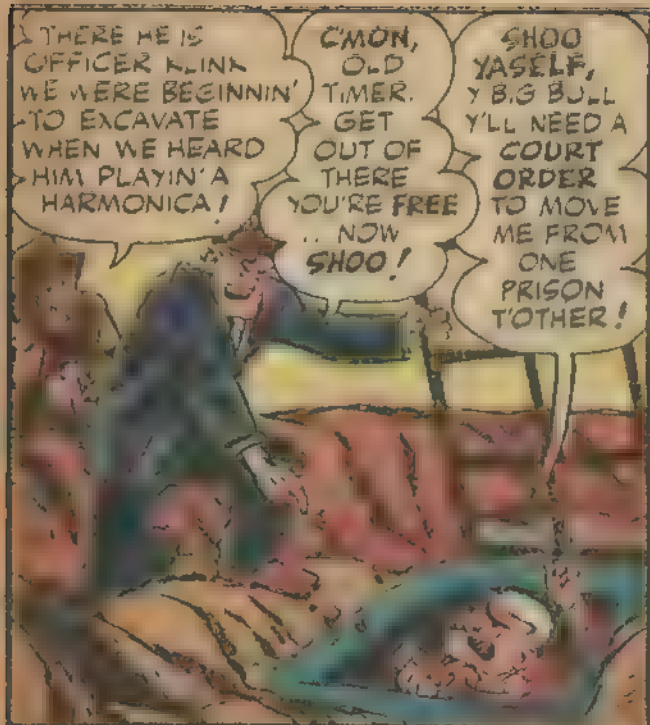
THE STAR LEDGER

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1948

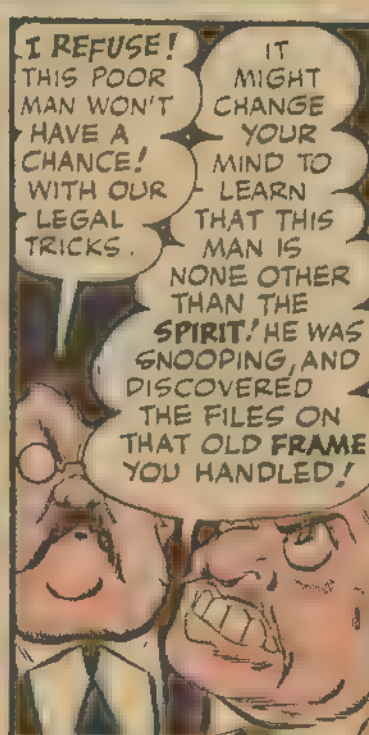
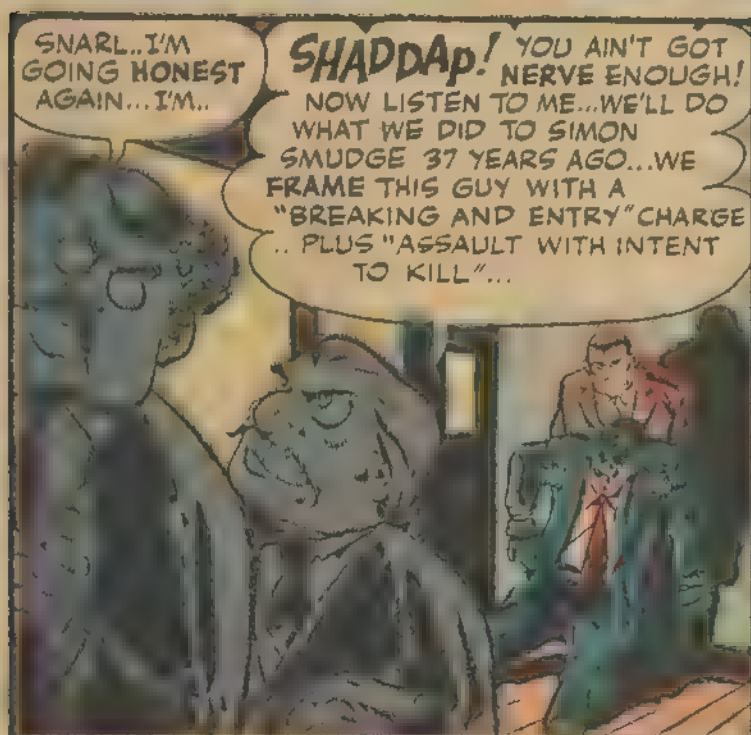
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

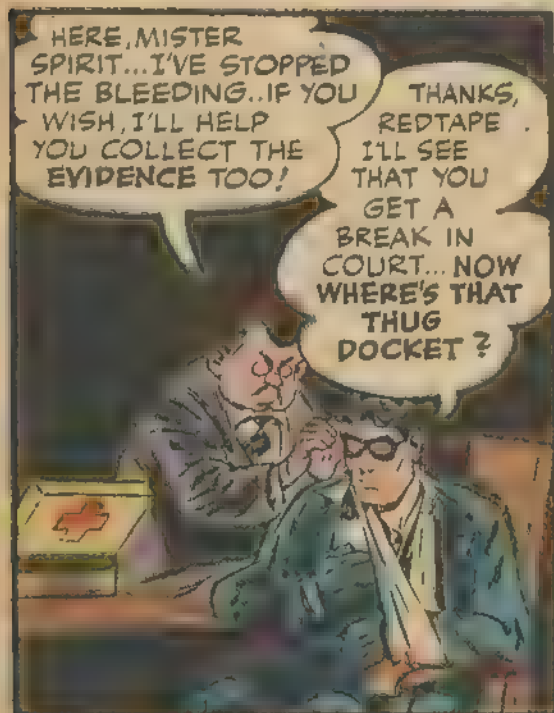
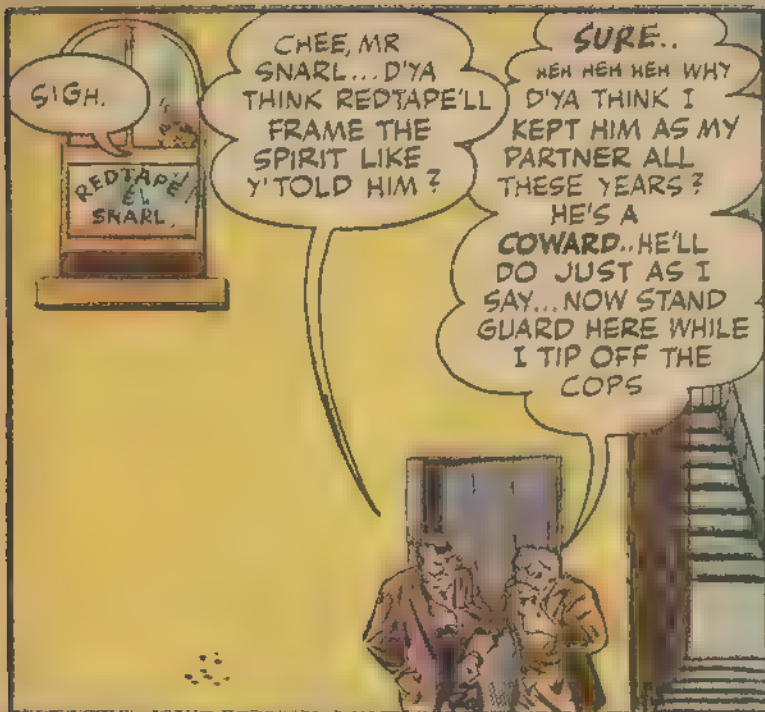


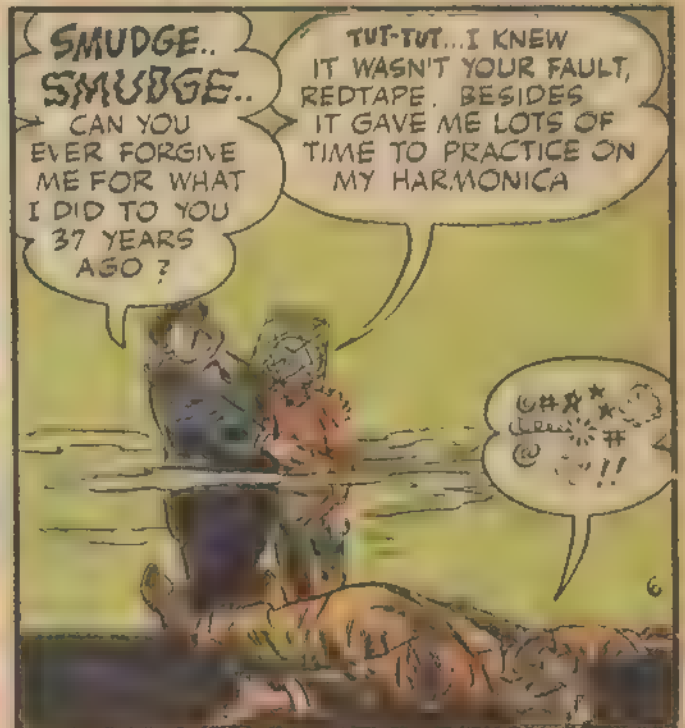
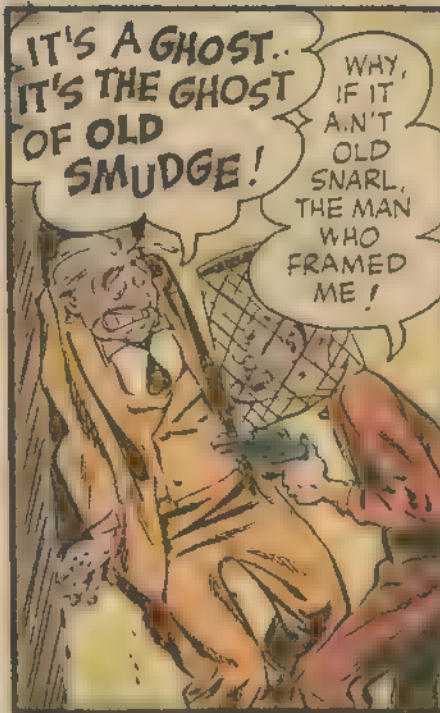


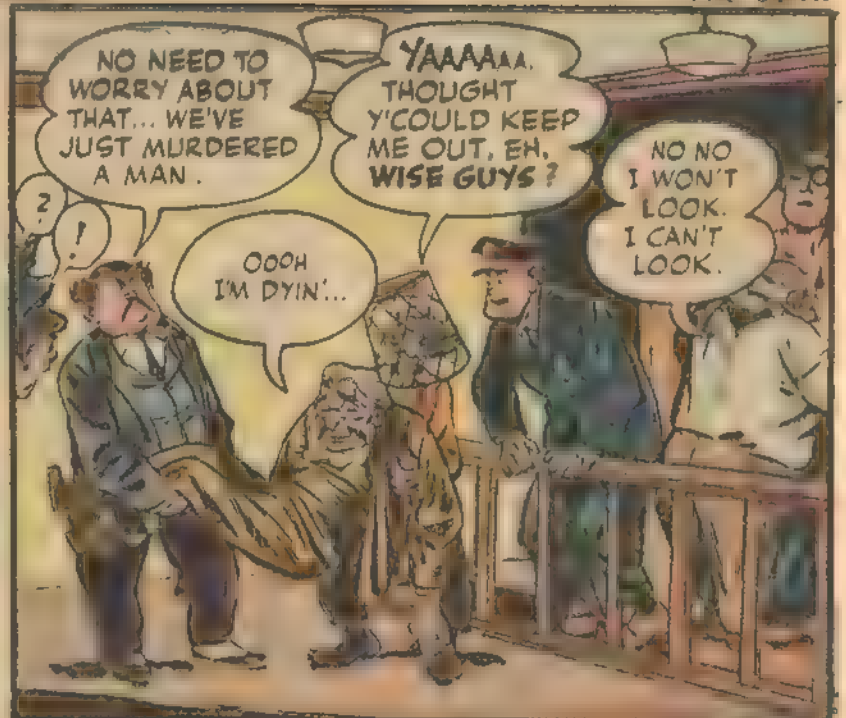
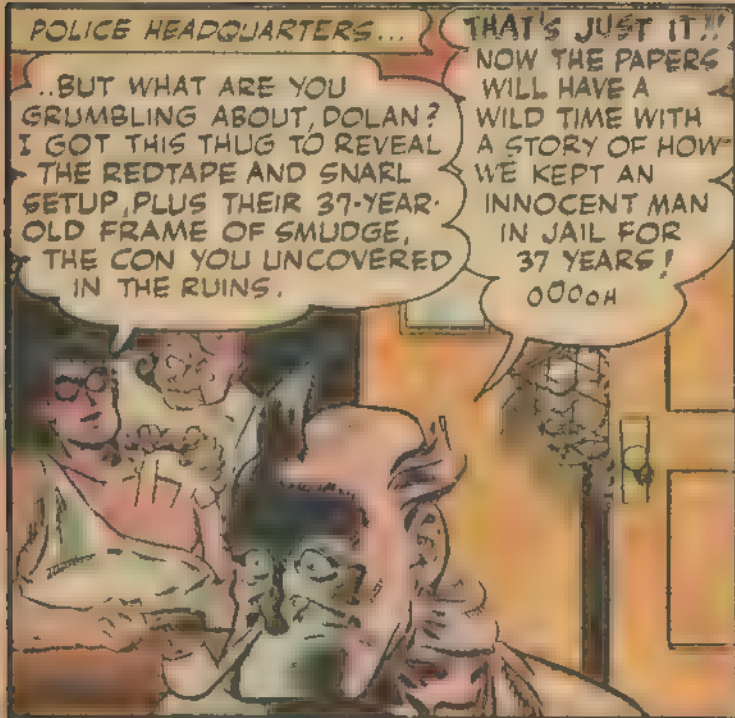


AND NOW LET US VISIT THE OFFICES OF REDTAPE AND SNARL...

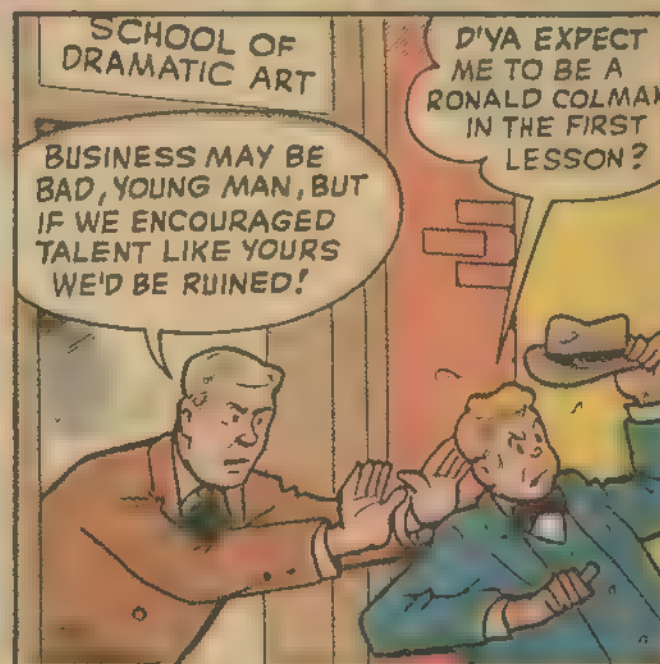
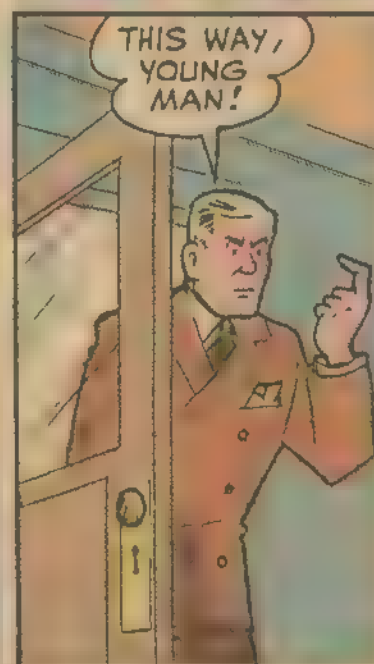
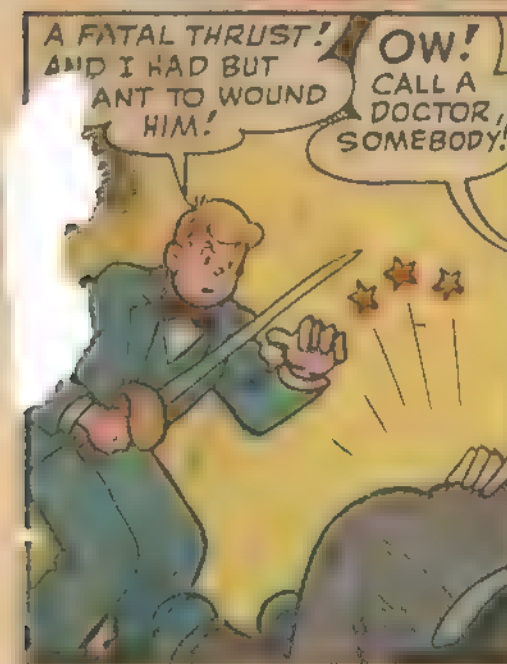
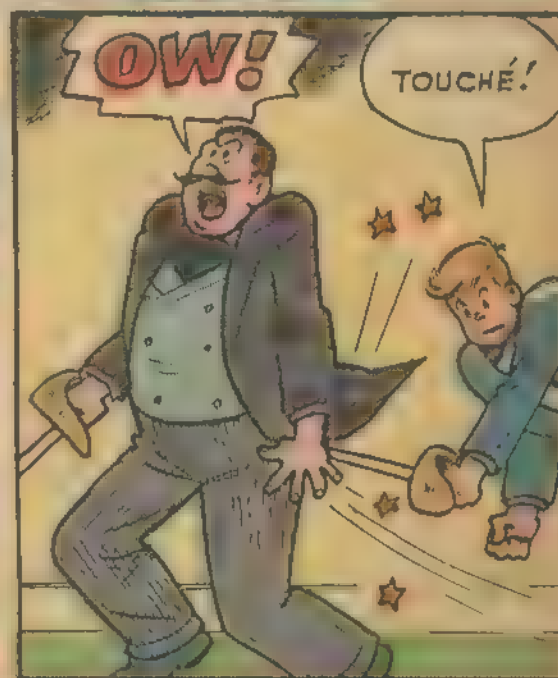
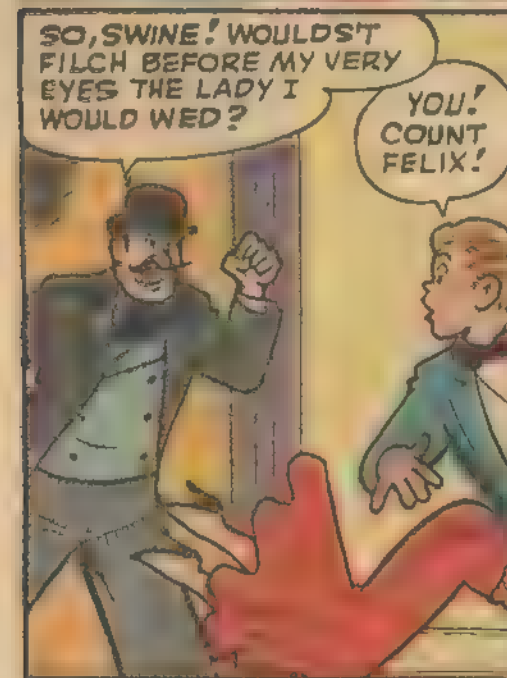
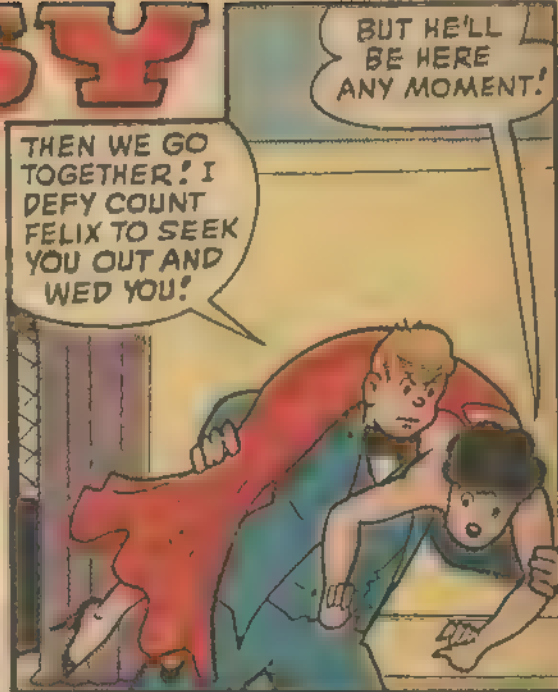
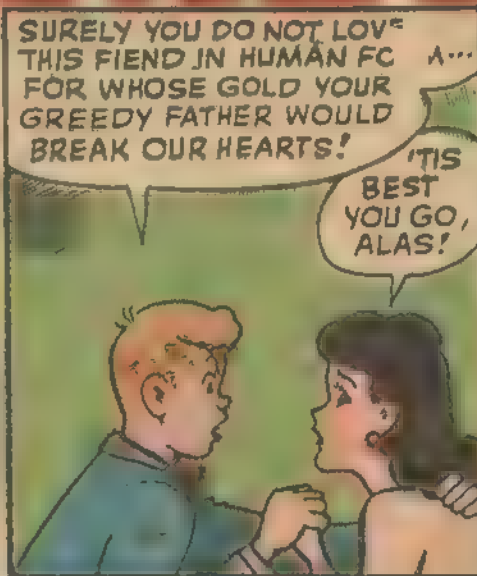








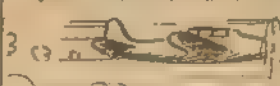
JONES Y



NEXT WEEK:

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO COULD FLY.

...NO..NOT THIS KIND...



..THIS KIND.



THE SPIRIT

BY WILL ERSNER

B

EFORE WE BEGIN THIS STORY WE WANT TO
MAKE ONE POINT VERY CLEAR..

THIS IS NOT A FUNNY STORY!!

...AND WHILE THE AUTHOR DOES NOT EXPECT
YOU TO BELIEVE ALL OF THIS..HE FEELS BOUND
TO ASSURE YOU THAT HE CANNOT GUARANTEE
A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF RESEMBLANCE
BETWEEN PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD AND THE
CHARACTERS HERE PORTRAYED.

WE MEAN TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE ACCOUNT OF
GERHARD SHNOBBLE...BEGINNING AT THE POINT
WHEN HE FIRST DISCOVERED HE COULD FLY.



PLEASE.... NO LAUGHTER....

GERHARD SHNOBBLE WAS BORN IN THE BIG CITY..OF ORDINARY PARENTS...AND GREW UP TO BE AN ORDINARY BOY. .



EXCEPT FOR ONE LITTLE THING...

ONE DAY ..ON HIS EIGHTH BIRTHDAY, TO BE EXACT... YOUNG GERHARD SLIPPED AND FELL OFF A ROOF.

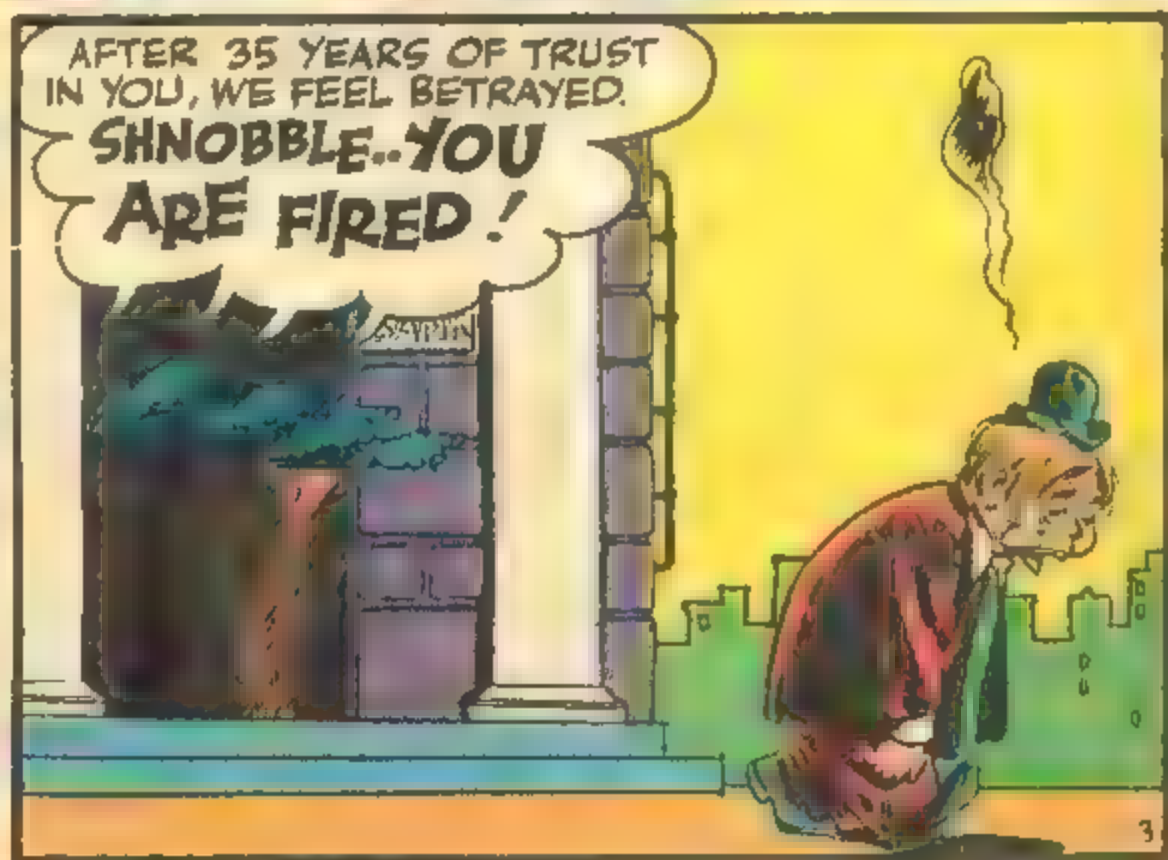
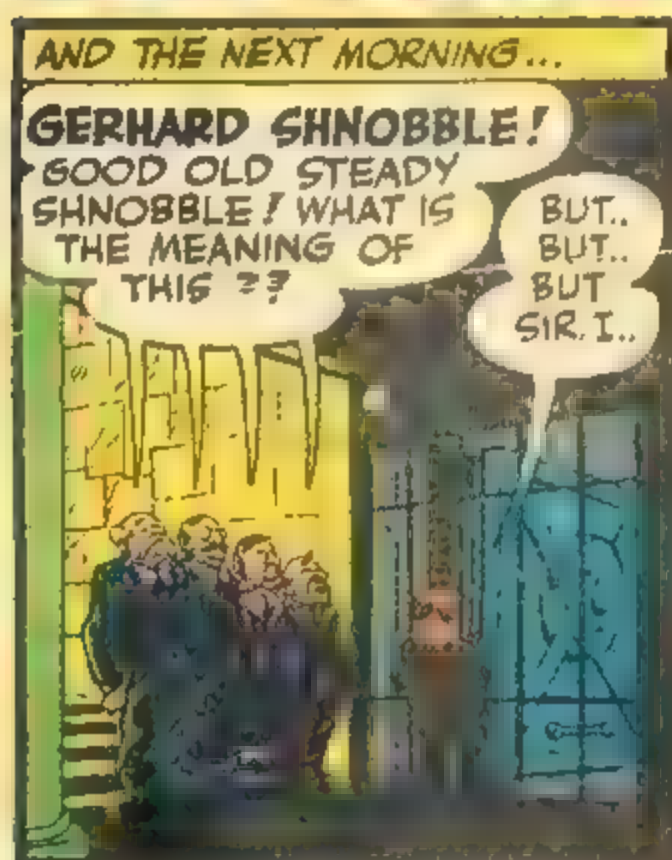
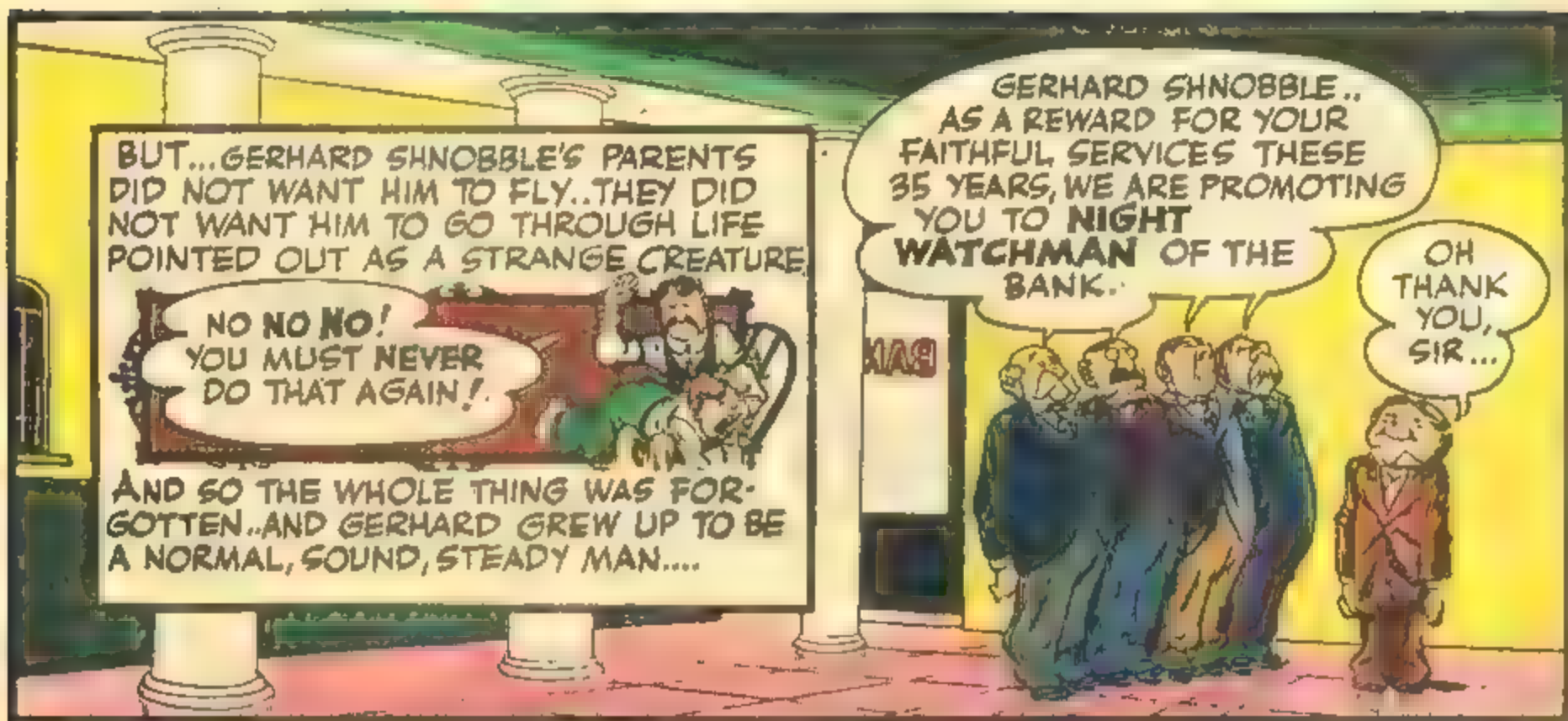


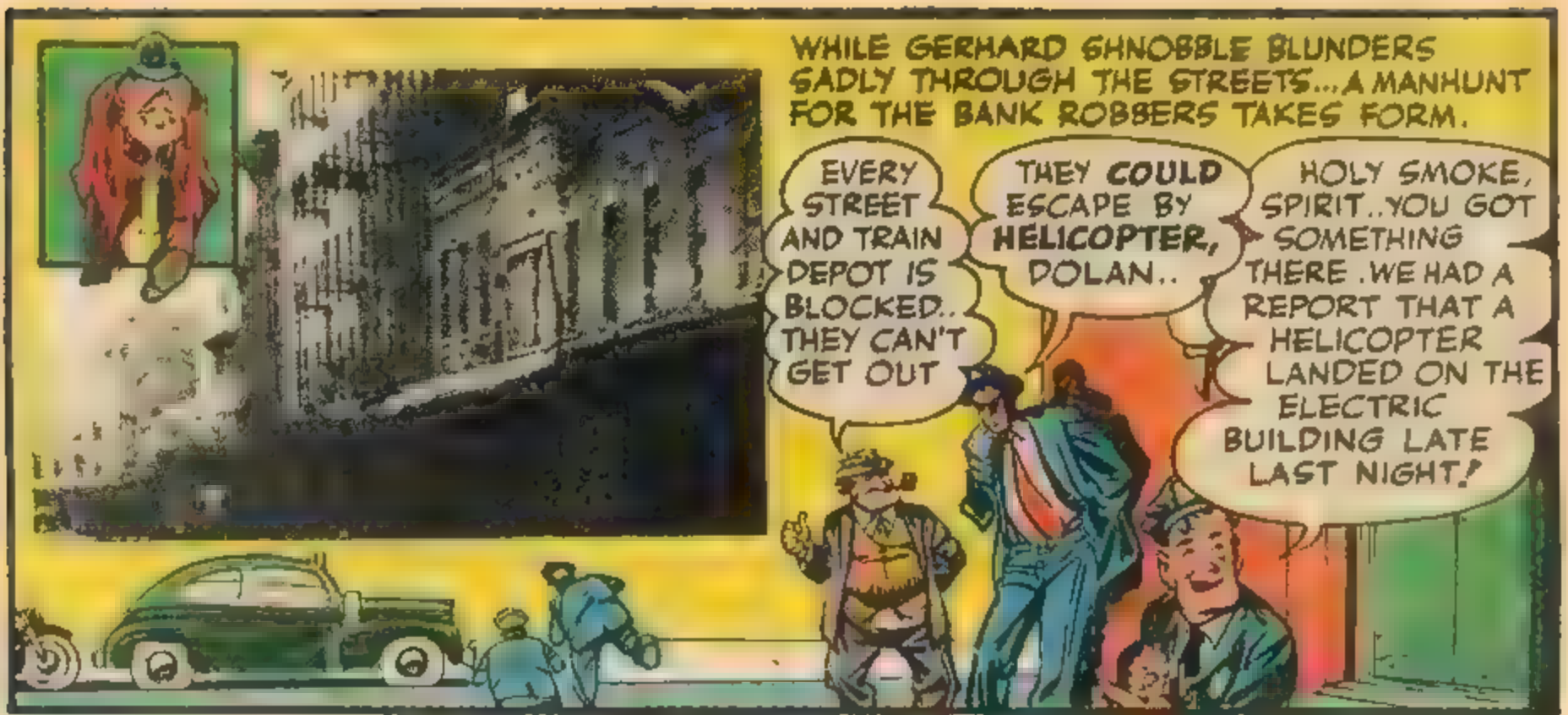
IN MIDAIR HE TWISTED AND TURNED IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE HIMSELF. **SUDDENLY**..

..INSTEAD OF FALLING, HE **FLEW** GRACEFULLY TO EARTH.

HEY, MA.. **LOOKA ME... I'M FLYIN'!**







WHILE GERHARD GHNOBBLE BLUNDERS SADLY THROUGH THE STREETS...A MANHUNT FOR THE BANK ROBBERS TAKES FORM.

EVERY STREET AND TRAIN DEPOT IS BLOCKED.. THEY CAN'T GET OUT

THEY COULD ESCAPE BY HELICOPTER, DOLAN..

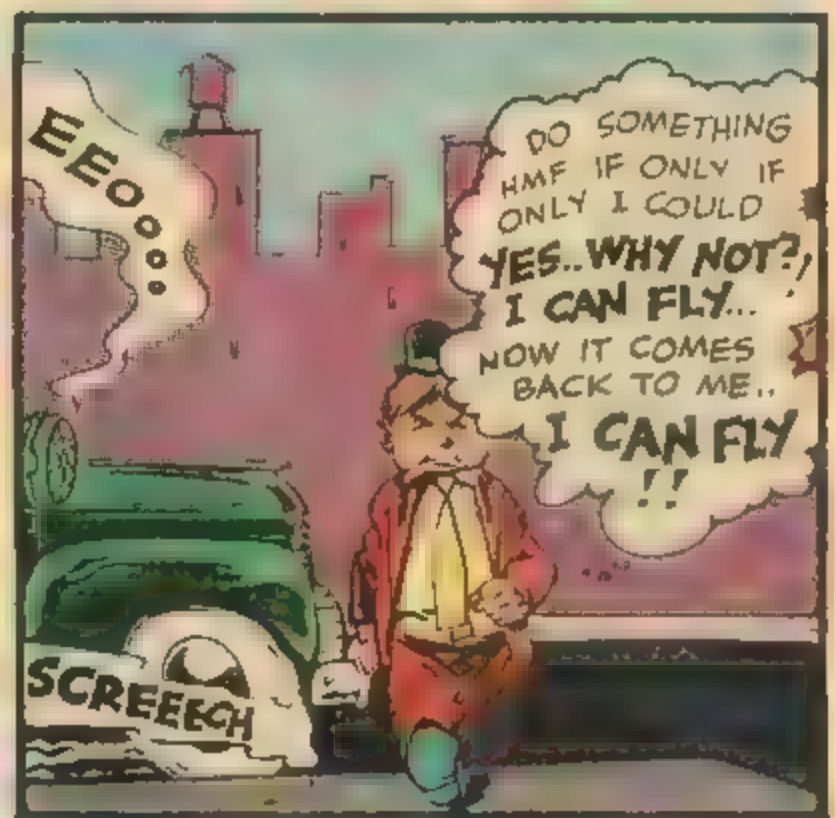
HOLY SMOKE, SPIRIT..YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE .WE HAD A REPORT THAT A HELICOPTER LANDED ON THE ELECTRIC BUILDING LAST NIGHT!



WELL..WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR ? LET'S GET THERE AT ONCE !!

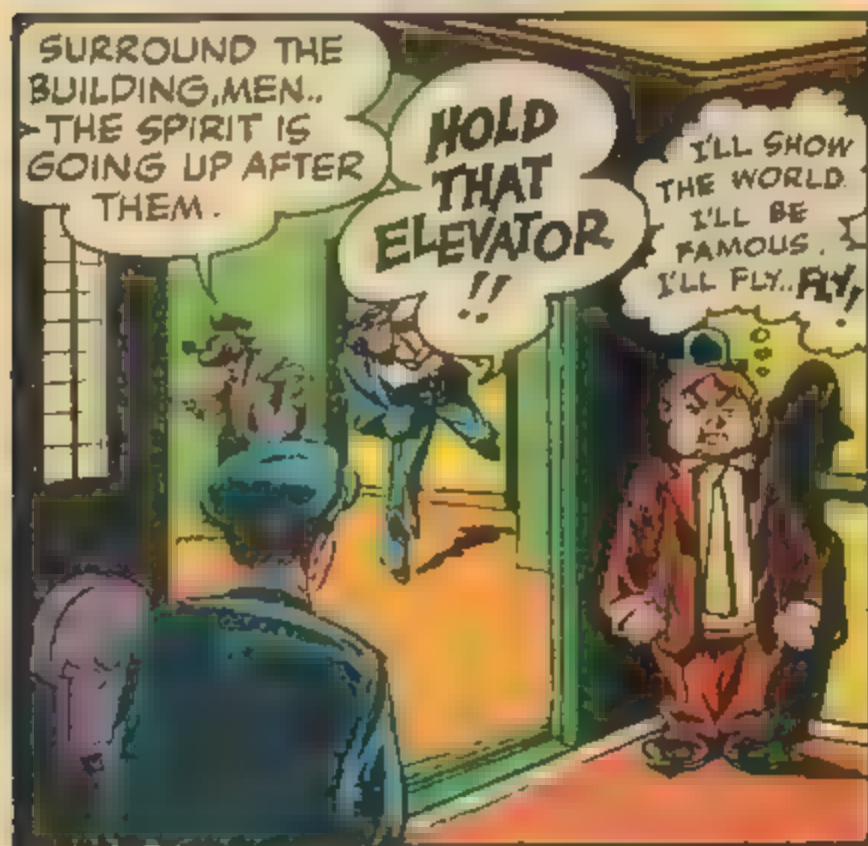


EEEEEEEEEE
A FAILURE THAT'S WHAT I AM A NOBODY WITH NO TALENT IF ONLY I COULD DO SOMETHING BIG.. THAT'D SHOW THEM !



EEOO

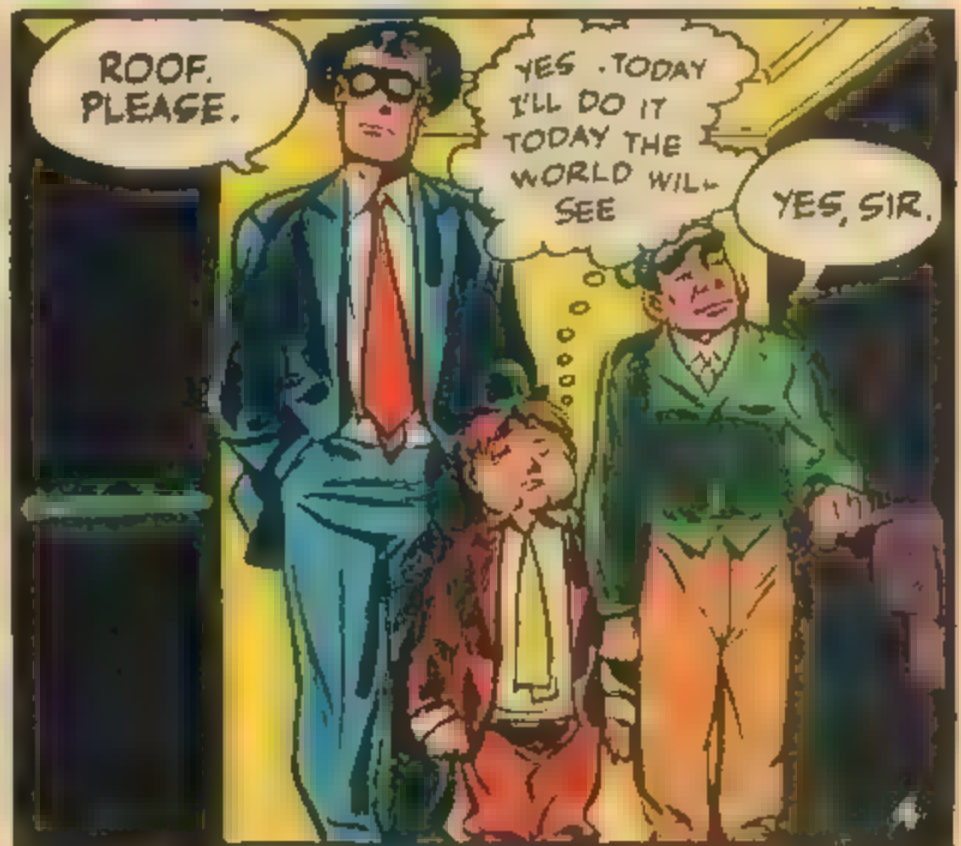
DO SOMETHING HMF IF ONLY IF ONLY I COULD
YES..WHY NOT? I CAN FLY..
NOW IT COMES BACK TO ME..
I CAN FLY !!



SURROUND THE BUILDING,MEN.. THE SPIRIT IS GOING UP AFTER THEM.

HOLD THAT ELEVATOR !!

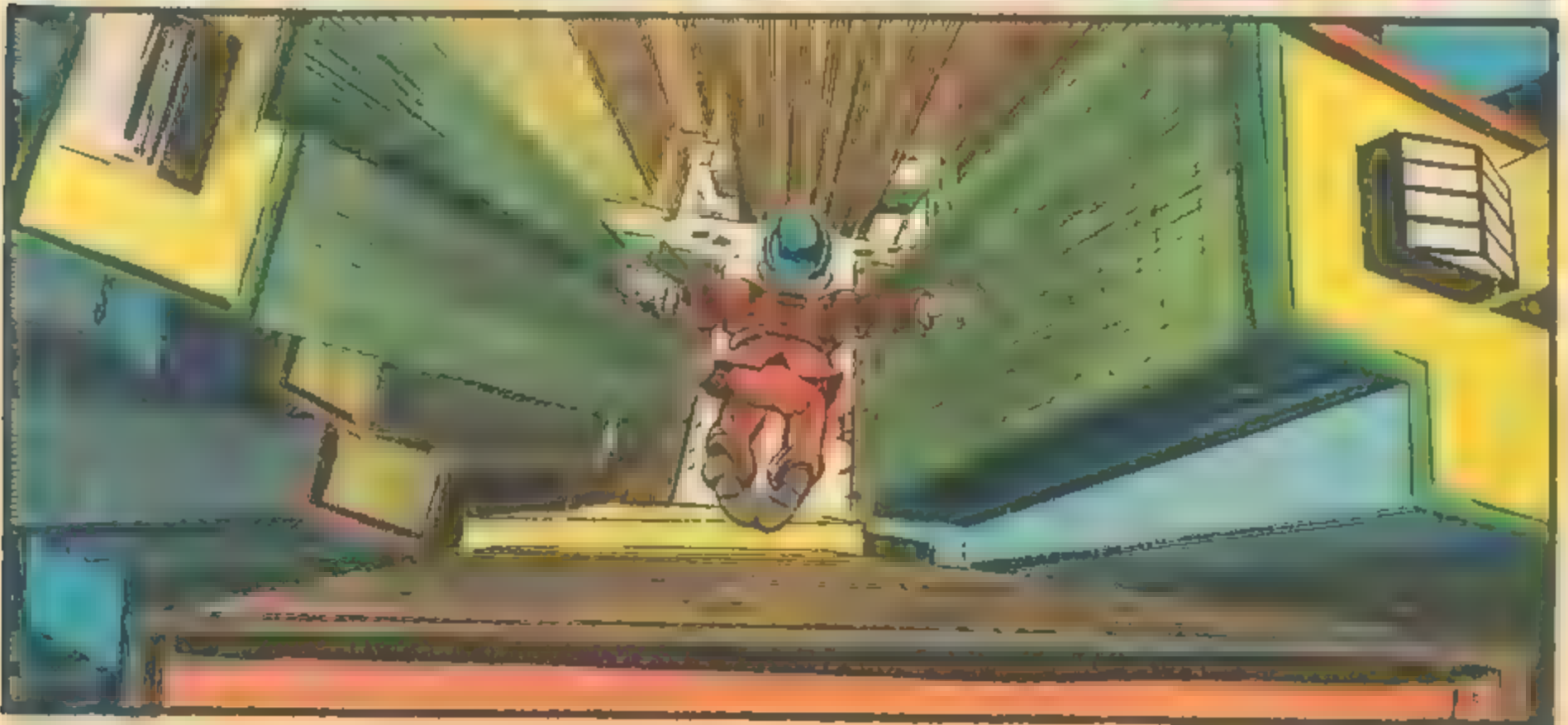
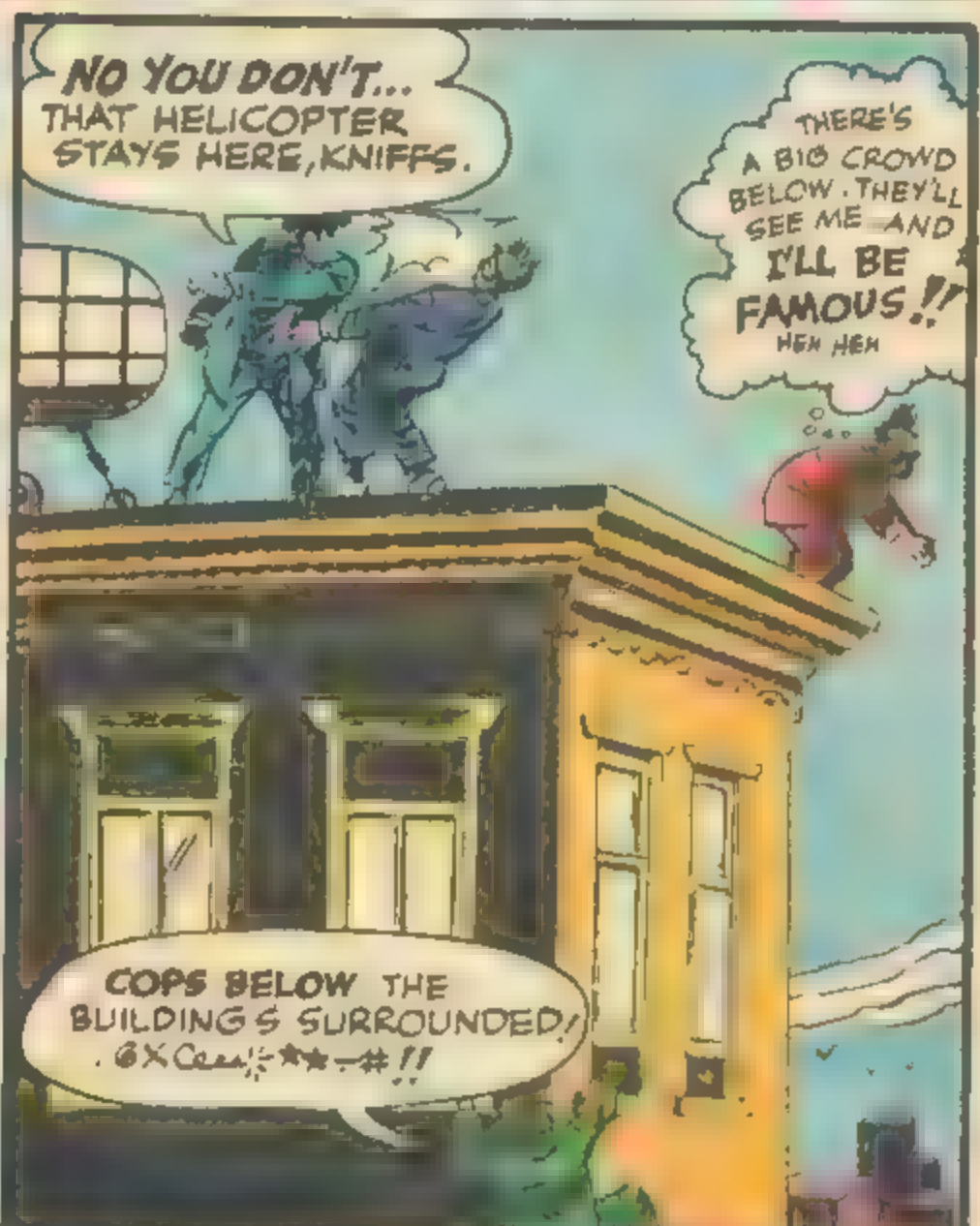
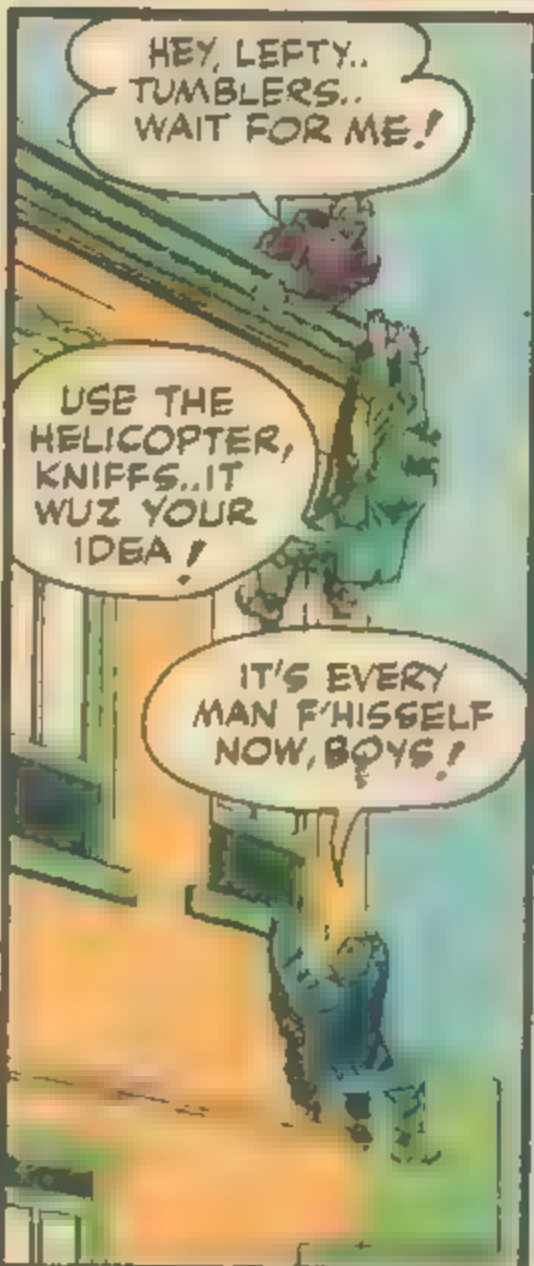
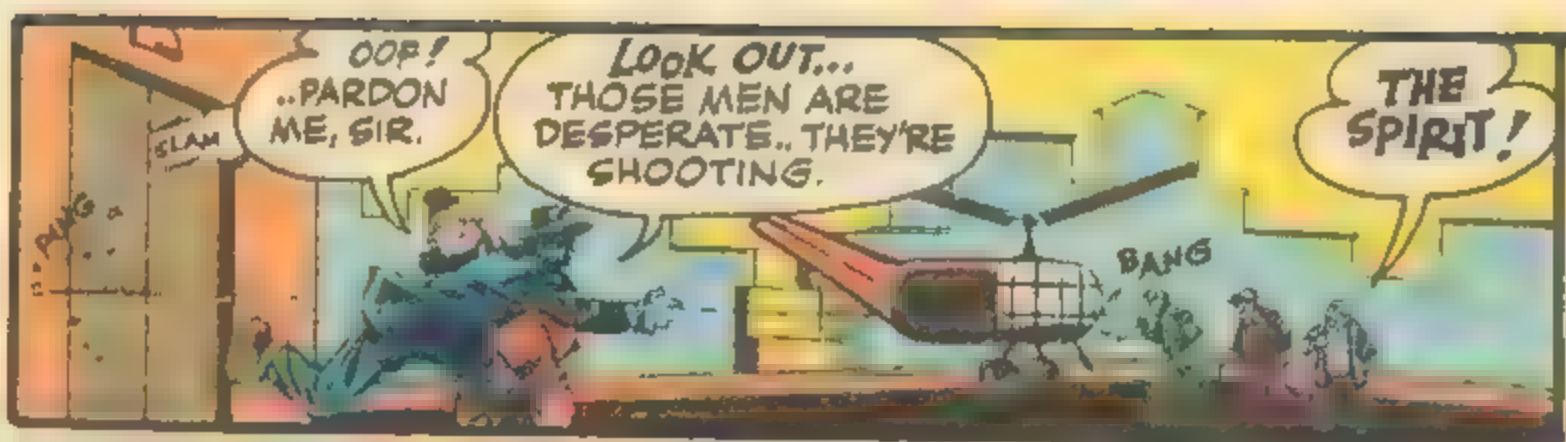
I'LL SHOW THE WORLD. I'LL BE FAMOUS. I'LL FLY..FLY,

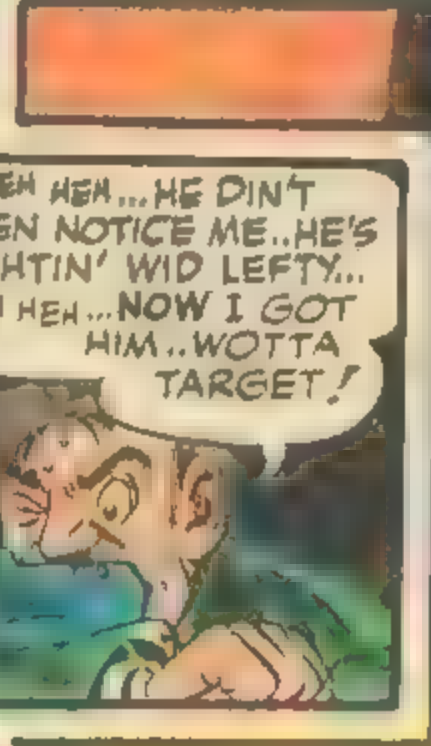
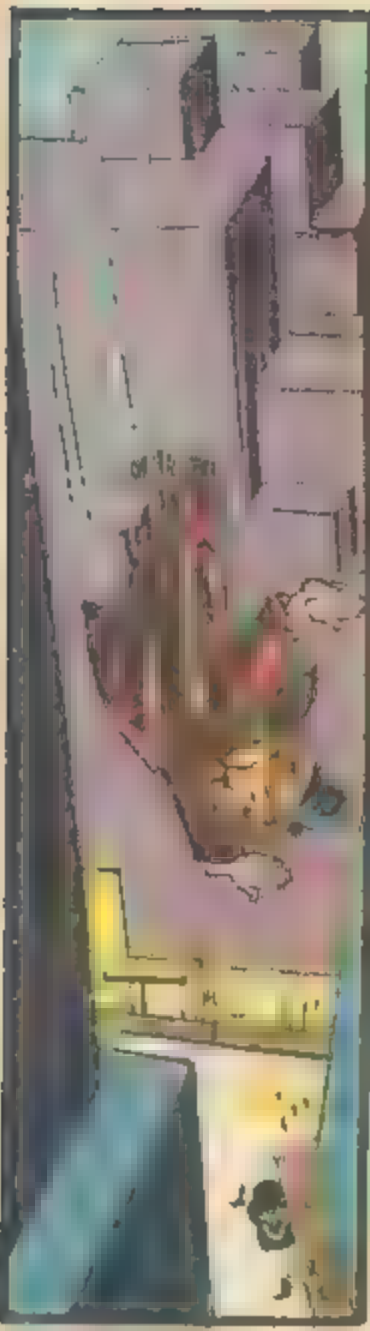


ROOF. PLEASE.

YES .TODAY I'LL DO IT TODAY THE WORLD WILL SEE

YES, SIR.





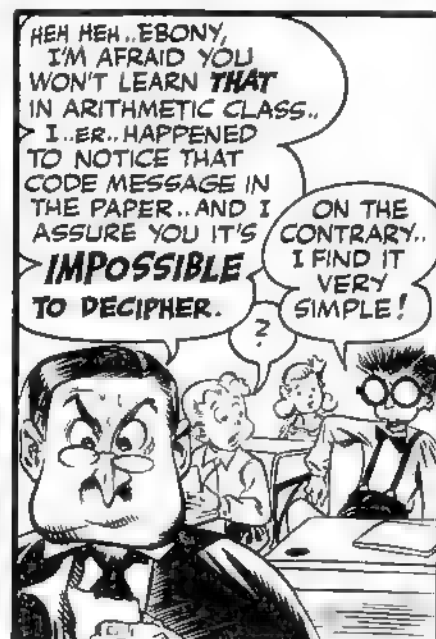
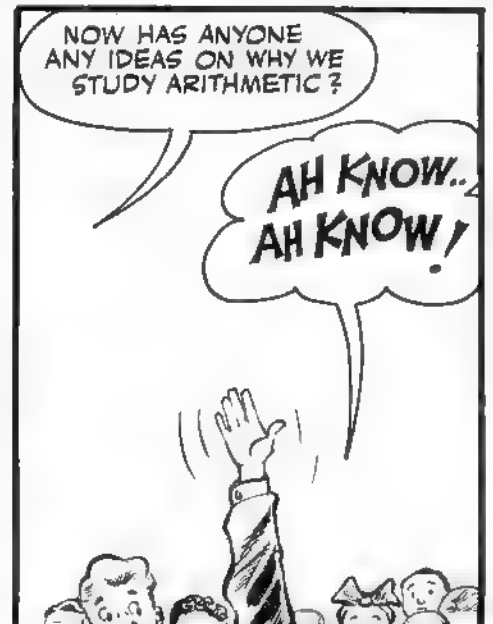
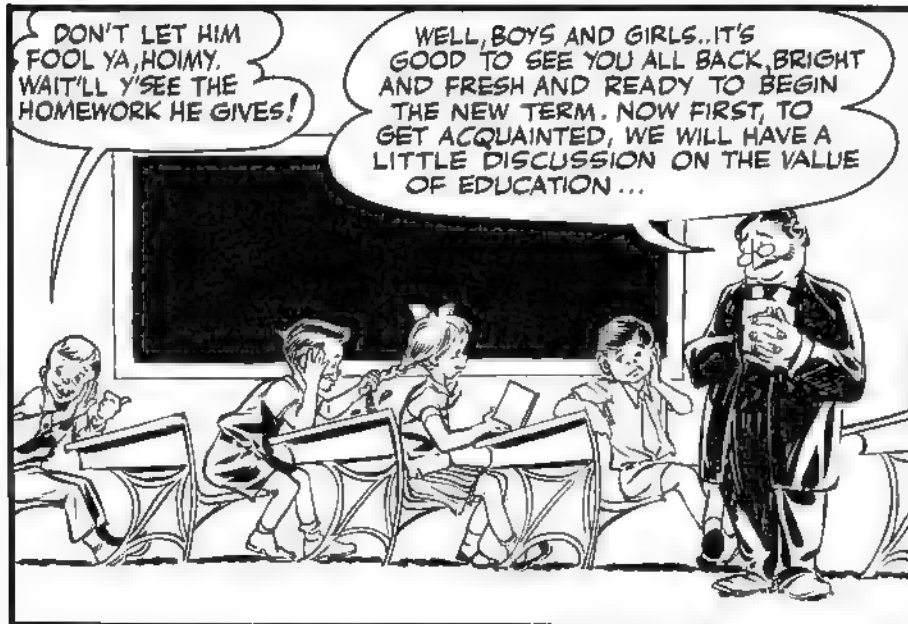
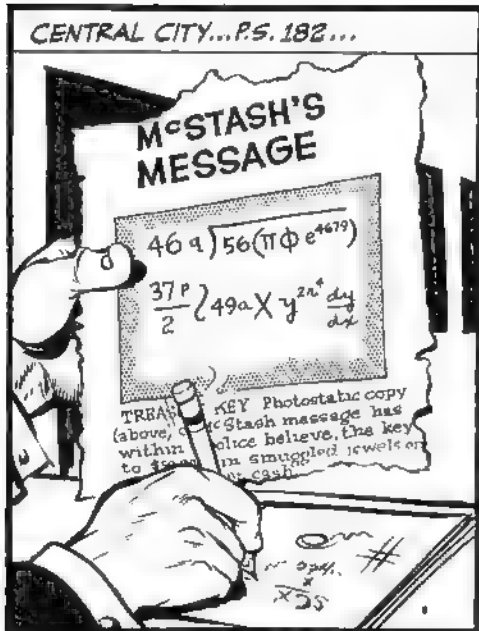


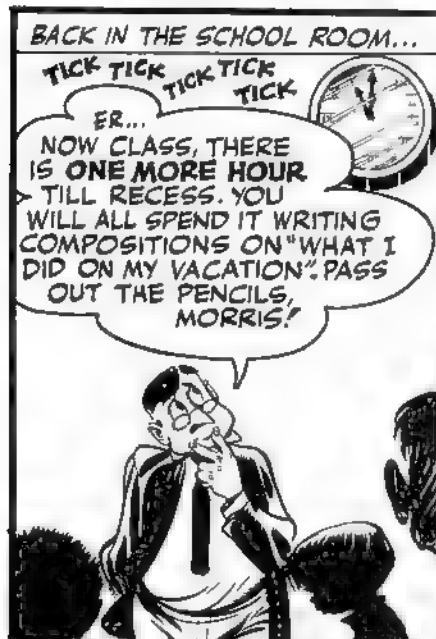
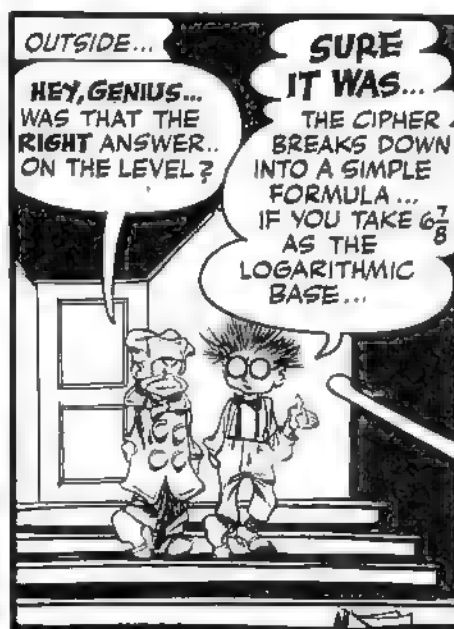
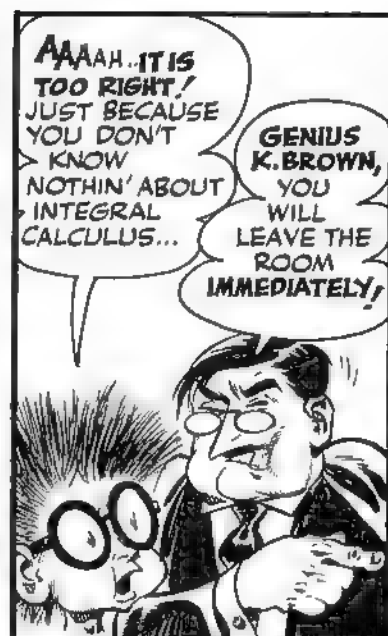
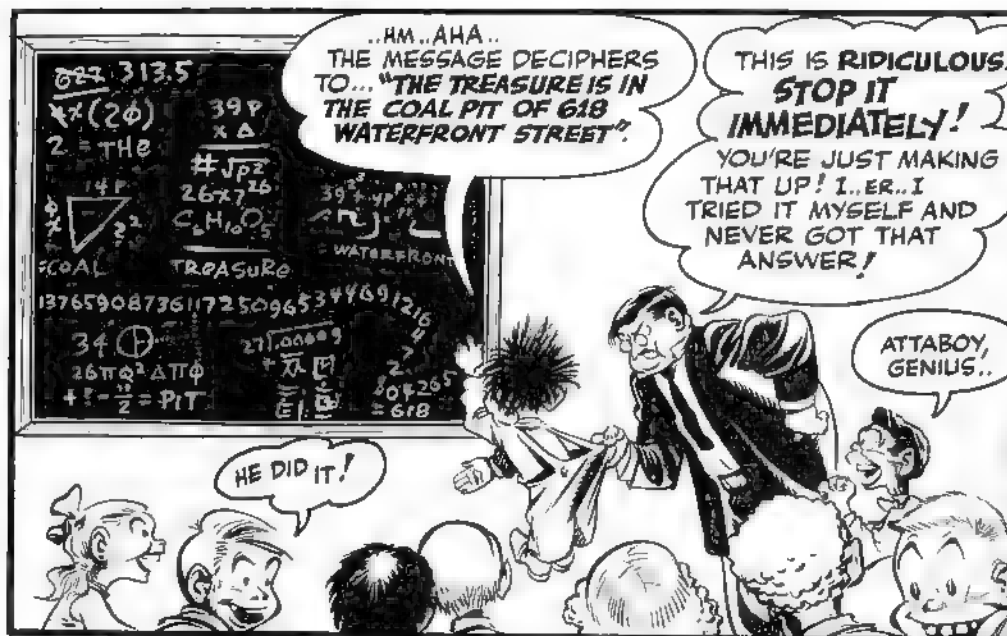
AND SO.....GERHARD SHNOBBLE
FLUTTERED EARTHWARD..BUT DO NOT
WEEP FOR SHNOBBLE...

RATHER SHED A TEAR FOR ALL
MANKIND...
FOR NOT ONE PERSON IN THE
ENTIRE CROWD THAT WATCHED
NOT ONE OF THEM KNEW
OR EVEN SUSPECTED THAT
ON THIS DAY GERHARD SHNOBBLE
HAD 'FLOWN'.









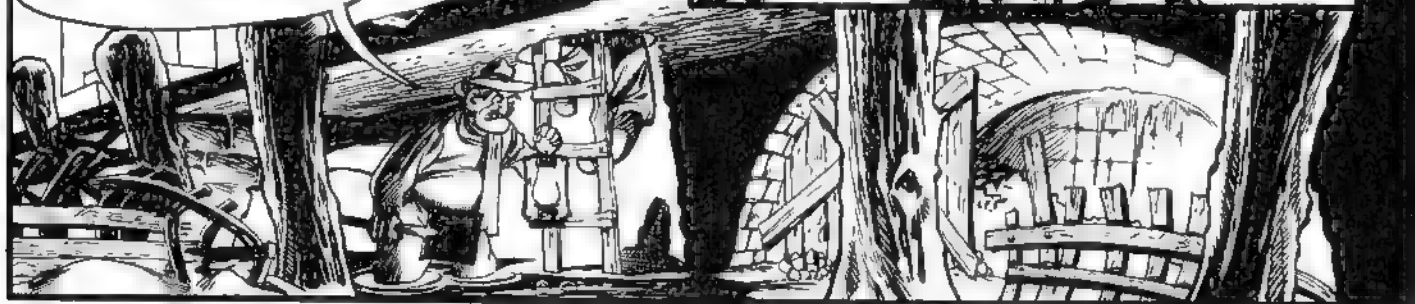
MEANWHILE... AT 618 WATERFRONT STREET...

HAH HAW SMASHER...
THAT WAS PRETTY DUMB
OF THE PAPERS, PUBLISHIN'
THAT CODE MESSAGE...
LITTLE DID THEY
KNOW THAT US TWO
MEMBERS OF THE OLD
GANG WAS STILL ALIVE
AN' COULD READ IT.

YEAH...
THEY PLAYED
RIGHT INTO
OUR
HANDS!

THIS IS THE
PLACE, IT SAYS..
CHECK THAT
ADDRESS
AGAIN.

SURE, THIS **MUST** BE
IT... MATTER O' FACT, I
RECALL THIS WAS ONE
OF CACHE'S HIDEOUTS
IN THE OLD DAYS.

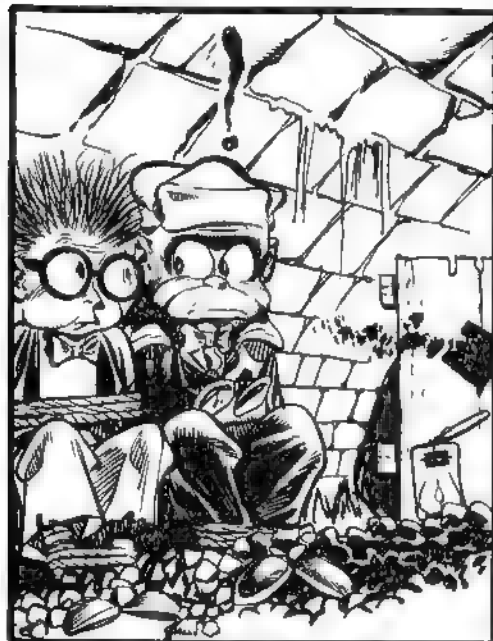


WHAT'S
THAT??

SSSHH...
HIDE HERE..
I'LL HANDLE
THIS...



GOTCHA KIDS!!



I CAN'T FIND
NOTHIN'.

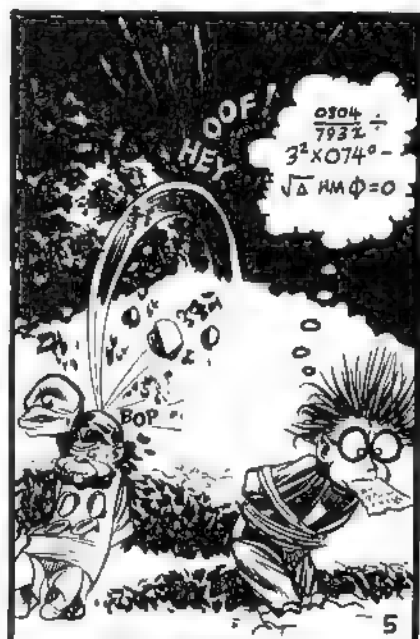
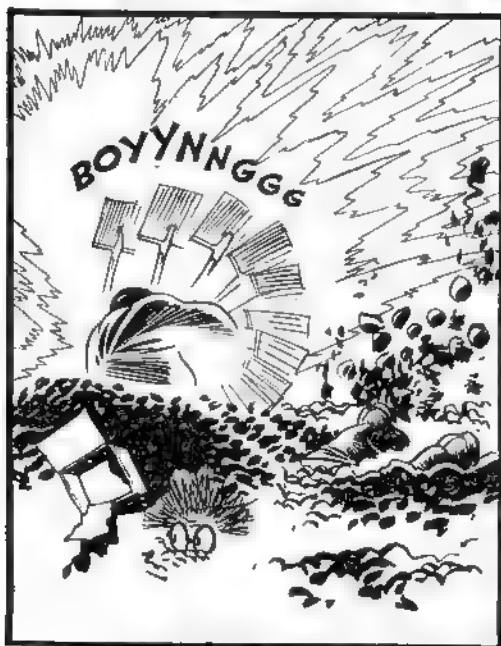
ME
NEITHER.

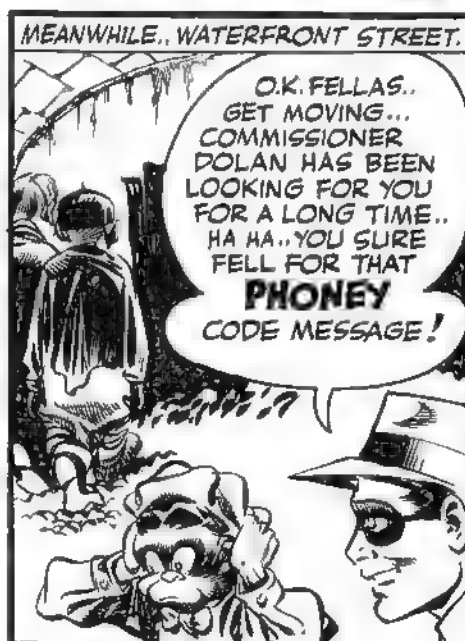
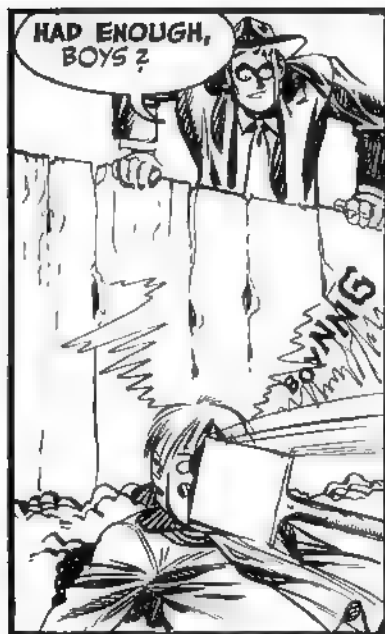


HEY...
WHAT'S
THIS?

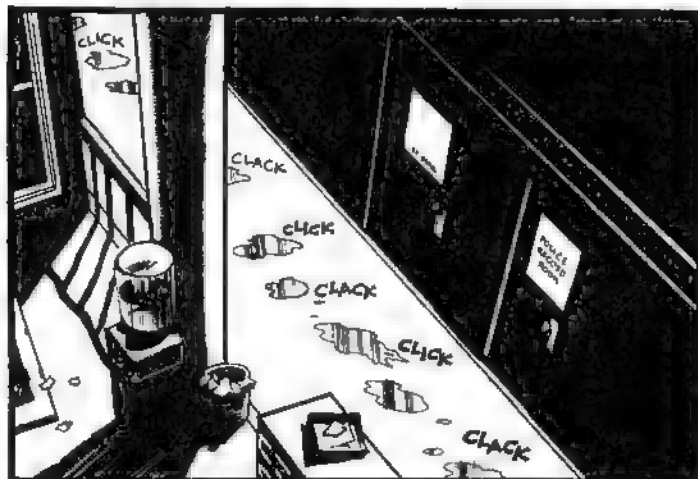
!!











IT WAS ON JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS THAT "BLACKY" MARQUETT ARRIVED BACK IN AMERICA FROM EUROPE... THIS TIME HE HAD WITH HIM A WAR BRIDE, ONE LORELEI ROX... BLACKY HEADED IMMEDIATELY FOR THE ROADHOUSE HE OWNED SINCE BEFORE THE WAR... THE REST IS EASY TO RECONSTRUCT...





Y'R LATE,
MCNABB!
...WHICH SPOILS
YOUR UNUSUALLY
FINE RECORD.
O K...SIT
OUT...

I CAN'T.
HE'S
DEAD!

HEY..THE
LOAD'S
GONE!

ASK MCNABB
WHAT HAPPENED.

I CAN'T..
HE'S
DEAD!

SURE, BUD...
I GOT LOTSA JOBS
OPEN..BUT IT'S ONLY
FAIR TO WARN YA...
'3 MEN BEEN KILLED
SINCE SPRING.
NOW Y'C'N SEE
THE DISPATCHER
IF Y'WANT.

I'LL TAKE A
CHANCE..I..
I..ER..NEED
THE DOUGH,
SIR.

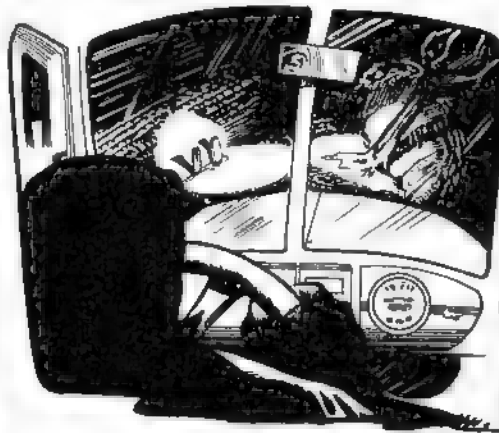
HEY.. PUT THAT MAN DOWN..HE WAS HIRED YESTERDAY..JUST CAME OUT OF JAIL ... WELL..? DO YA WANNA DRIVE OR DONTCHA ?

SULP.. SORRY, SNITCH I..

CROSS-COUNTRY DRIVING IS A TOUGH JOB.. THE MONOTONY.. THE UNBROKEN HUM OF THE MOTOR.. ALL FORM A SORT OF HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE...
... SOON I FOUND MYSELF THINKING THAT NOTHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN ON THIS RUN ...



THEN, AS I BEGAN THE LONG CLIMB UP ROUTE 5, THE HARMONIC VIBRATION NATURAL TO MOST TRUCKS ON HEAVY PULLS BEGAN TO DULL MY HEARING...



AND SUDDENLY I BEGAN HEARING MUSIC... A STRANGE KIND OF MUSIC ...PITCHED HIGH ..AND YET BLENDING WITH THE "SINGING" OF THE TIRES..



I KEPT SLOWING DOWN THE TRUCK SO THAT I MIGHT BETTER HEAR THE MUSIC ...

IT GOT **LOUDER**... .. AND **LOUDER**

.. AND IT SEEMED TO LIFT ME OUT OF MY TRUCK SEAT..



MY INSTINCTS WERE STILL DEPENDABLE... I STOPPED THE TRUCK AND BRAKED IT.. BUT MY MIND...MY BRAIN..MY

NERVES WERE VIBRATING LIKE PLUCKED VIOLIN STRINGS

I MOVED THROUGH SPACE ... OR WHAT SEEMED LIKE IT... THEN SUDDENLY...





THE SHARP PAIN OF THAT
SECOND BLOW CUT LIKE
A KNIFE THROUGH THE
COBWEBS IN MY BRAIN..



..I LOOKED UP...AND THERE BEFORE ME STOOD THE ANSWER...







I LUNGED BLINDLY.. BUT SHE ELUDED ME WITH CAT-LIKE EASE...

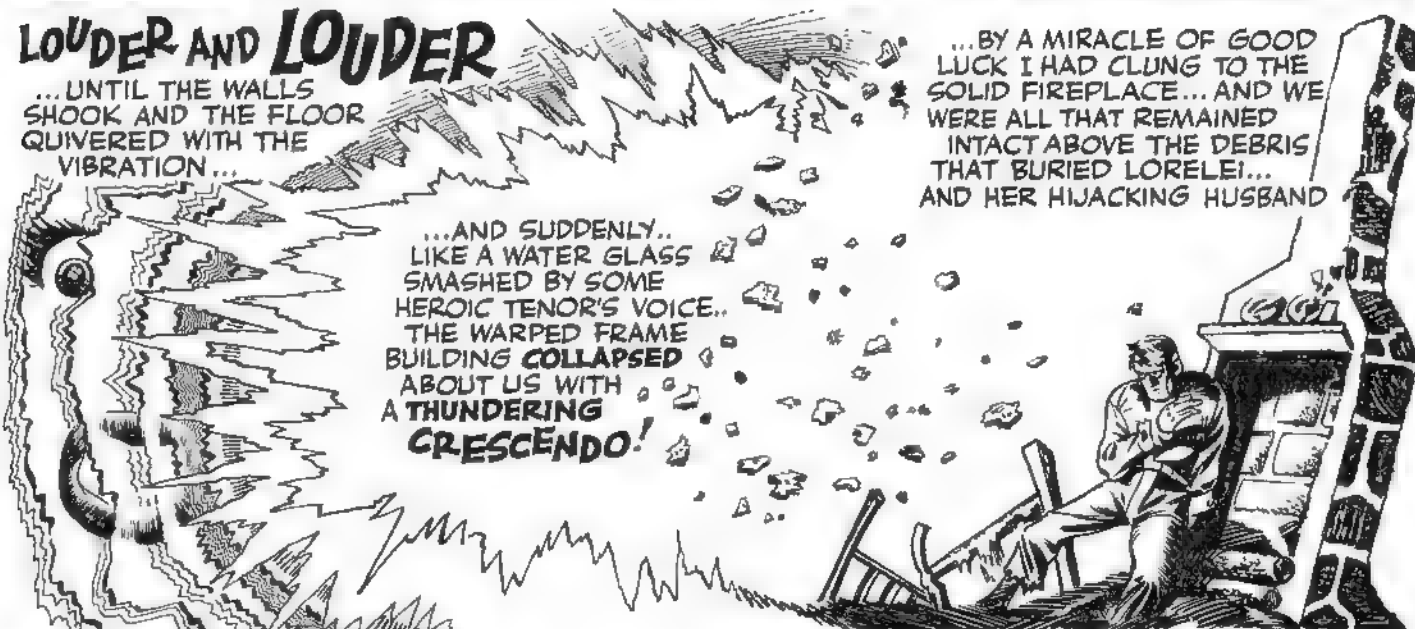
SNARLING AND SPITTING WITH RAGE, SHE RETREATED BEFORE ME... SUDDENLY SHE EMPLOYED HER LAST WEAPON AND BEGAN HER WILD, MAD, UNBEARABLY PITCHED SINGING.

LOUDER AND LOUDER

...UNTIL THE WALLS SHOOK AND THE FLOOR QUIVERED WITH THE VIBRATION...

...BY A MIRACLE OF GOOD LUCK I HAD CLUNG TO THE SOLID FIREPLACE... AND WE WERE ALL THAT REMAINED INTACT ABOVE THE DEBRIS THAT BURIED LORELEI... AND HER HIJACKING HUSBAND

...AND SUDDENLY.. LIKE A WATER GLASS SMASHED BY SOME HEROIC TENOR'S VOICE.. THE WARPED FRAME BUILDING **COLLAPSED** ABOUT US WITH A **THUNDERING CRESCENDO!**



WOW.. GULP.. WHEW... WHAT ABOUT WHEELER.? DOES HE KNOW THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED?

HMM.. BETTER CALL ACME TRUCKING AND JUST TELL HIM IT'S O.K. TO CONTINUE HIS SCHEDULES.



HELLO... OH YEAH.. COMMISSIONER DOLAN... WHAT??.. Y'CLEARED UP THE MYSTERY?.. NO MORE TROUBLE, EH? GOOD... THANKS... NO, I'M GETTIN' ME TRUCKS THROUGH.. YEAH, I'M HIRING LADY DRIVERS NOW!



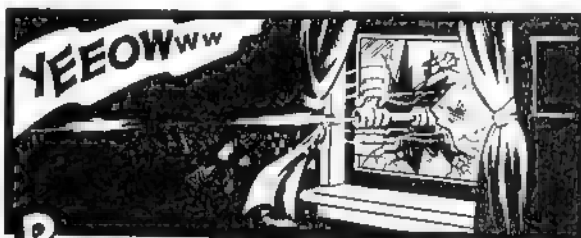
THE SPIRIT

By
Will
EISNER



ACE McCASE GOT AS FAR AS
ANY CROOK EVER COULD GO

WHE MADE HIS PILE, FRAMED HIS PALS
SO THEY COULDN'T SQUEAL, AND
SETTLED DOWN TO SPEND HIS
DECLINING YEARS DIRECTING HIS
GANG FROM A VINE-COVERED
COTTAGE.

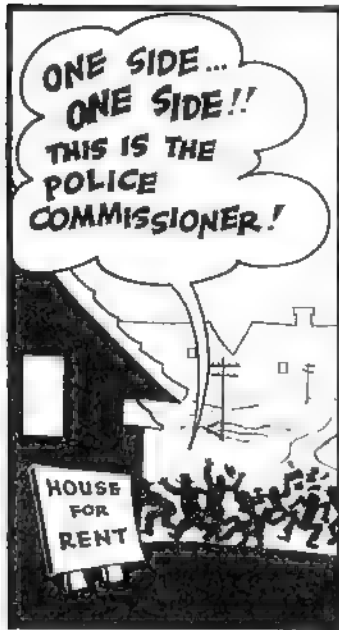


BUT CRIME IS A RISKY BUSINESS...
AND HE RAN AFOUL OF THE USUAL
"OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD" OF HIS
TRADE....



AND SO NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT IS
THE VINE-COVERED COTTAGE....

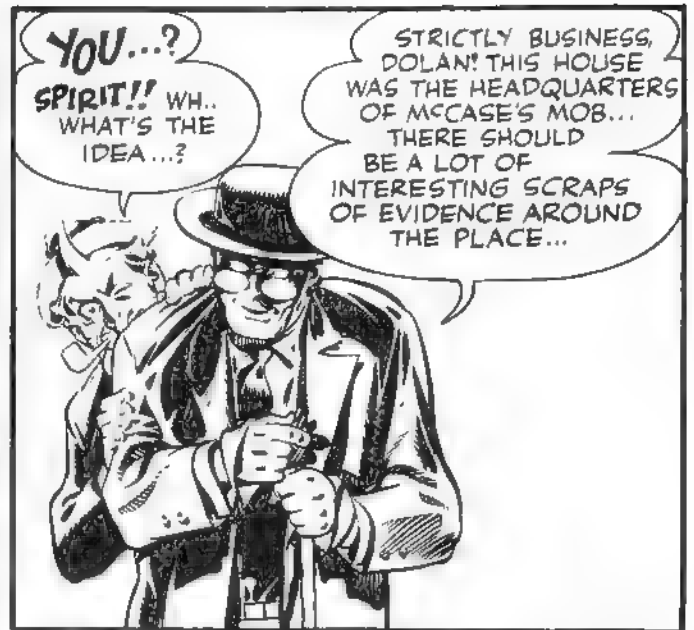




ONE SIDE...
ONE SIDE!!
THIS IS THE
POLICE
COMMISSIONER!



OUTTA MY
WAY, BUD..
I'M RENTING
THIS HOUSE!



YOU...?
SPIRIT!! WH..
WHAT'S THE
IDEA...?

STRICTLY BUSINESS,
DOLAN! THIS HOUSE
WAS THE HEADQUARTERS
OF MCCASE'S MOB...
THERE SHOULD
BE A LOT OF
INTERESTING SCRAPS
OF EVIDENCE AROUND
THE PLACE...



HOW'D YOU
FIND OUT ABOUT
THIS HOUSE?
..I FIGURED
TO DO THIS
MYSELF.

EVERYONE KNOWS THE
LOOT FROM
THAT
CENTRAL BANK
ROBBERY IS
STILL MISSING..
NOW LET'S BE
CO-OPERATIVE,
DOLAN...

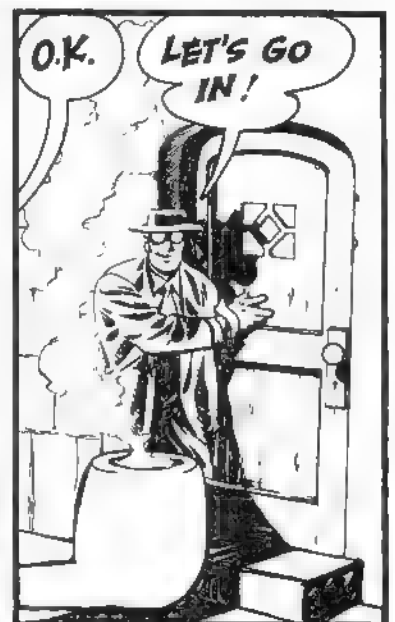


NO!

...YOU'LL
GET ALL THE
CREDIT
FOR IT...
AFTER ALL,
YOU
OUTRANK
ME...



I WILL??
...HMMMM...



O.K.

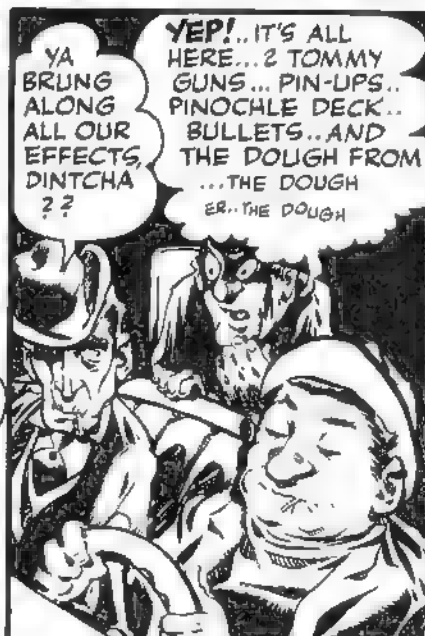
LET'S GO
IN!



MEANWHILE...THE LATE ACE
MCCASE'S HOODLUMS HEAD
TOWARD THEIR NEW HIDEOUT...

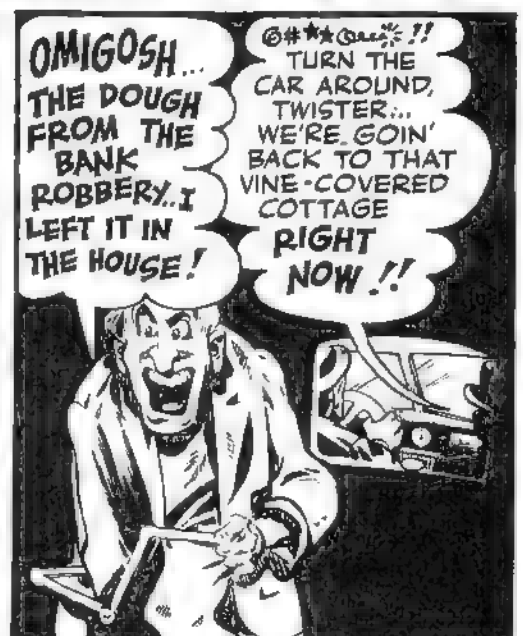
SIGH
..I SURE HATE
TO LEAVE THAT
COZY LITTLE
VINE-COVERED
COTTAGE...
WHY CAN'T
WE STAY?

BECAUSE
THE LEASE
AIN'T IN OUR
NAME...
BESIDES,
AS SOON
AS THEM
APARTMENT
HUNTERS HOID
MCCASE WAS
DEAD, THEY
MOBBED THE JOINT!
WE JUST LEFT
IN TIME!



YA
BRUNG
ALONG
ALL OUR
EFFECTS,
DINTCHA
??

YEP!...IT'S ALL
HERE... 2 TOMMY
GUNS... PIN-UPS..
PINOCHLE DECK..
BULLETS...AND
THE DOUGH FROM
...THE DOUGH
ER...THE DOUGH



OMIGOSH...
THE DOUGH
FROM THE
BANK
ROBBERY..I
LEFT IT IN
THE HOUSE!

***Ouch!!
TURN THE
CAR AROUND,
TWISTER...
WE'RE GOIN'
BACK TO THAT
VINE-COVERED
COTTAGE
RIGHT
NOW!!

AND NOW LET US
RETURN TO THAT
VINE-COVERED
COTTAGE...

GET RID OF
THOSE APARTMENT
HUNTERS..WE'LL
RENT IT.

YES,
COMMISSIONER
DOLAN..HERE'S
THE KEY.



GET OUT,
YOU TWO...
I'VE ALREADY
RENTED
THIS HOUSE..



ER..BUT **LOOK**, LADY.
YOU DON'T WANT TO
LIVE IN A HOUSE WHERE
A MAN WAS **MURDERED**,
DO YOU?

THAT HORRIBLE
FACT DOESN'T
SEEM TO
BOTHER **YOU** ANY,
LADDIE-BUCK!



BESIDES..
: SNIFF :
I'M A POOR
HELPLESS
WIDDER-
WOMAN...I..
I'M ALL
ALONE IN
THIS
WORLD...

HMM..I
SUPPOSE
YOU DO
DESERVE
SOME
CONSIDERATION..

PSST.
DOLAN..
NO! NO!
NO NO NO



OH, COMMISSIONER.

YOU'RE SO
KIND... SO
GENTLE..(TEE..)
MY NAME IS
LIZZIE
PINCH...

CUTE NAME..
AHEM..ER:COUGH:
AH, LITTLE
LADY..WE'LL
SEE WHAT
WE CAN
DO...



JUST LET
US HANG
AROUND
A BIT...
YOU CAN
LIVE HERE..

WHAT
A
GENTLEMAN
!!

WHAT
A
CHUMP!!

LATER...WILDWOOD CEMETERY...



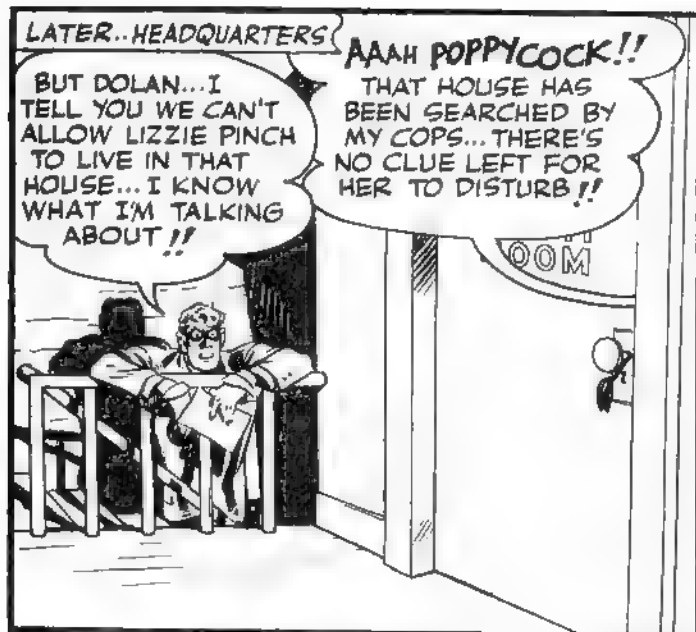
..YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN
HIM, EBONY...PUTTY..JUST PLAIN,
SOFT, MALLEABLE PUTTY IN HER
HANDS...THE GREAT IRON
COP DOLAN..A
PUSHAROUND!!

HERE'S
THE FILES
ON THE
MCCASE
INQUEST,
MR.
SPIRIT...

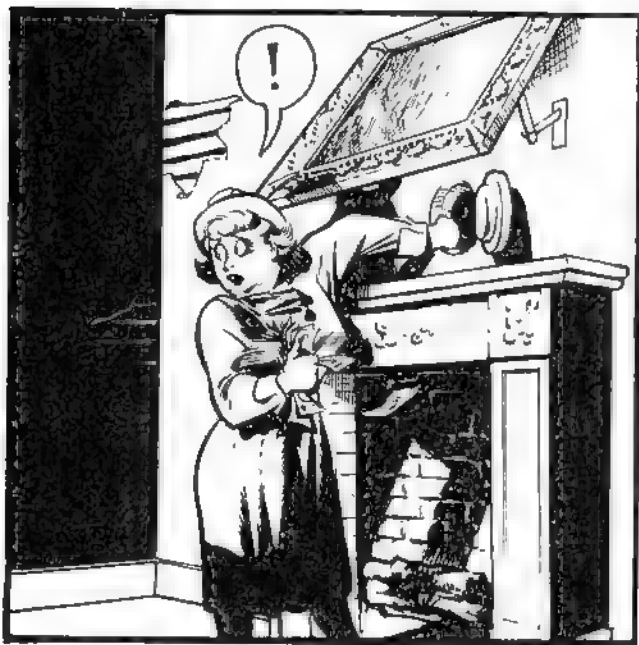


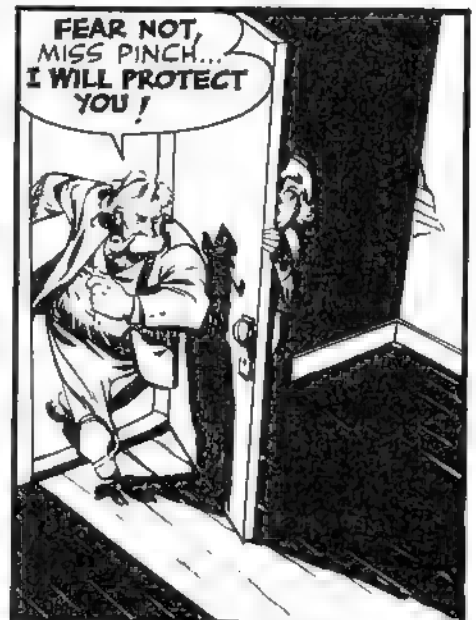
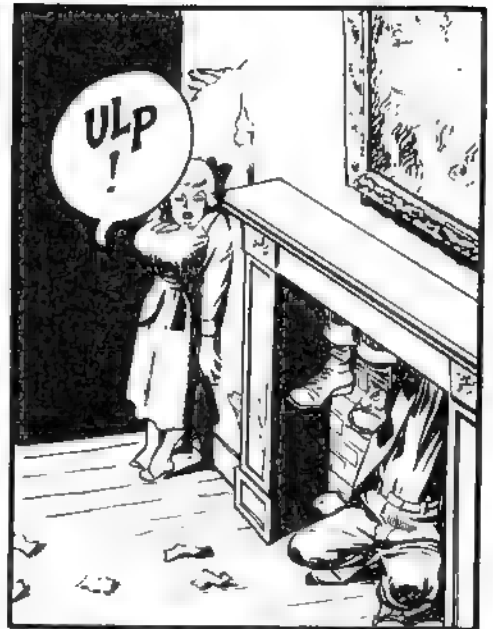
THIS PICTURE...TAKEN
AT ACE MCCASE'S INQUEST...
HMMM...SAY..THAT WOMAN
STANDING AMONG THE
WITNESSES..IT'S **LIZZIE
PINCH!**

I KNEW IT!
I KNEW IT!



LET US NOW PRECEDE DOLAN TO THE LITTLE VINE-COVERED COTTAGE WE KNOW SO WELL...









THE WAY YOU MANHANDLED THOSE CROOKS... KNOCKED THEM ABOUT... OOH WHAT A MAN..

DOLAN.. THIS WOMAN.. I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT HER..

GO 'WAY, KID. Y'BOTHER ME.



I JUST LOVE POLICE WORK..

I'M GLAD YOU DO... IT'S BEEN SO HARD TO FIND A WOMAN WITH WHOM I CAN TALK SHOP... ONE WHO'LL UNDERSTAND AND HAVE A REAL INTEREST IN MY WORK..

I'LL SAY SHE HAS AN INTEREST IN POLICE WORK!



BUT...

GO AWAY, SPIRIT! THE CASE IS CLOSED !!



I'M GOING TO CALL THE PAPERS NOW AND.. ER.. TAKE PROPER CREDIT FOR THE CAPTURE...

NO YOU WON'T. I'M GETTING CREDIT FOR THAT !



YOU ?

YES ME, LIZZIE PINCH! I'M A POLICEWOMAN FROM EAGLE COUNTY... I TRACKED THEM HERE AND I FOUND THE MONEY. THESE CROOKS WERE RESIDENTS OF MY COUNTY.



...AND DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, BECAUSE I HAVE A BENCH WARRANT AND EXTRADITION PAPERS FROM A JUDGE IN YOUR OWN COUNTY....

COME ALONG, BOYS.



ER SPIRIT ER WHAT WERE YOU TRYING... TO TELL ME...?

OH AHEN. ER HEH. IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW !



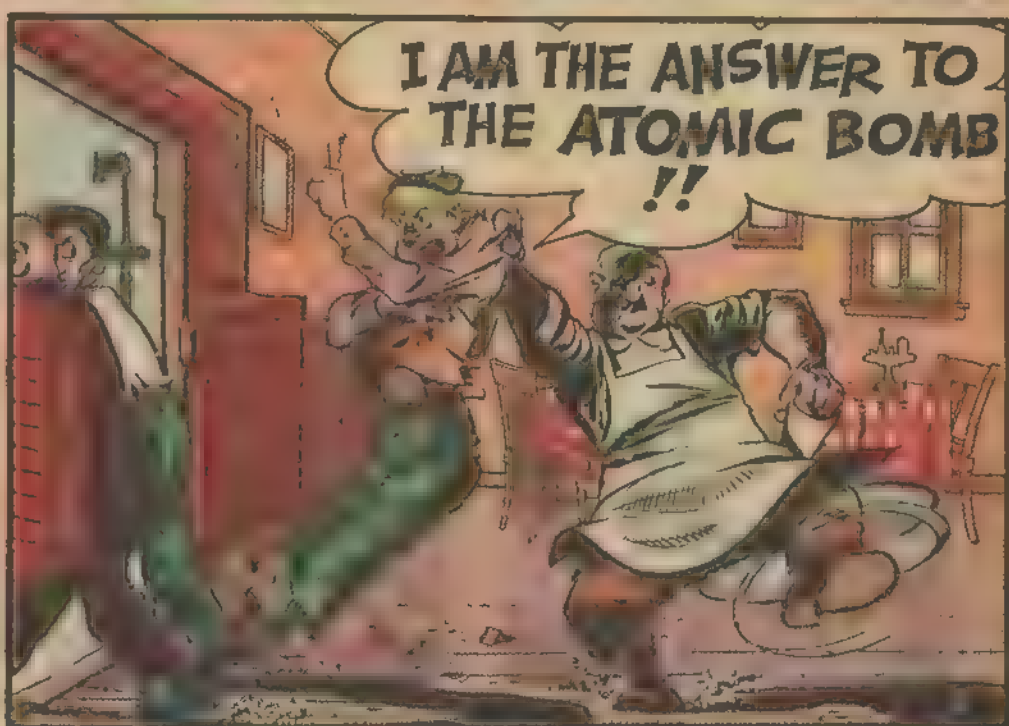
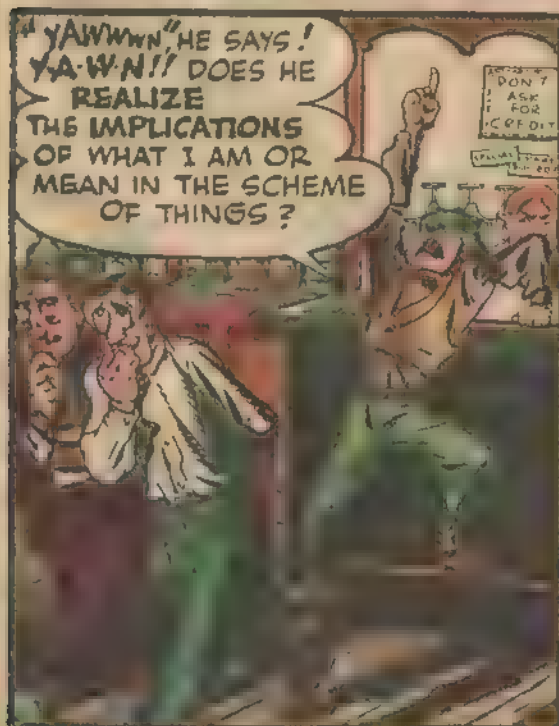
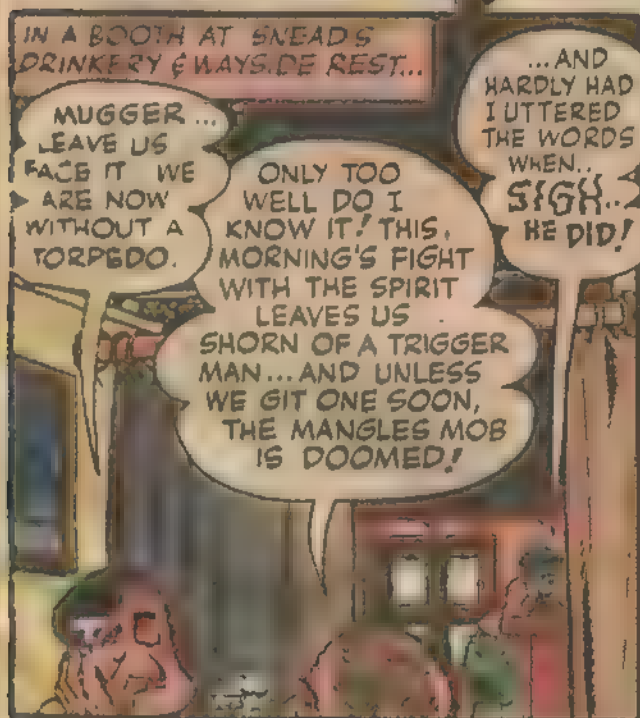
THE STAR LEDGER

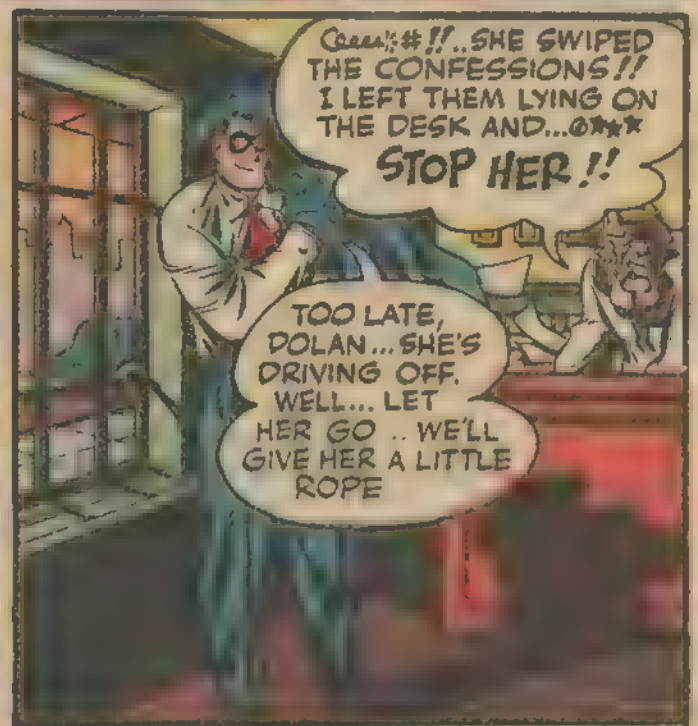
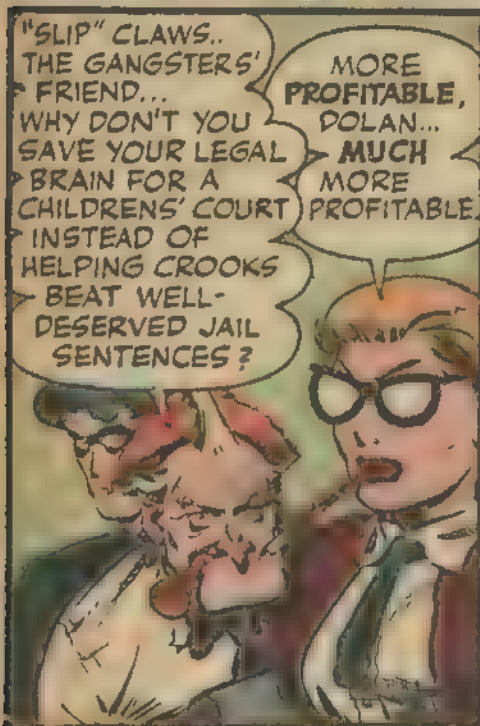
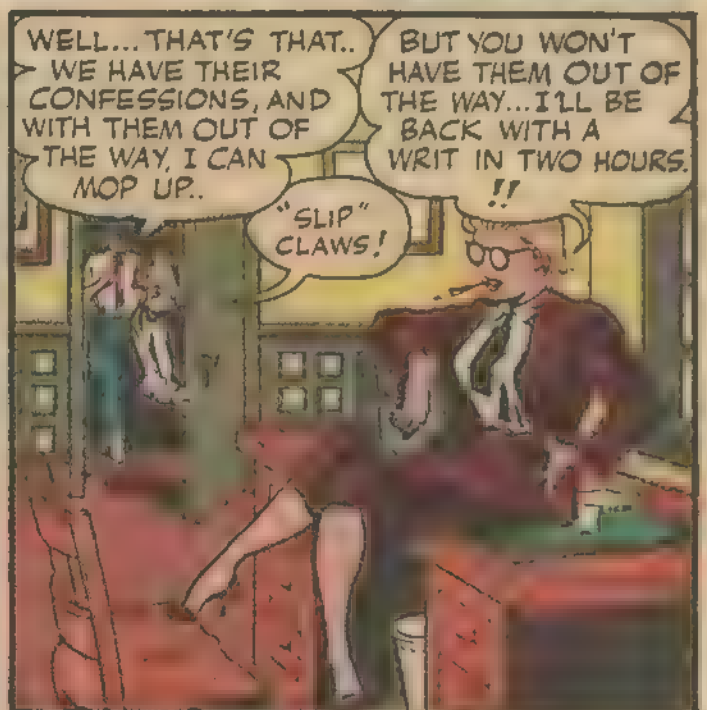
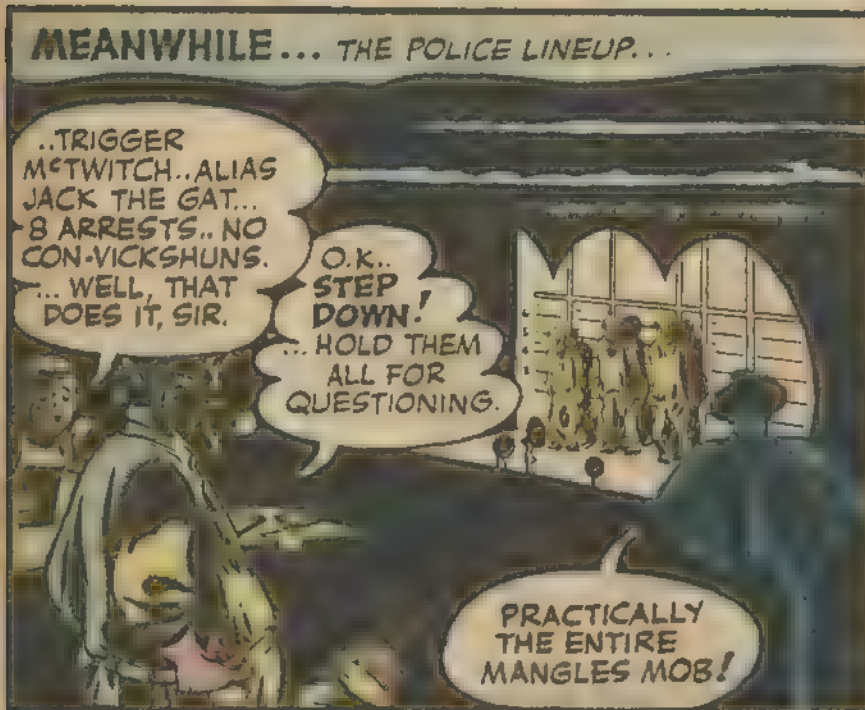
NEWARK, N.J.

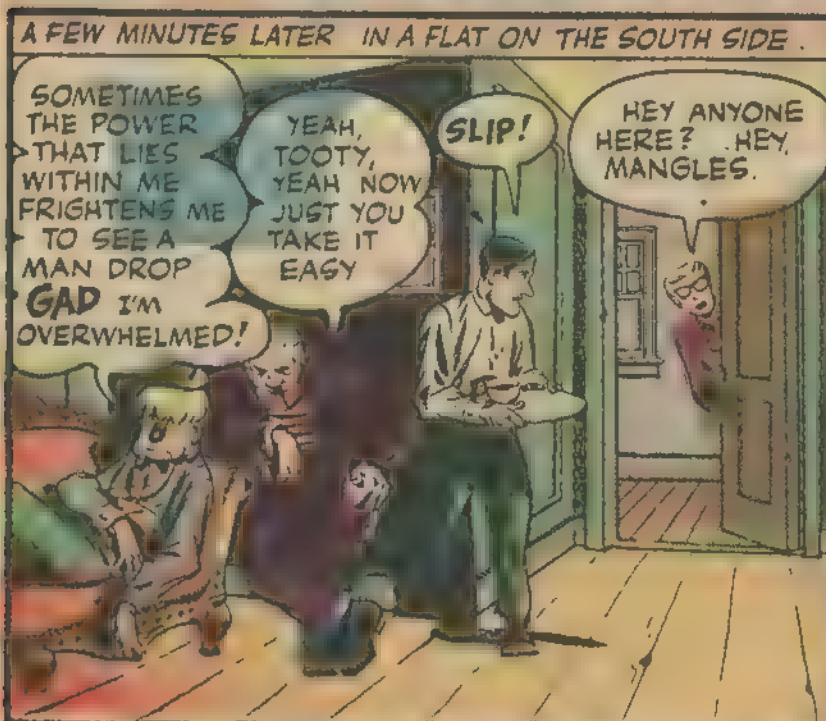
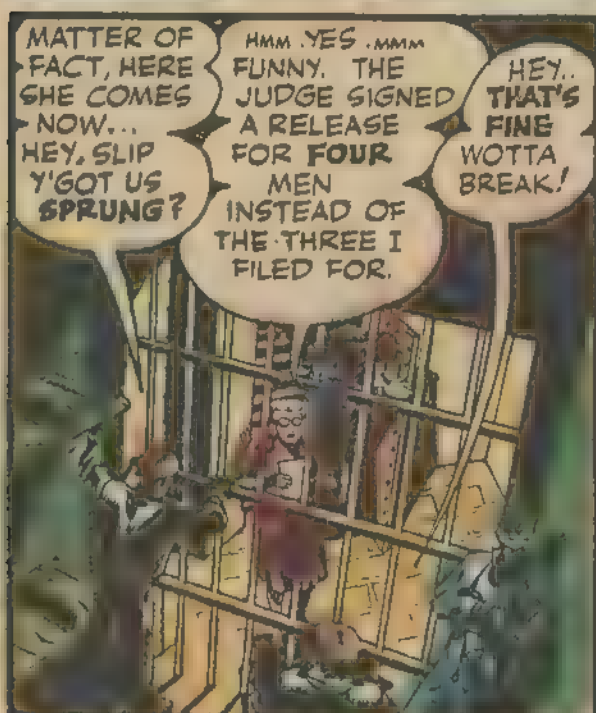
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1948

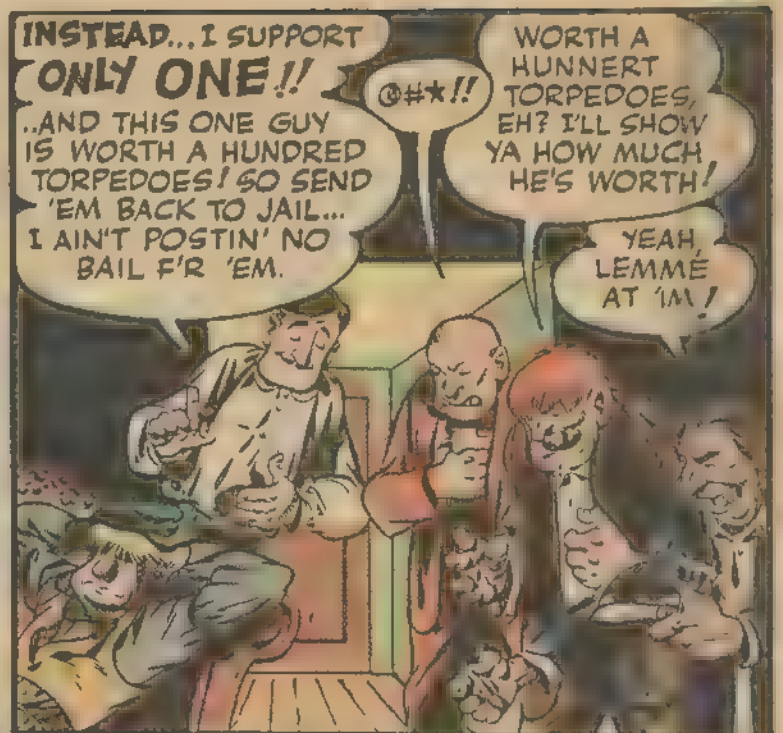
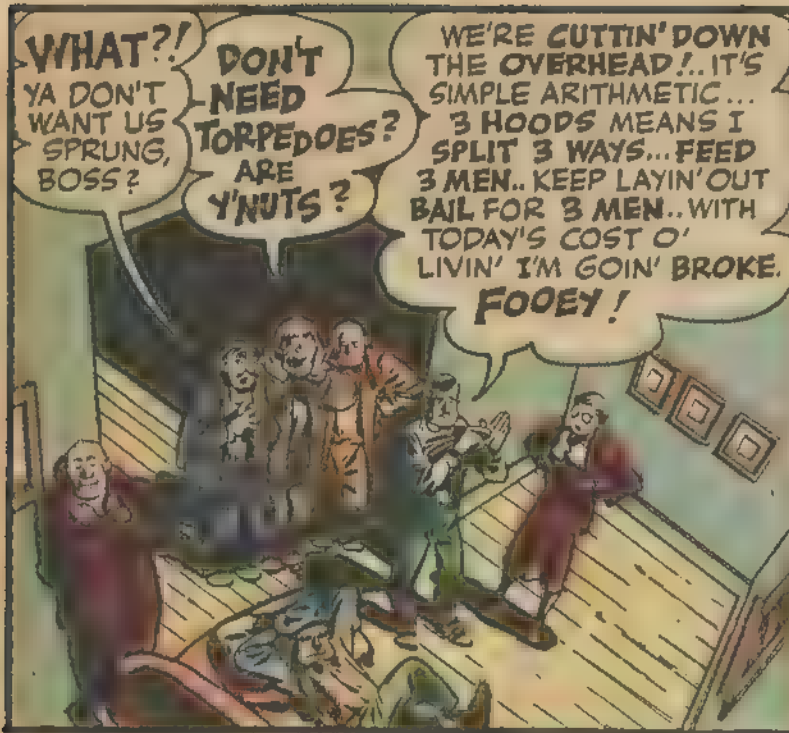
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

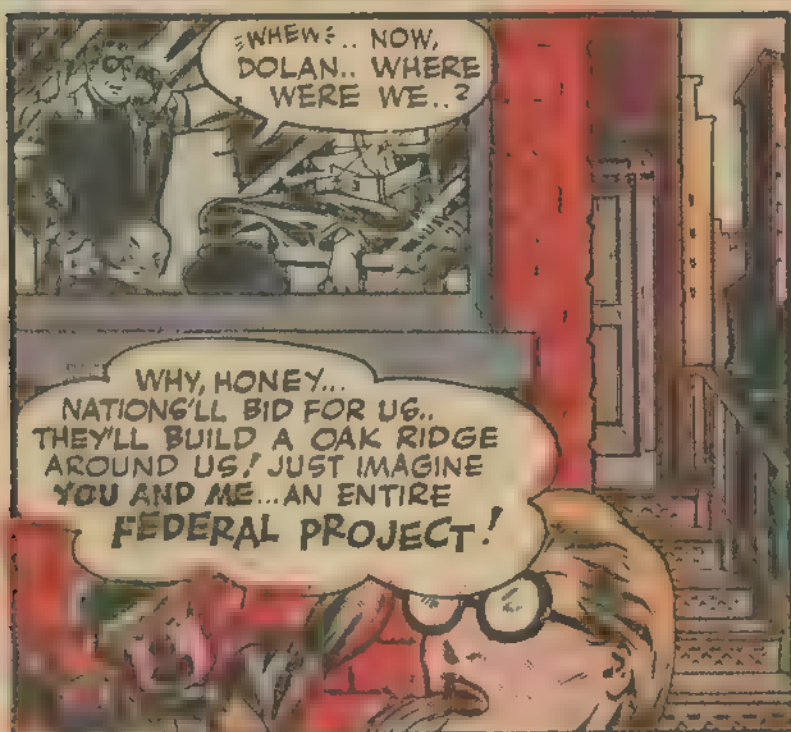
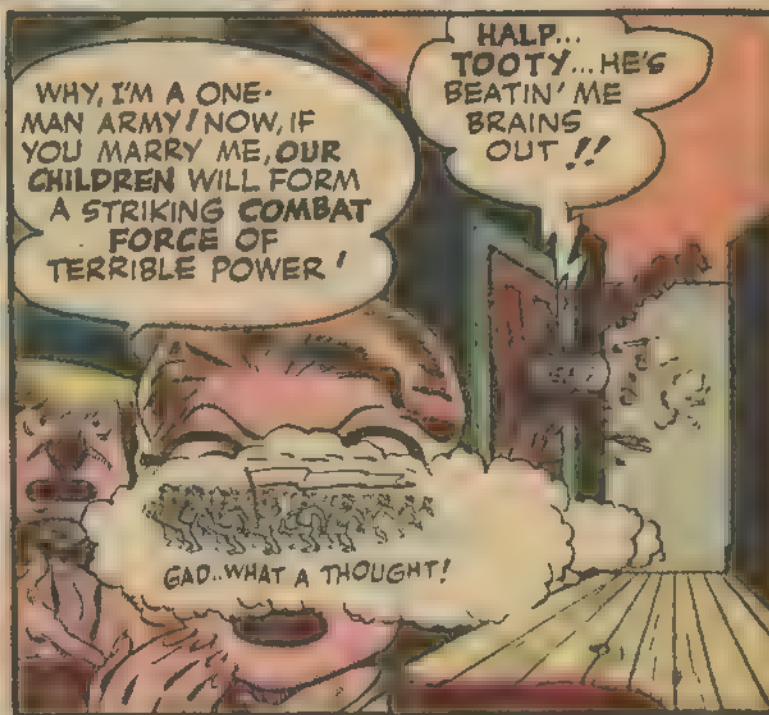
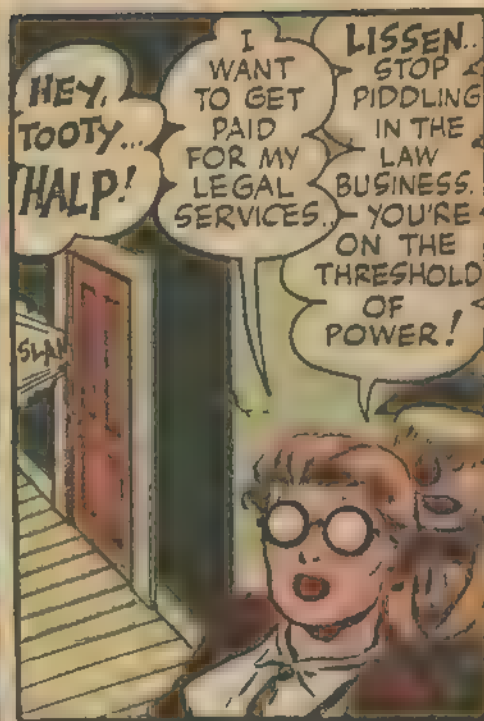
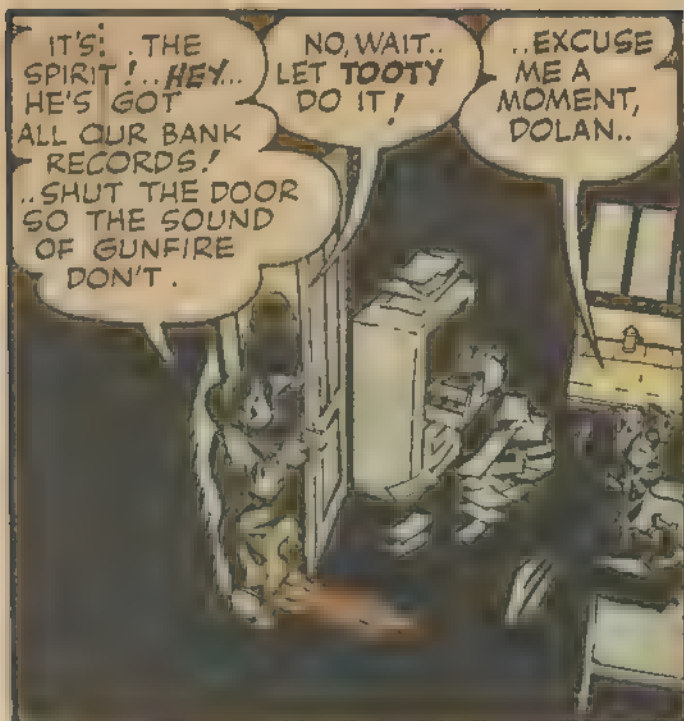


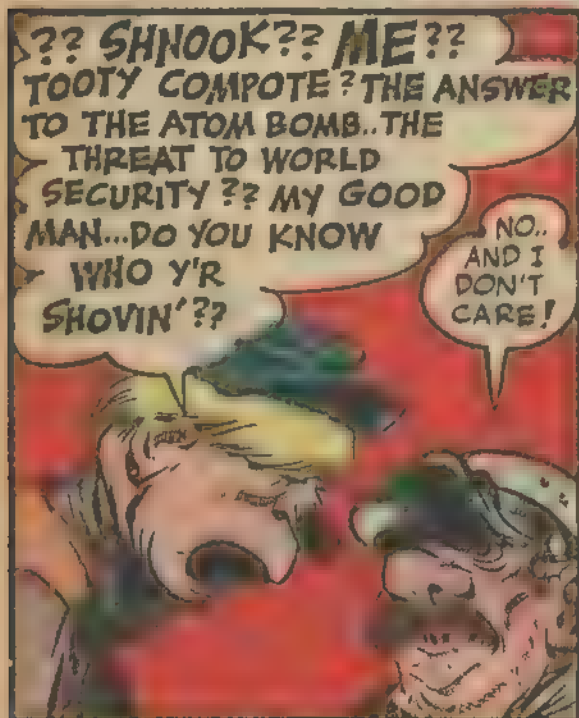














Next Week

HEY, PODNER... GIT YER PAINT SADDLED AND YER SIX-GUN READY...

TUH SLAP LEATHER WITH THE SPIRIT AS HE RIDES HERD ON THE ORNERIEST CRITTER WEST OF THE PECOS!

DON'T MISS THE SPIRIT IN

"THE LAST DESPERADO"



SAM CHAPPARELL ROBBED HIS LAST TRAIN IN 1867.

HE HAD PULLED IT NEAT AND QUICK,
FANNING LEAD IN EVERY DIRECTION.
HIS HAUL WAS 305 POUNDS OF GOLD BULLION
AND HIS TWO BURROS COULD BARELY KEEP PACE
AS HE LIT OUT THROUGH THE SAGE
TO DISAPPEAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.



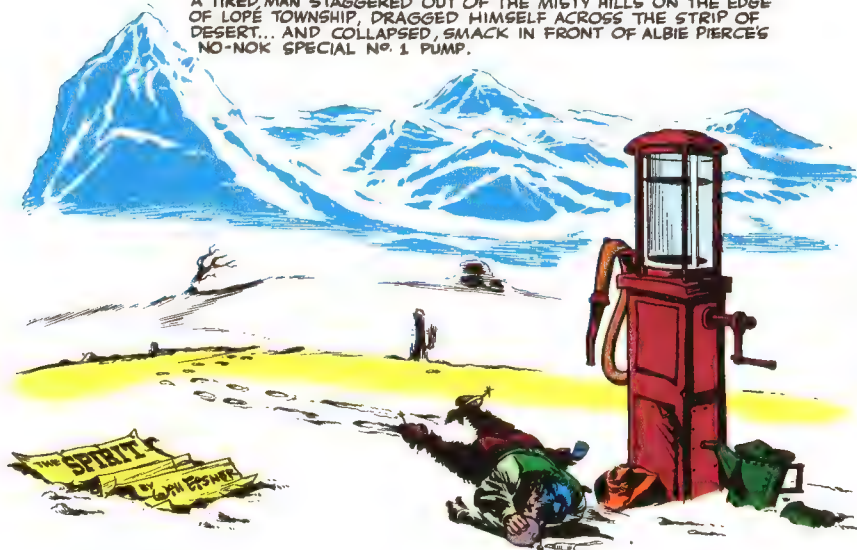
THE REST IS LEGEND.

SOMEWHERE IN THE RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE OF THE PEAKS
HE BUILT A TOWN CALLED 'BOOT CAMP' BY THE OLD-TIMERS,
AND FROM THIS SAM CHAPPARELL WOULD OFTEN DESCEND
TO ROB A BANK...HIRE OUT HIS GUNS... SHOOT UP AN
OUTPOST TOWN...
YES, SAM RODE WITH BONNEY...WITH HICKOK... WAS SEEN IN
THE THICK OF LINCOLN COUNTY'S CATTLE WAR...KEPT APPEARING
AND REAPPEARING...(AT LEAST SO THE LEGEND SAYS.)



... THEN, ONE HOT DAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1948...

A TIRED MAN STAGGERED OUT OF THE MISTY HILLS ON THE EDGE
OF LOPE TOWNSHIP, DRAGGED HIMSELF ACROSS THE STRIP OF
DESERT... AND COLLAPSED, SMACK IN FRONT OF ALBIE PIERCE'S
NO-NOK SPECIAL No. 1 PUMP.



LOPÉ (p. 352) HAD LITTLE NEED OF A SHERIFF, SO THEY KEPT OLD OMAR TRENT FOR JUST SUCH OCCASIONS AS THIS... THIS DAY HE ARRIVED PRETTY FAST, SHOVED AWAY SOME SAWKERS..AND EXCLAIMED..

WHY...THIS HEAH'S
SAM CHAPPARELL
!!

WHO?

WHO?

SAM
WHAT?

SAM CHAPPARELL...
THE OUTLAW..THE
SIDEWINDER..THE
KILLER!

...A NAME AS WOULD
STRIKE TERROR
INTO FOLKS...A
HUNNERT YEAR
AGO..

HA HA...
WELL...
Y'R 97,
OMAR...
ARE YA
**TERROR-
STRICK**
??

IF AH
CAL'ATES
PROPER,
THAT'D MAKE
THIS
PORE UN
**130
YEAR
OLD!**

..HAPPENS Y'R RIGHT,
AL...HAPPENS ALSO
THIS CRITTER'S BEEN
DRY-GULCHED!

DRY-
GULCHED
??
WHUT'S
AT?

'PEARS
HE'S
STILL
BREATHIN'.

SON... IN THEM OL' DAYS
AFORE AUTY-MO-BEELS..EF'N
A MAN GOT ORN'RY, THE
TOWNFOLK'D GIVE 'IM A
CANTEEN FULLA WATER AN'
A PISTOL, AN' THEN SEND 'IM
OUT INTAR TH' DESSIT...
LIKE AS NOT HE NEVER
MADE THE NEXT TOWN...
MAHTY FUR APAHT THEY
WUZ, THEM DAYS...

..THEN HE WAS
SENT FROM A
TOWN UP
THERE..

'PEARS
SO.

BUT..
**THERE
ARE NO
TOWNS
UP THERE..**
NOT A LIVING
SOUL IN THEM
HILLS THIS
SIDE OF THE
RANGE!

THE TOWNFOLK LAUGHED AT OLD OMAR'S
GRINNINGS...

OL'
OMAR'S GOT
HIMSELF A CASE
AT LAST!

EVEN
EF'N IT'S
A GHOST
HA HA

130
YEARS OLD,
THAT MAN
IS...
HAW HAW

BUT NEVERTHELESS THEY FOLLOWED THE
OLD SHERIFF TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

YEAH..ADDRESS
THET WIRE TO THE SPIRIT..
% CENTRAL CITY POLICE H.Q.
..AND **STOP SNIGGERIN'!**
..AH'M STILL SHERIFF HERE!

TEE
MEB
..YES
SIR.

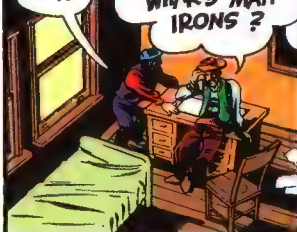
BUT SOON THE EXCITEMENT WORE OFF, AND THE
GOOD PEOPLE OF LOPÉ WENT HOME...BUT IN
SHERIFF TRENT'S OFFICE, A LONG WATCH WAS
BEGUN THAT WOULD LAST ALL NIGHT...AS THE
OLD-TIMER SOUGHT DESPERATELY TO KEEP
THIS MAN CHAPPARELL ALIVE...

Y'CAN'T DIE, SAM...
Y'AIN'T GONNA DIE, SAM..
Y'GONNA LIVE AN' TELL ME
WHUT Y'DID WITH THET
GOLD BULLION..
Y'GONNA LIVE, SAM!

ALL NIGHT THE VIGIL CONTINUED..
AND WHEN THE MORNING CAME,
OLD OMAR EMERGED..VICTOR
OVER DEATH.



Y'R O.K., SAM..
Y'R O.K!
I SAVED YR
LIFE...KEPT YA
ALIVE...
ME.. I DID
IT !!



STOP Y'R
CAWIN'..Y'OL'
BUZZARD !!
DRY-GULCH
ME, WILL THEY??
WANT THE GOLD
ALL F'R THEM-
SELVES, EH?
WHAR'S MAH
IRONS ?

LISSEN..SAM..
AH'M THE SON
OF LAREDO
TRENT, YORE
OL' PODNER...
Y'GOTTA LET ME
IN ON THE
TREASURE...
AH SAVED YORE
LIFE !



WHAR'S
A
HOSS ??
6*#Am;@!!
YO' AIN'T
SAVED ME...
'CAUSE AH
CAN'T DIE,
'CEPT BY
LAREDO'S OWN
GUNS!..AN'
LAREDO'S DEAD,
SEE?



AT'S SO! LAREDO'S
DEAD..BUT AH AIN'T!
AN' AH HAVE HIS
GUNS!..YO' TAKE
ME BACK..OR Y'DONT
GIT BACK !

SLAPPIN'
LEATHER
WITH
ME,
JUNIOR ?

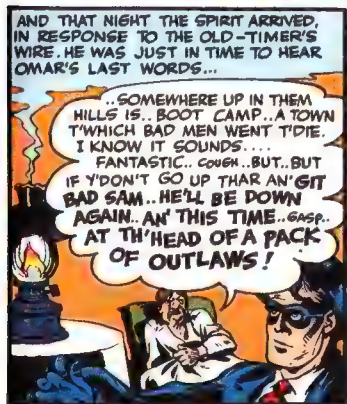


YEOW

... MIGHTY
PORE JEDGEMENT,
CALLIN' ME WIF
ONLY A PAIR
O' ACES...

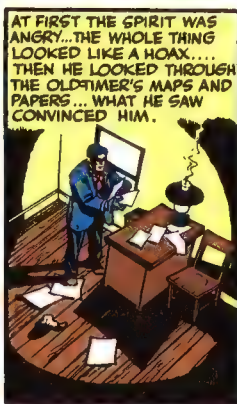
BANG

BANG

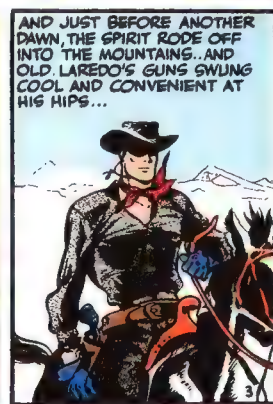


AND THAT NIGHT THE SPIRIT ARRIVED,
IN RESPONSE TO THE OLD -TIMER'S
WIRE. HE WAS JUST IN TIME TO HEAR
OMAR'S LAST WORDS...

.. SOMEWHERE UP IN THEM
HILLS IS.. BOOT CAMP..A TOWN
T'WHICH BAD MEN WENT T'DIE.
I KNOW IT SOUNDS...
FANTASTIC.. COUGH...BUT..BUT
IF Y'DONT GO UP THAR AN' GIT
BAD SAM.. HE'LL BE DOWN
AGAIN.. AN' THIS TIME..GASP..
AT TH'HEAD OF A PACK
OF OUTLAWS !

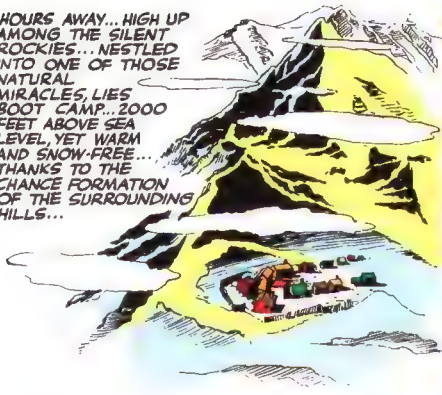


AT FIRST THE SPIRIT WAS
ANGRY...THE WHOLE THING
LOOKED LIKE A HOAX....
THEN HE LOOKED THROUGH
THE OLDTIMER'S MAPS AND
PAPERS... WHAT HE SAW
CONVINCED HIM.



AND JUST BEFORE ANOTHER
DAWN, THE SPIRIT RODE OFF
INTO THE MOUNTAINS..AND
OLD LAREDO'S GUNS SWUNG
COOL AND CONVENIENT AT
HIS HIPS...

HOURS AWAY... HIGH UP
AMONG THE SILENT
ROCKIES... NESTLED
INTO ONE OF THOSE
NATURAL
MIRACLES, LIES
BOOT CAMP... 2000
FEET ABOVE SEA
LEVEL, YET WARM
AND SNOW-FREE...
THANKS TO THE
CHANCE FORMATION
OF THE SURROUNDING
HILLS...



CHOAT! WHEN Y'
DRY-GULCHED SAM
CHAPPARELL Y'SAID WE'D
BE FREE T'LEAVE BOOT CAMP
AND RETURN T'THE
VALLEY... WE BEEN
UP HERE SO LONG...

KER-RECT!
BUT REMEMBER..WE
IN THIS TOWN AIN'T
ORDINARY FOLK.
WE... WELL.. WE'VE
BEEN HERE FOR
100 YEARS!



...THINGS MUST HAVE CHANGED
DOWN THAR IN THE VALLEY...
FOLKS WE USTA KNOW MUST
NOW BE DAID, SO AH CAL'LATE
WE CN START LIFE
ANEW... NOW LET'S
GIT GOIN', THEM AS
WANTS T'GO...

AIN'T
NO
ONE
GOIN'.



SAM
!

YEAH...
AH
COME
BACK.



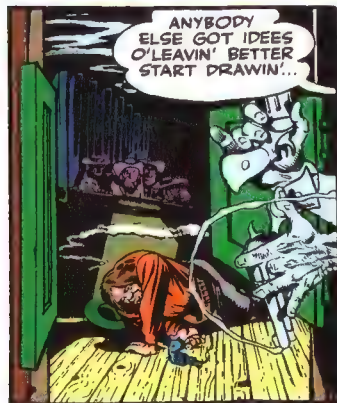
BANG



BLAM
BLAM



ANYBODY
ELSE GOT IDEES
O'LEAVIN' BETTER
START DRAWIN'...



NOW LISSSEN TUH ME, Y'HERD
O' ONGRATEFILLED COYOTES... ME..
ME. SAM CHAPPARELL, BUILT THIS
TOWN SO'S OUTLAWS KIN LIVE
HERE F'EVER... YO'RE ALL
OUTLAWS TOO! AND Y'RE GONNA
STAY OUTLAWS... AND Y'RE
GONNA STAY IN BOOT
CAMP TILL AH SAY
Y'KIN GO!



A FEW MILES AWAY
..LITTLE SPY ON
EAGLE PERCH
TWITCHES INTO
MOTION AS A
SHIFTING WIND
BRINGS A
SLIGHT SOUND..

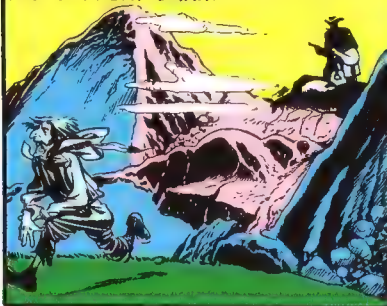


A SECOND LATER
THE SPIRIT
APPEARS
IN HIS REAR
APERTURE
SIGHT...



BANG

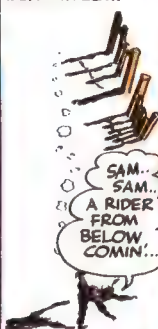
... AND WITH THE BLACK POWDER SMOKE
STILL CLINGING TO THE ROCKS, THE
WOUNDED LOOKOUT STAGGERS OFF INTO
THE CRANNIES, LEAVING A DEAD HORSE
AND AN ANGRY SPIRIT.



WELL... LOOKS LIKE I
WALK THE REST OF THE
WAY... BUT ACCORDING
TO THIS OLD MAP, IT'S
NOT VERY FAR TO
BOOT CAMP...



MEANWHILE...

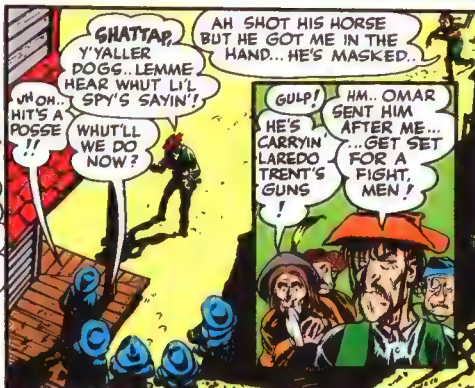


SAM...
SAM...
A RIDER
FROM
BELOW
COMIN'...

SHATTAP,
Y'YALLER
DOGS.. LEMME
HEAR WHUT LI'L
SPY'S SAYIN'!

UH OH...
HIT'S A
ROSSE
!!

WHUT'LL
WE DO
NOW?



AH SHOT HIS HORSE
BUT HE GOT ME IN THE
HAND... HE'S MASKED..

GULP!
HE'S
CARRYIN'
LAREDO'S
TRENT'S
GUNS
!

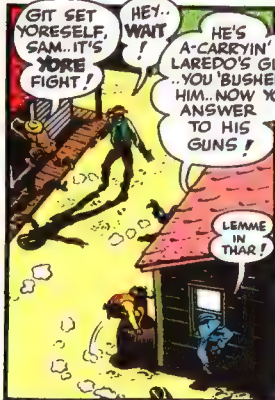
HM.. OMAR
SENT HIM
AFTER ME...
...GET SET
FOR A
FIGHT,
MEN!

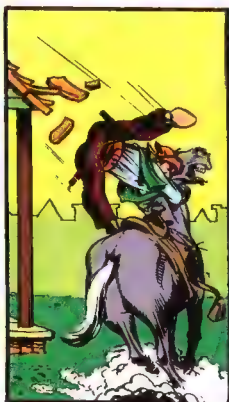
GIT SET
YORESELF,
SAM.. IT'S
YORE
FIGHT!

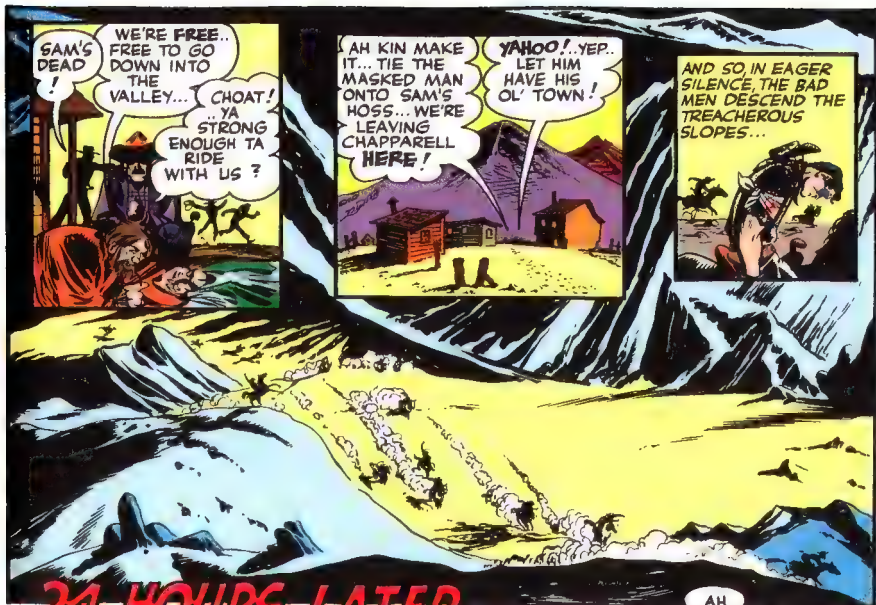
HEY..
WAIT!

HE'S
A-CARRYIN'
LAREDO'S GUNS
..YOU 'BUSHED
HIM.. NOW YOU
ANSWER
TO HIS
GUNS!

LEMME
IN THAR!







24 HOURS LATER

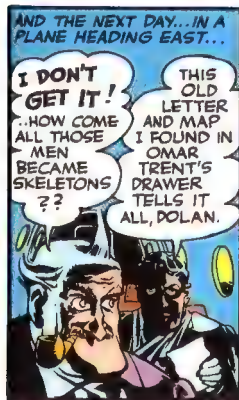
RIDERS FROM THE WIGGLY-T RANCH CAME UPON THE SKELETONS OF SOME 20 MEN AND HORSES...AND THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE WOUNDED SPIRIT, STILL TIED TO THE SKELETON OF A HORSE...

BEST TAKE THE MASKED 'UN TO TOWN HOSPITTLE.

? PLUMB UNCANNY!

AH CAL'LATE THESE CARCASSES BE 100 YEARS OLD, EF'N THEY BE A DAY!

'PEARS SO.

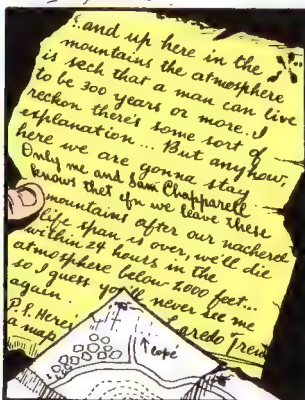


AND THE NEXT DAY...IN A PLANE HEADING EAST...

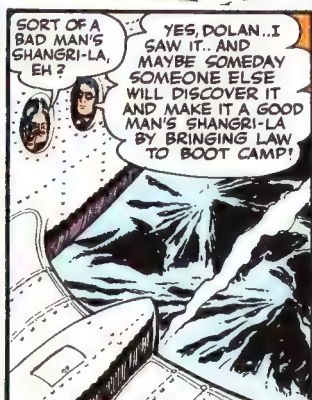
I DON'T GET IT!

...HOW COME ALL THOSE MEN BECAME SKELETONS ??

THIS OLD LETTER AND MAP I FOUND IN OMAR TRENT'S DRAWER TELLS IT ALL, DOLAN.



...and up here in the mountains the atmosphere is such that a man can live to be 300 years or more. I reckon there's some sort of explanation... But anyhow, Only me and Sam Chapparell know that ifn we leave these mountains after our nacherol life span is over, we'll die within 24 hours in the atmosphere below 2000 feet... so I guess you'll never see me again.
P.P. Here's a map I made from



SORT OF A BAD MAN'S SHANGRI-LA, EH?

YES, DOLAN. I SAW IT... AND MAYBE SOMEDAY SOMEONE ELSE WILL DISCOVER IT AND MAKE IT A GOOD MAN'S SHANGRI-LA BY BRINGING LAW TO BOOT CAMP!



IN ANCIENT DAYS, MAN'S PROUDEST, MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION WAS HIS HORSE... HIS BEST FRIEND, HIS DOG... BUT **TODAY**... THE **CAR**..... YEA, MAN'S AUTOMOBILE, IS HIS PROUDEST POSSESSION, BEST FRIEND, THE MEASUREMENT OF HIS WEALTH! AND FOR THESE THINGS, A MAN WILL DO ANYTHING..... **ANYTHING !!!**

TO PROVE THE POINT.....
.....TAKE

Nazel B. Twitch

NAZEL TWITCH!
YOU'VE BEEN LATE EVERY DAY THIS WEEK!

SO WHAT? GOTTA REPAIR MY CAR.. THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR CRUMMY OLD BUSINESS!

YOU'RE FIRED !!

..AND I'M GLAD, GLAD, G-L-A-D...
HA HA HA!



NEXT DAY..

..THINK I'LL TAKE FLORENCE, THE CAR, FOR A RIDE.

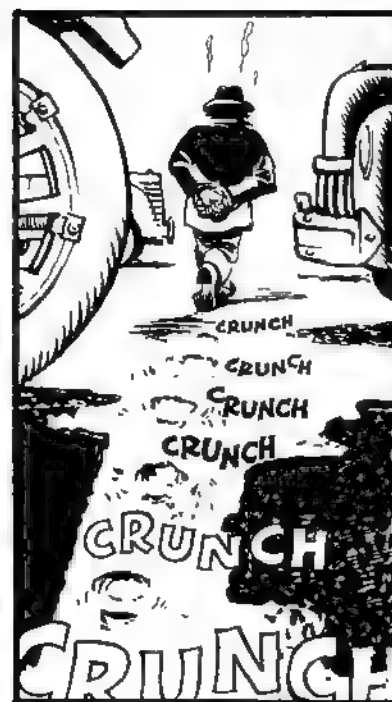
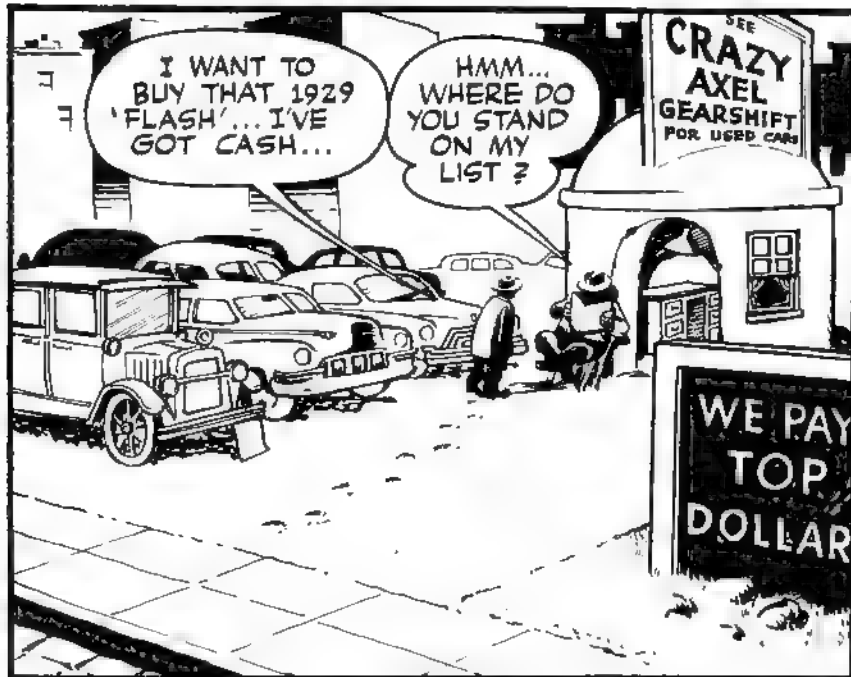
Y' CAN'T.

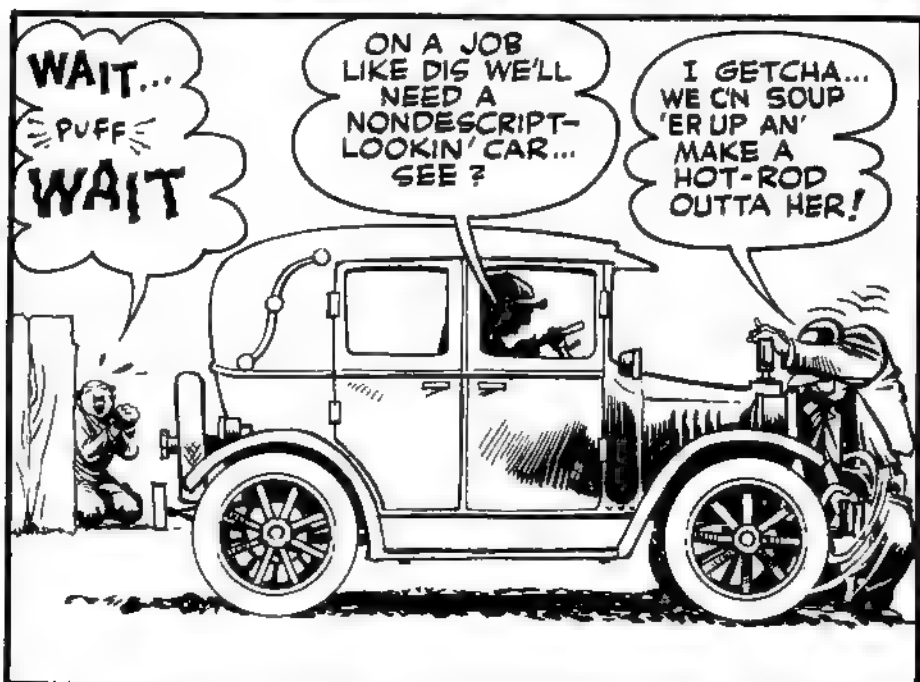
?? WHY..?

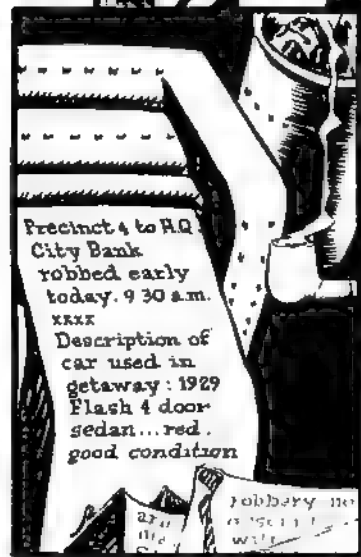
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER, WOMAN ??

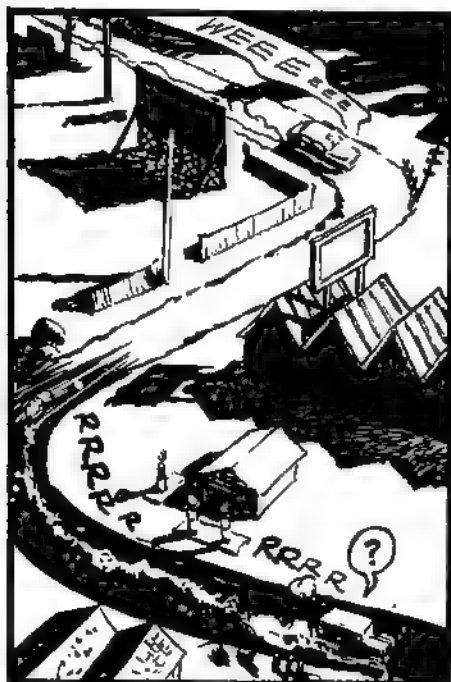
I SOLD HER FOR \$ 500... NOW THAT Y'R JOBLESS, WE'LL NEED THE DOUGH.

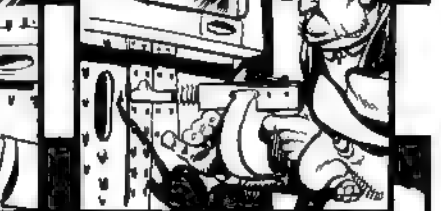
WHAT ?







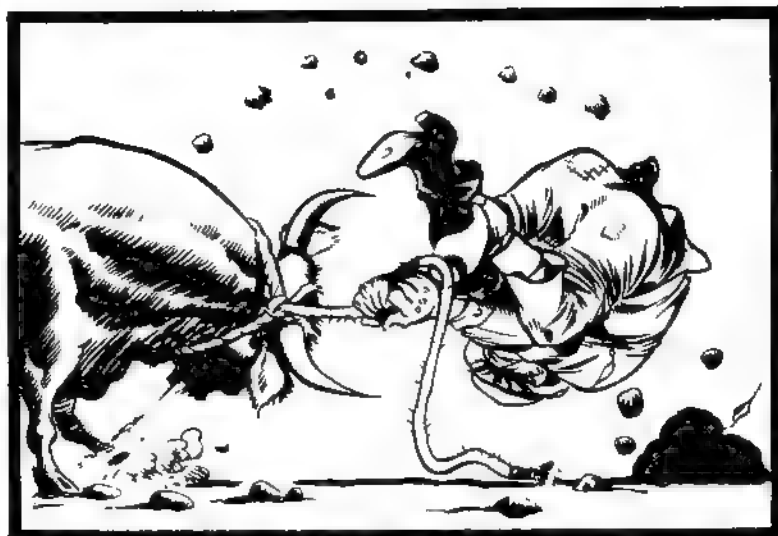






PANCHO DE BOOL BUTCHER

439. Originally published October 24, 1948





SÍ, AMIGO...
I TALK.. BECAUSE
EEN MY BEEG BOOL
HEART LIES A SAD
STORY... PLEASE, SEÑOR
BUTCHER, A MOMENTO
WHILE I TELL YOU HOW I
CAME TO THEES SORRY END...

I WAS NOT BORN TO BE EATEN,
SEÑOR... NO SORR.! I WAS ONCE
PANCHO THE BOOL... PANCHO THE
TERRIBLE-TEMPERED.. THE KILLER...
THE...OOOH...WHAT ELSE THEY
CALLED ME!!



FEARED BY ALL MATADORS
EXCEPT **PEPÍN de la MANCHA**
...WHO GREW UP WEETH ME...

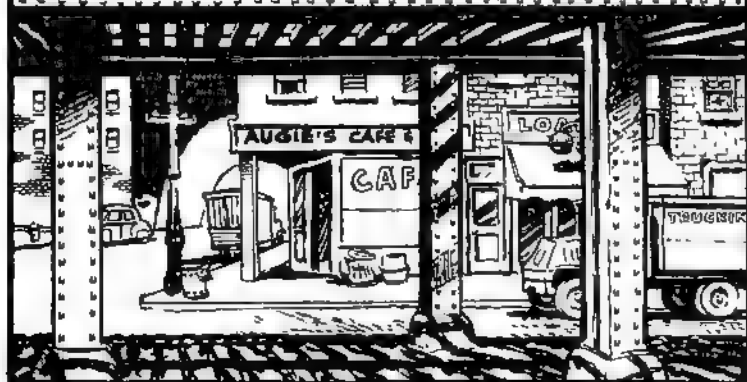
THE PRIDE OF MY TOWN !!
THE HOPE OF THE PROVINCE!



...AND WHO PROMISED
THAT, WHEN HE BECAME
A GREAT MATADOR, HE
WOULD CALL FOR ME AND
WE WOULD FIGHT IN
THE RING...



BUT SEÑOR...THEENGs DO NOT ALWAYS
WORK OUT THE WAY YOUNGSTERS PLAN
THEM...AND PEPIN CAME UNDER THE
EENFLUENCE OF BAD COMPANIONS WHEECH
LED HEEM NOT TO THE PRIZE RING, BUT TO
CENTRAL CEETY, U.S.A...IN A BAD, BAD PART
OF TOWN.



HERE, BROKE AND SEECK, HE DREAMT OF MEHICO,
HEES ABANDONED CAREER...AND WAITED FOR
A BIT OF LUCK THAT WOULD SEND HEEM BACK
HOME...



THE "LUCK", OR BREAKS, CAME ONE DAY... IN
THEES FORM...



AAH..HE'S TOO
YELLOW TO DO
IT... THAT PEPÍN
IS A PUNK!

DO NOT SAY THEES,
NICKY..THEES EES
PEPÍN, THE GREAT
MATADOR I KNEW
BACK EEN MEHICO!
\$100... WHAT YOU
COULD DO
WEETH THAT,
EH, PEPÍN?



SÍ...\$100 WOULD
BUY A TICKET HOME..
EET EES THE SEASON
FOR THE BOOL
FIGHTS...



SÍ... I DO EET...
SÍ...

THAT NIGHT PEPÍN ARRIVED AS HE HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED...THOSE TWO DOGS HAD ALREADY PEECKED A FAT VICTIM... AND AS THEY PLAYED CARDS. WEETH HEEM... SIGH...



YOU DID VERY WELL, PEPÍN...

THE MONEY, SEÑOR... THE MONEY...



O.K... HERE. 100 DOLLARS FOR YOU... THE REST WE KEEP FOR OUR PART... EEN THEES, WHICH, YOU ADMIT, WAS MORE DIFFICULT..

SÍ... THE GIMME THE MONEY

NOW GO.. BEAT IT!



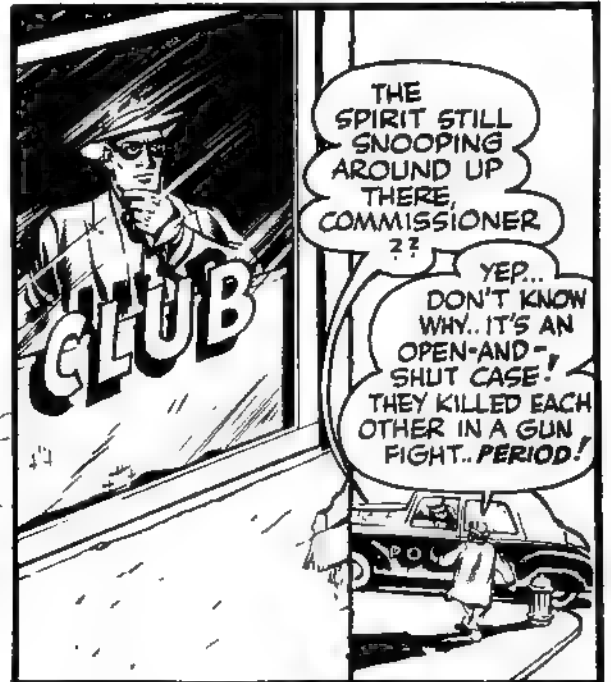
...AND SO, PEPÍN LEFT..AND ALREADY THE THOUGHT OF HIS BELOVED BULL RING MADE HIM FORGET HOW HE HAD MADE THE MONEY... AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR, HE MOVED WITH A MATADOR'S GRACE...



...AND BY THE TIME THE POLICE ARRIVED...

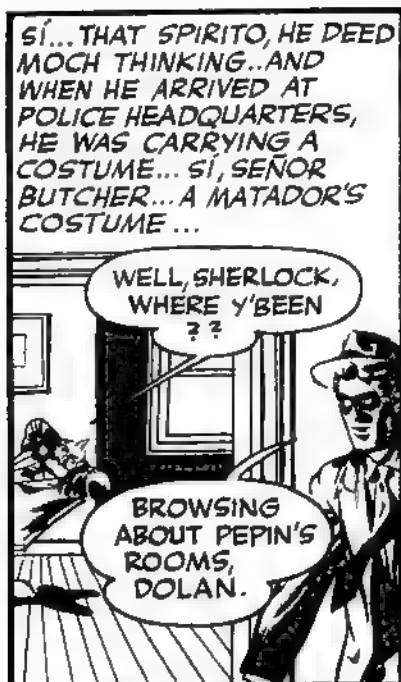


THOSE TWO VULTURES WERE FLYING DOWN TO MEXICO...



THE SPIRIT STILL SNOOPING AROUND UP THERE, COMMISSIONER ??

YEP... DON'T KNOW WHY.. IT'S AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE! THEY KILLED EACH OTHER IN A GUN FIGHT.. PERIOD!



..AND SEÑOR ...WHEN THE SUN ROSE OVER BURROGRANDE NEXT MORNING...



HO HO HO... TWO MORE FRIGHTENED CROOKS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN! MADRE MIA, HOW THEY RUSH DOWNSTAIRS TO THE PRACTISE PEN... BOT THEY CAREFULLY DO NOT GET SO CLOSE THAT THE BOOLFIGHTER COULD SEE THEM...



...AND SURE ENOUGH...THERE BEFORE THEIR EYES WAS WHAT APPEARED TO BE HEEM...AND EEN HEES OWN COSTUME, FOR WHEECH HE WAS WIDELY KNOWN.... AHEN..EET WAS A LEETLE HARD FOR ME TO SEE ALL THAT WAS GOING ON, BECAUSE EET WAS ME WHO THE YOUNG MATADOR WAS FIGHTING.



...WHAT A FIGHTER!



QUEEK WEETH THE CAPE...



WAIT, SMEETH.. WAIT...THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY TO KEEL HEEM AGAIN!

BALONEY!
..ONLY ONE WAY TO KILL HIM..MY WAY!
..ONE SIDE!



COME OUTTA THERE, PEPIN... THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE US BY PLAYIN' POSSUM, EH?... DIS TIME I WON'T MISS...



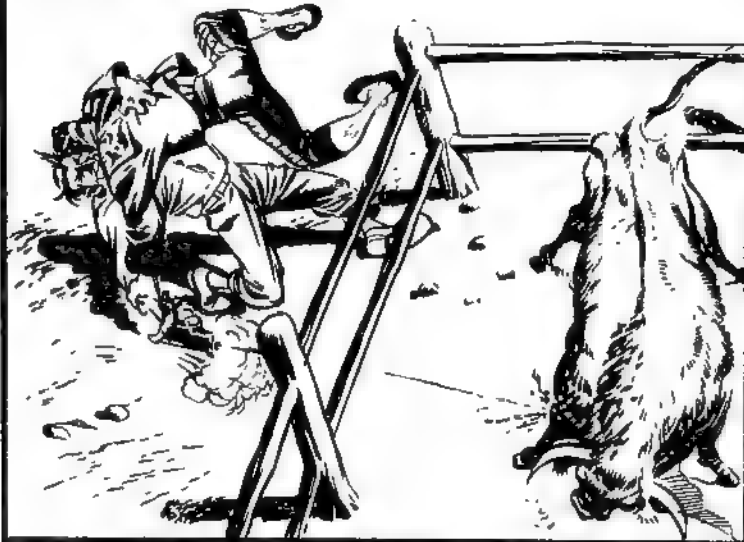
WELL WELL WELL... NICKY SMITH..DIDN'T THINK THIS GAG'D WORK SO QUICKLY... OR SO EASILY!!



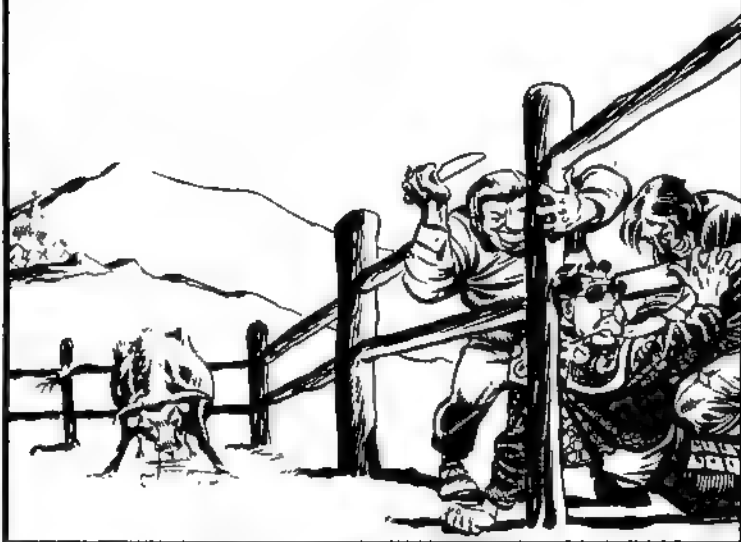
..OF COURSE YOU KNEW EET ALL THE TIME...THAT EET WAS REALLY EL SPIRITO, THE SPIRIT, DRESSED UP! NATURALLY, I WAS NOT GONNA BE SQUEALERS AND TEEP 'EM OFF! SO...I PLAY ALONG WEETH THE GAG.



CARAMBA... BULLETS BEGIN TO FLY AROUND' LIKE FLIES.. AND I AM CATCH ONE EEN THE LEG.. BOY, AM I MAD!! THEES MEANS NO MORE FIGHTING FOR ME!



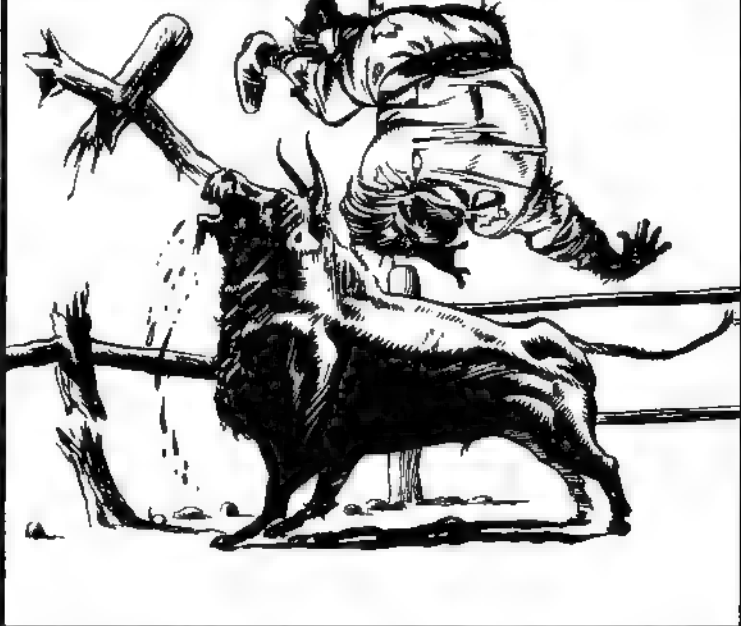
I AM LOOSE MY TEMPER... I AM LOOK AROUND' FOR SOMEBODY TO GORE... CARAMBA, I AM ONE HOT TAMALE!!



..ALL AT ONCE I AM SEE THAT FAT PEEG GARCIA... HE'S SNEAKING OP ONNA SPIRITO...



..THEES EES JOOS' WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...



.. HA, SEÑOR ..WHEN I FEENISH WEETH THAT ONE, HE'S DEAD...



..AN' WHEN I LOOK AROUND', THE SPIRIT, HE'S TALKING TO THE COPS... HE DOES NOT EVEN NOTICE I'M BEING TAKEN AWAY TO THE BUTCHER'S...

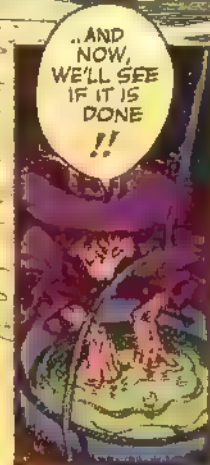


SÍ, SEÑOR SPIRIT... COMMISSIONER DOLAN HAS WIRED US.. CAN WE HELP?

THANKS... I'VE GOT MY MAN NOW... ALL I NEED ARE THE EXTRADITION PAPERS FOR SMITH...

EASILY DONE, SEÑOR... AS FOR GARCIA, WE'LL CARE FOR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.





HALLOWEEN

ONCE WAS ALL HALLOWS
EVE WHEN WITCHES AND
GOBLINS AND THE EVIL
POWERS OF THE AIR
HELD THEIR ANNUAL
CONCLAVE. TODAY THE
WORLD IS FREE OF
THESE EVIL SPIRITS
WE'LL ALMOST FREE OF
THEM. THERE'S STILL
CENTRAL CITY USA
A METROPOLIS OF 200,000
PEOPLE AND ONE GENUINE
14TH GENERATION AMERICAN
WITCH.

NOW, CHILDREN...
ALL THE DECORATIONS
ARE READY...AS SOON
AS THE LADY WHO'S
GOING TO PLAY
THE WITCH ARRIVES,
WE CAN START TO
REHEARSE THE
HALLOWEEN
PAGEANT

AW, MISS
DOLAN I'M
SICK OF
WAITIN'
AROUND FOR
THIS DOPEY
PAGEANT!

HOPE
OL' HAZEL
MACBETH
SHOWS UP
THIS YEAR...
SHE'S A
REAL
WITCH!

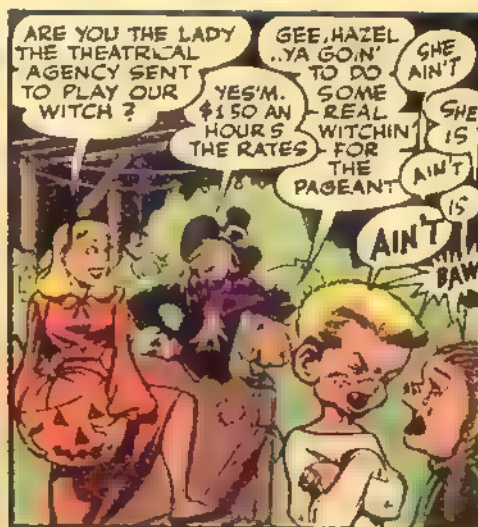
HEY..
OPEN
UP!!

THERE REALLY
AREN'T ANY
WITCHES...
YES
THERE ARE
HAZEL P. MACBETH
& ONE, ALE...
DOLAN



IT'S
HAZEL
MACBETH
!!

WHO?
HI-YA,
KIDS!

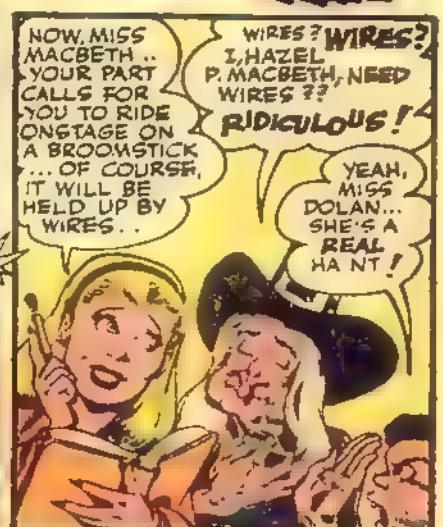


ARE YOU THE LADY
THE THEATRICAL
AGENCY SENT
TO PLAY OUR
WITCH?

GEE, HAZEL
..YA GOIN'
TO DO
SOME
REAL
WITCHIN'
FOR
THE
PAGEANT

YES'M.
\$150 AN
HOURS
THE RATES

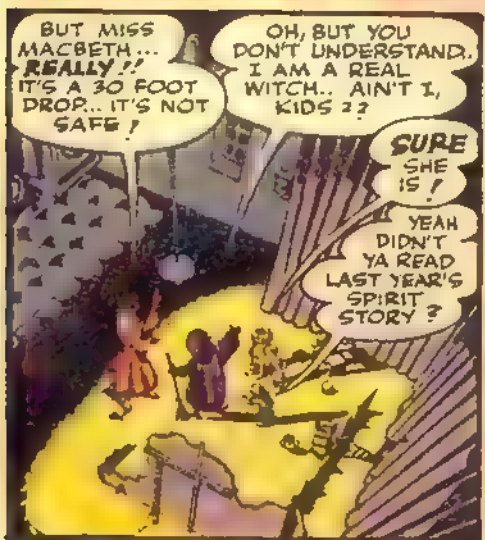
SHE
AIN'T
SHE
IS
AIN'T
IS
AW



NOW, MISS
MACBETH...
YOUR PART
CALLS FOR
YOU TO RIDE
ONSTAGE ON
A BROOMSTICK
... OF COURSE,
IT WILL BE
HELD UP BY
WIRES..

WIRES? WIRES?
I, HAZEL
P. MACBETH, NEED
WIRES??
RIDICULOUS!

YEAH,
MISS
DOLAN...
SHE'S A
REAL
HA NT!

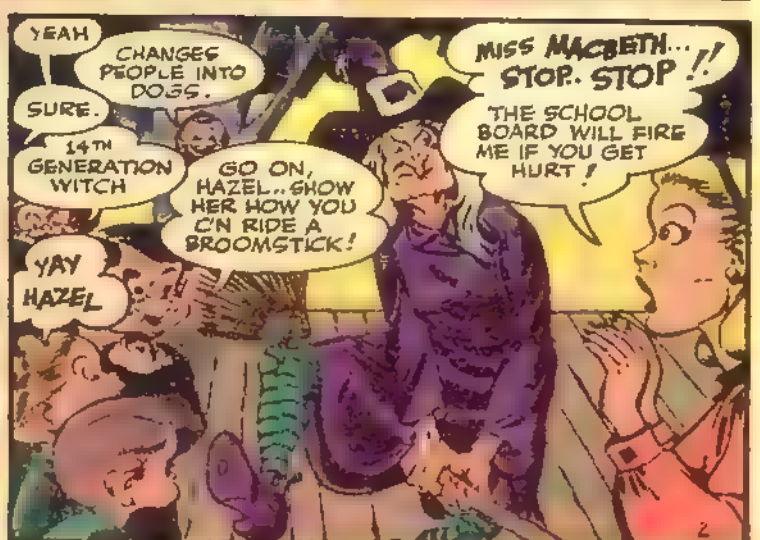


BUT MISS
MACBETH...
REALLY!!
IT'S A 30 FOOT
DROP... IT'S NOT
SAFE!

OH, BUT YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I AM A REAL
WITCH.. AIN'T I,
KIDS??

SURE
SHE
IS!

YEAH
DIDN'T
YA READ
LAST YEAR'S
SPIRIT
STORY?



YEAH
CHANGES
PEOPLE INTO
DOGS.

SURE.

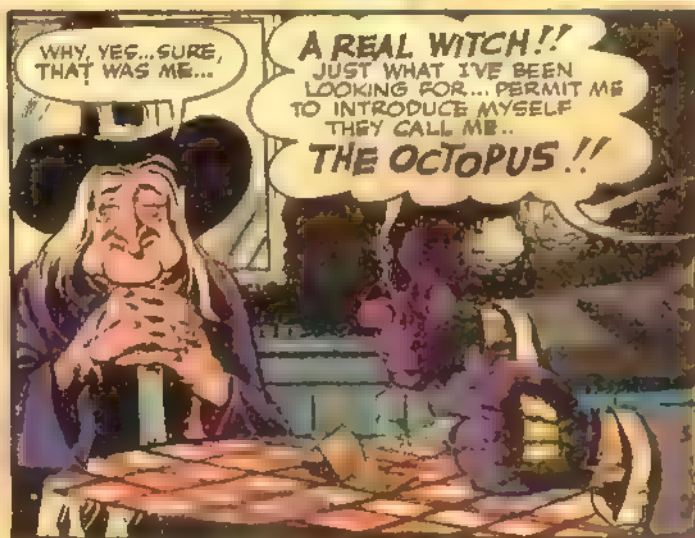
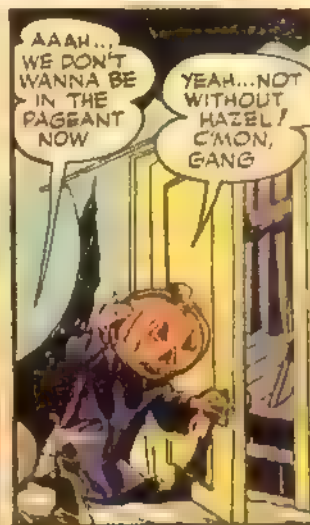
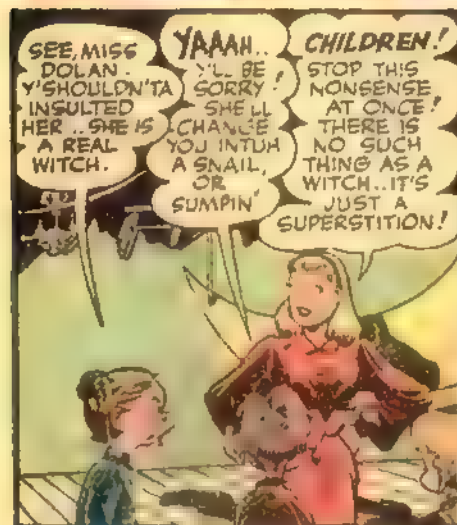
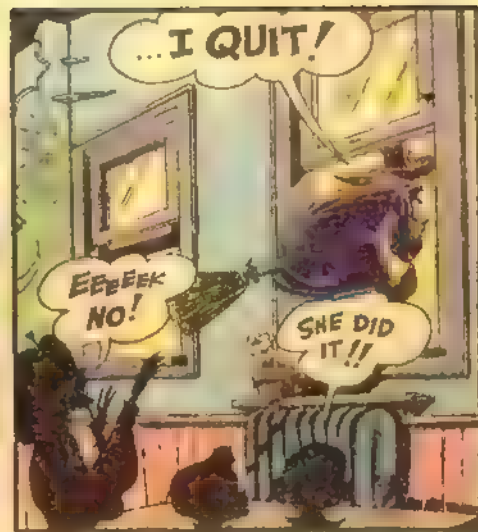
14TH
GENERATION
WITCH

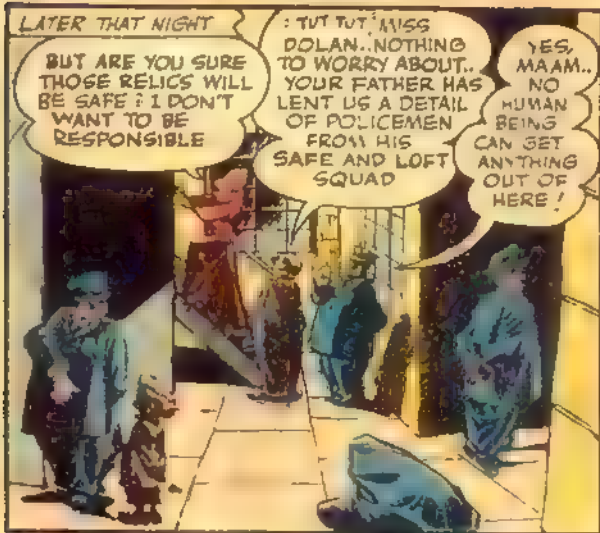
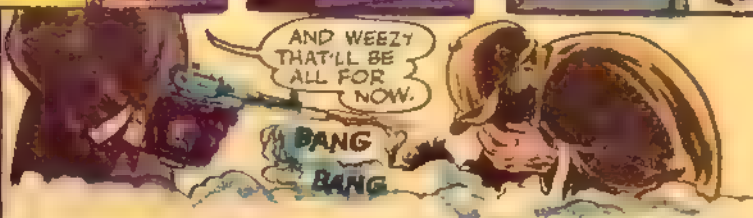
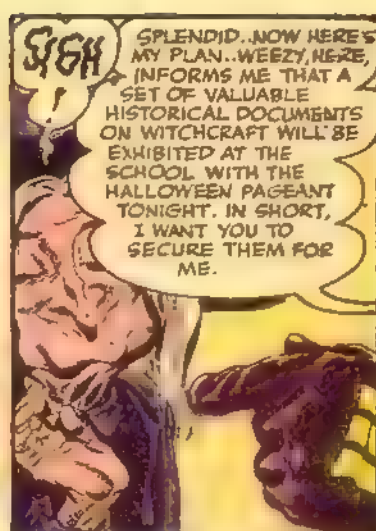
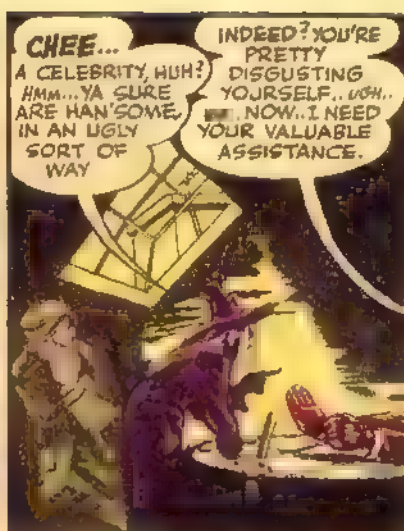
GO ON,
HAZEL...SHOW
HER HOW YOU
C'N RIDE A
BROOMSTICK!

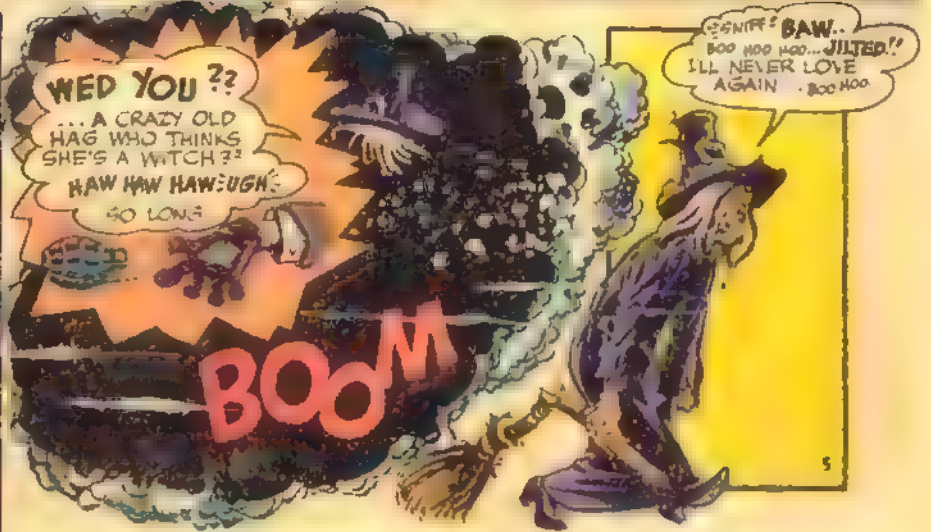
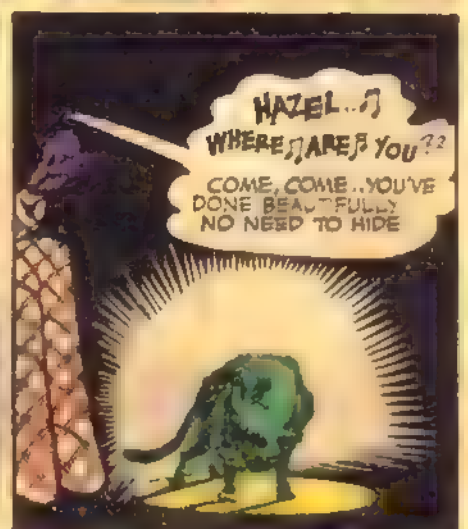
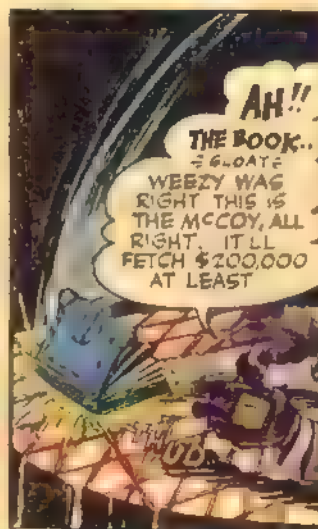
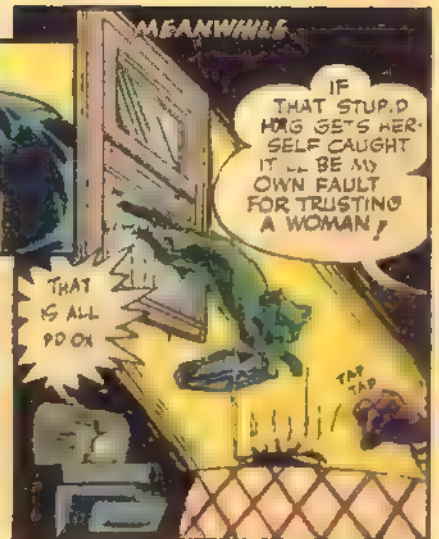
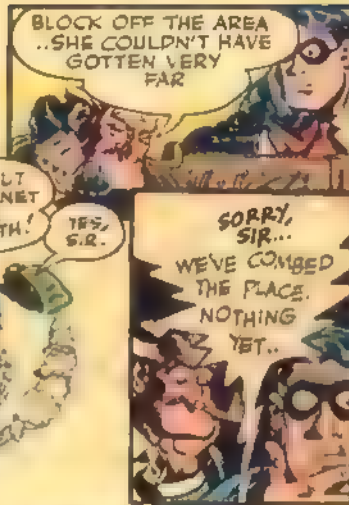
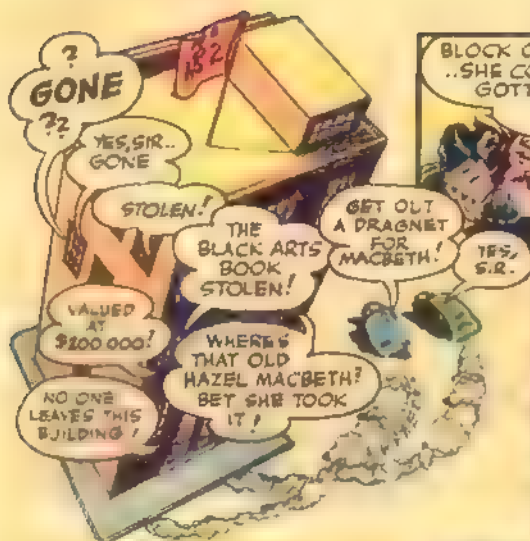
YAY
HAZEL

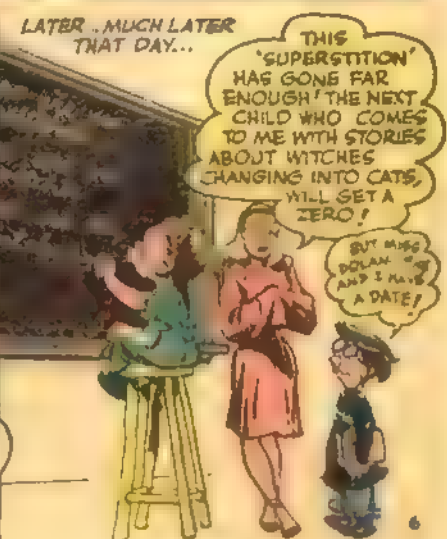
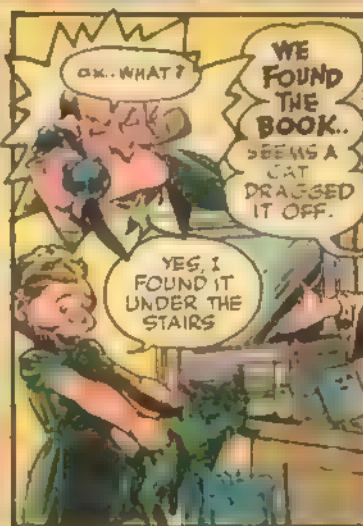
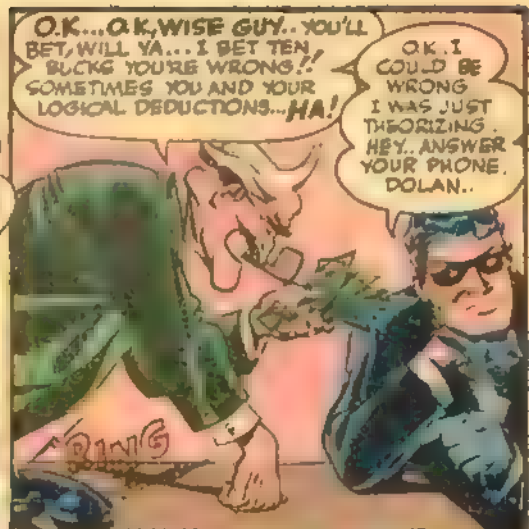
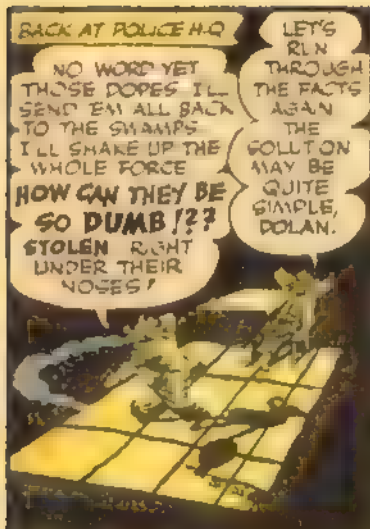
MISS MACBETH...
STOP. STOP!!

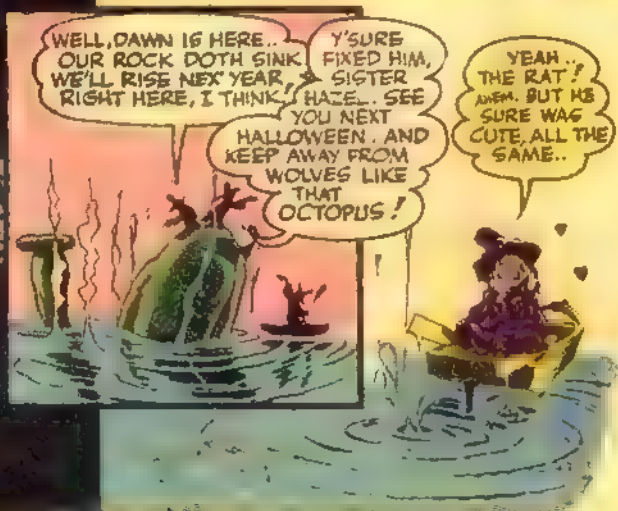
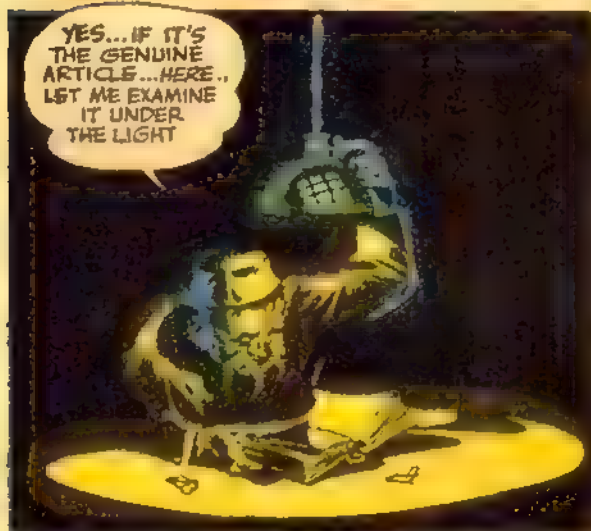
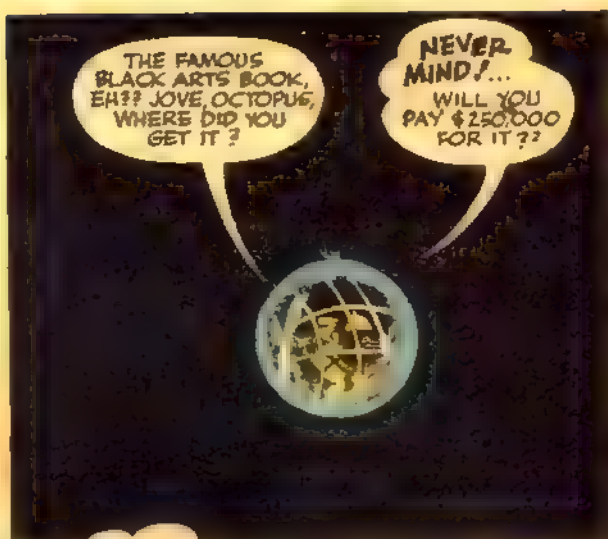
THE SCHOOL
BOARD WILL FIRE
ME IF YOU GET
HURT!











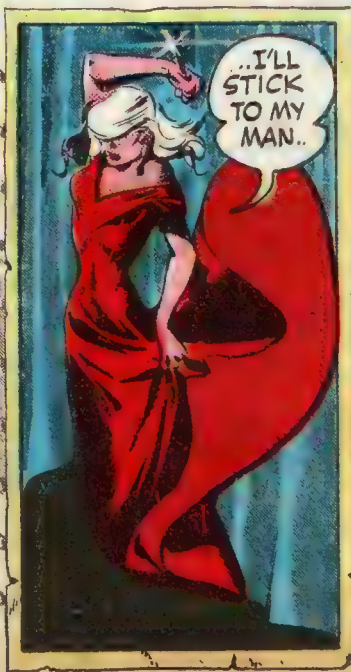
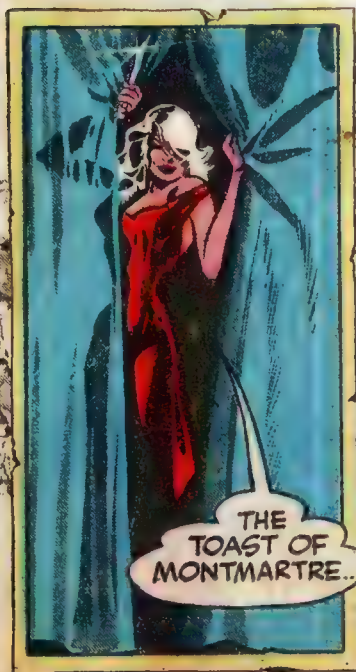


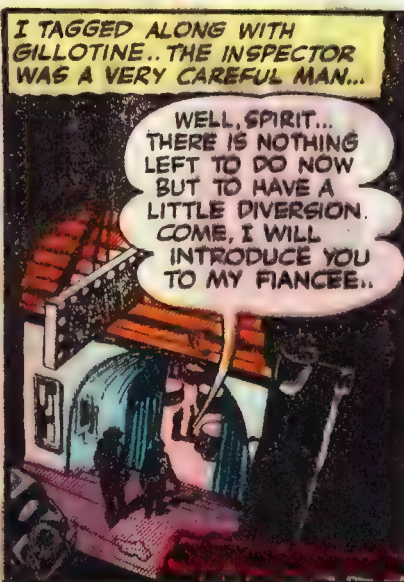
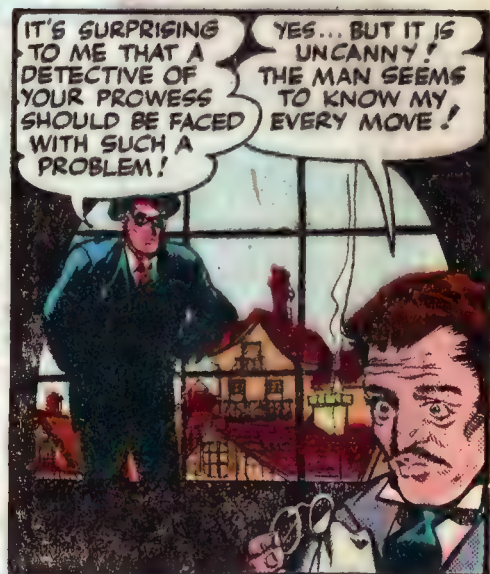
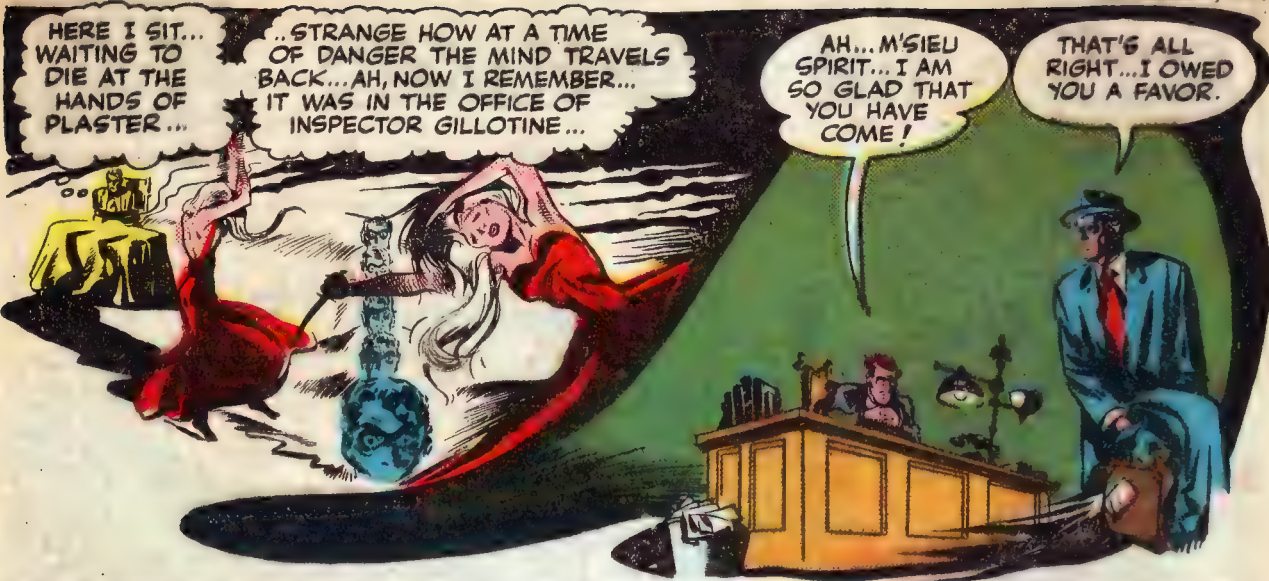
THE STARLEDGER

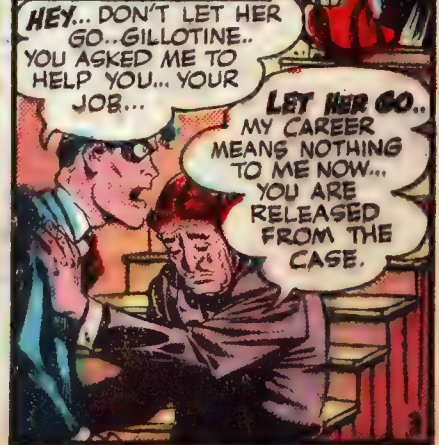
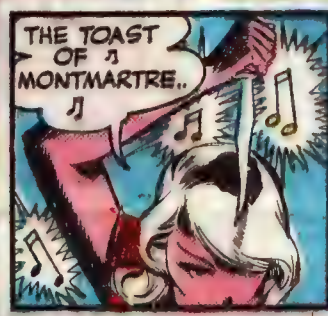
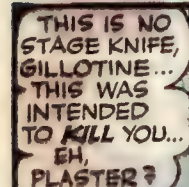
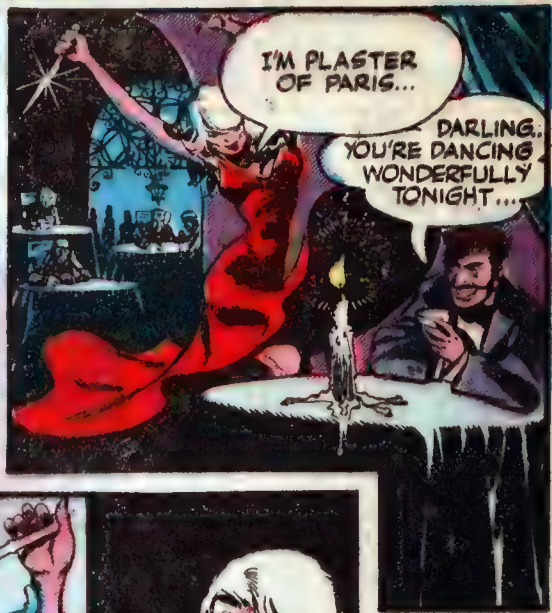
NEWARK, N.J.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1948

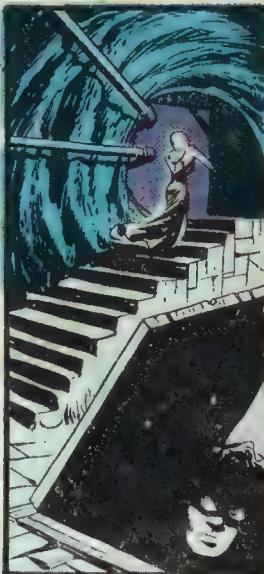
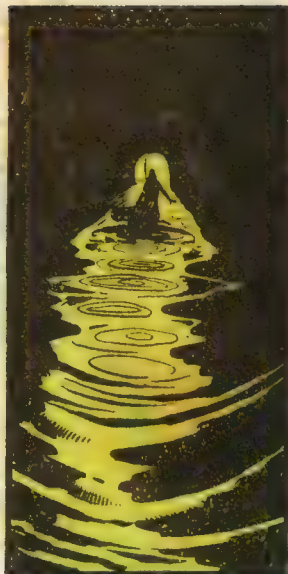
ACTION
Mystery
Adventure



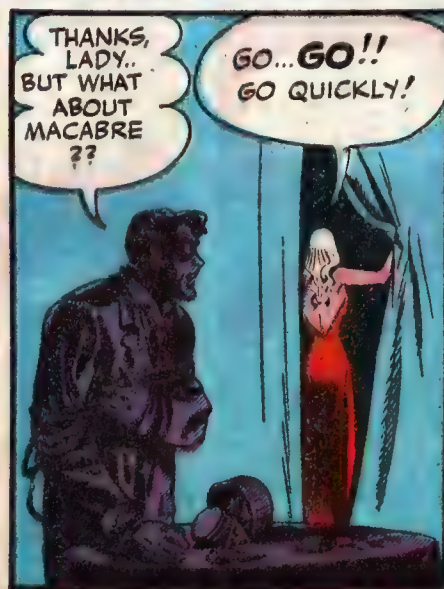
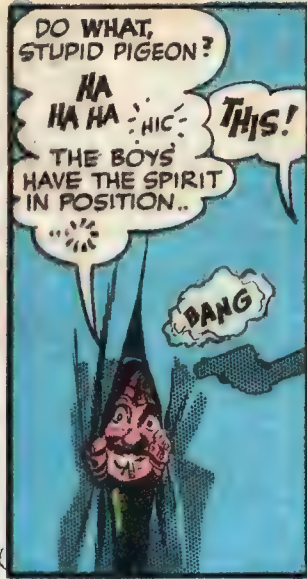


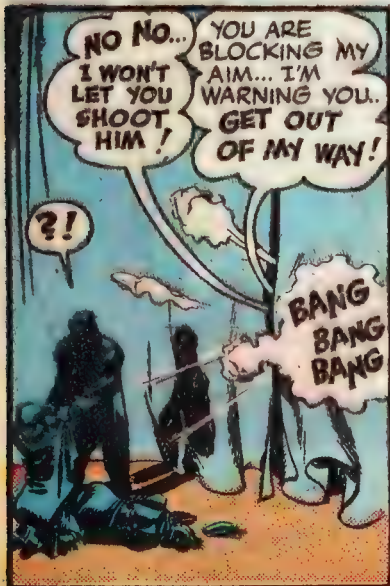
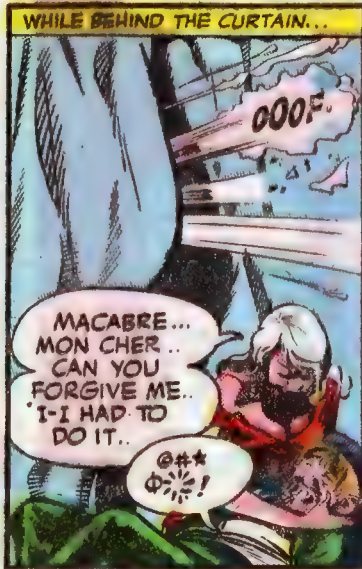
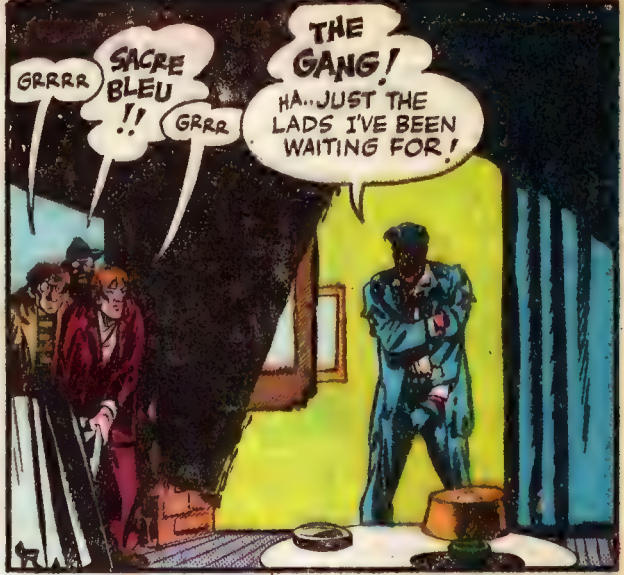


AND FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE SEWERS RANG WITH THE CLACK OF FRIGHTENED FEET...

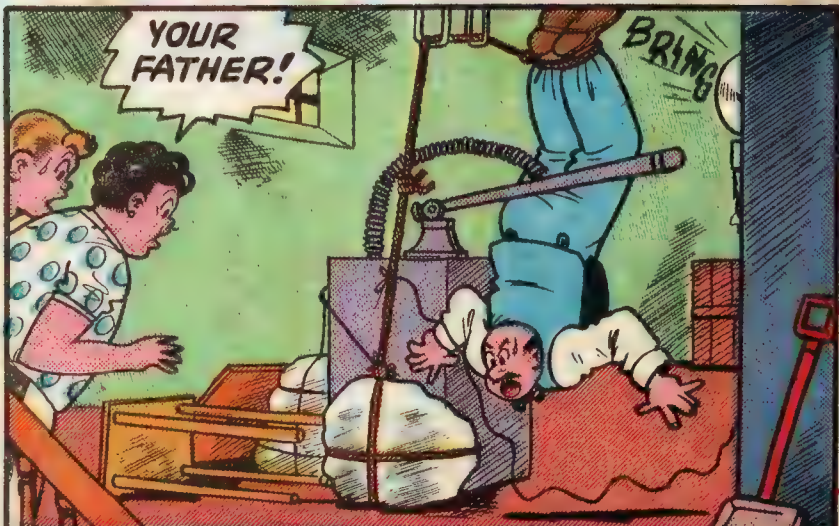
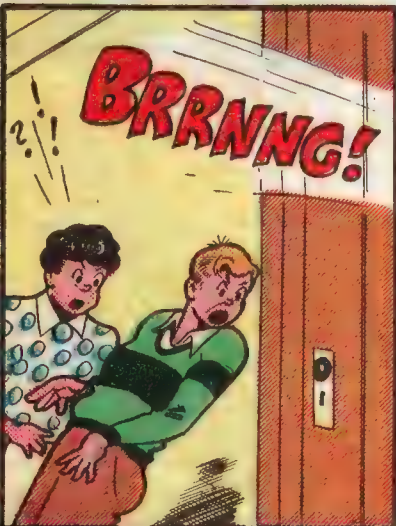
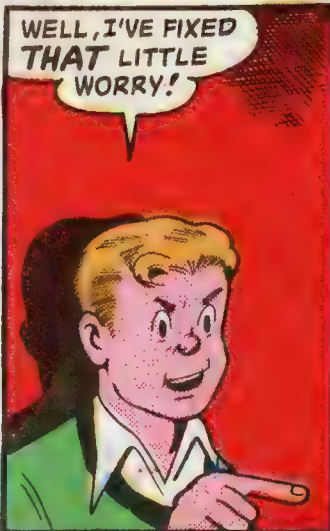
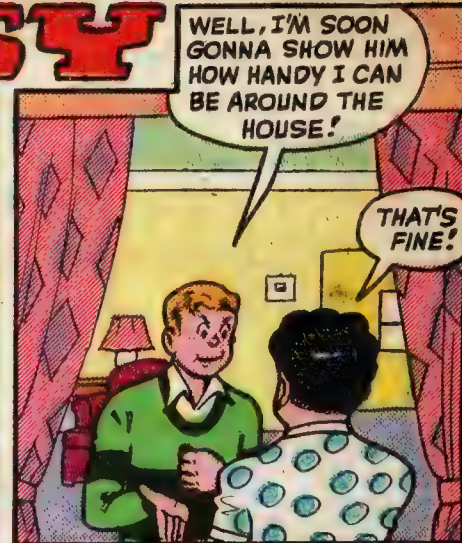
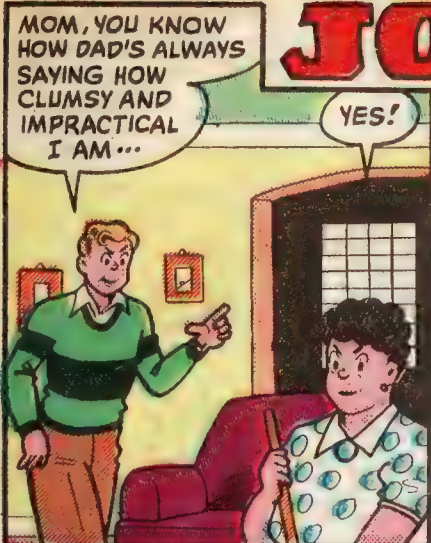








JONESY

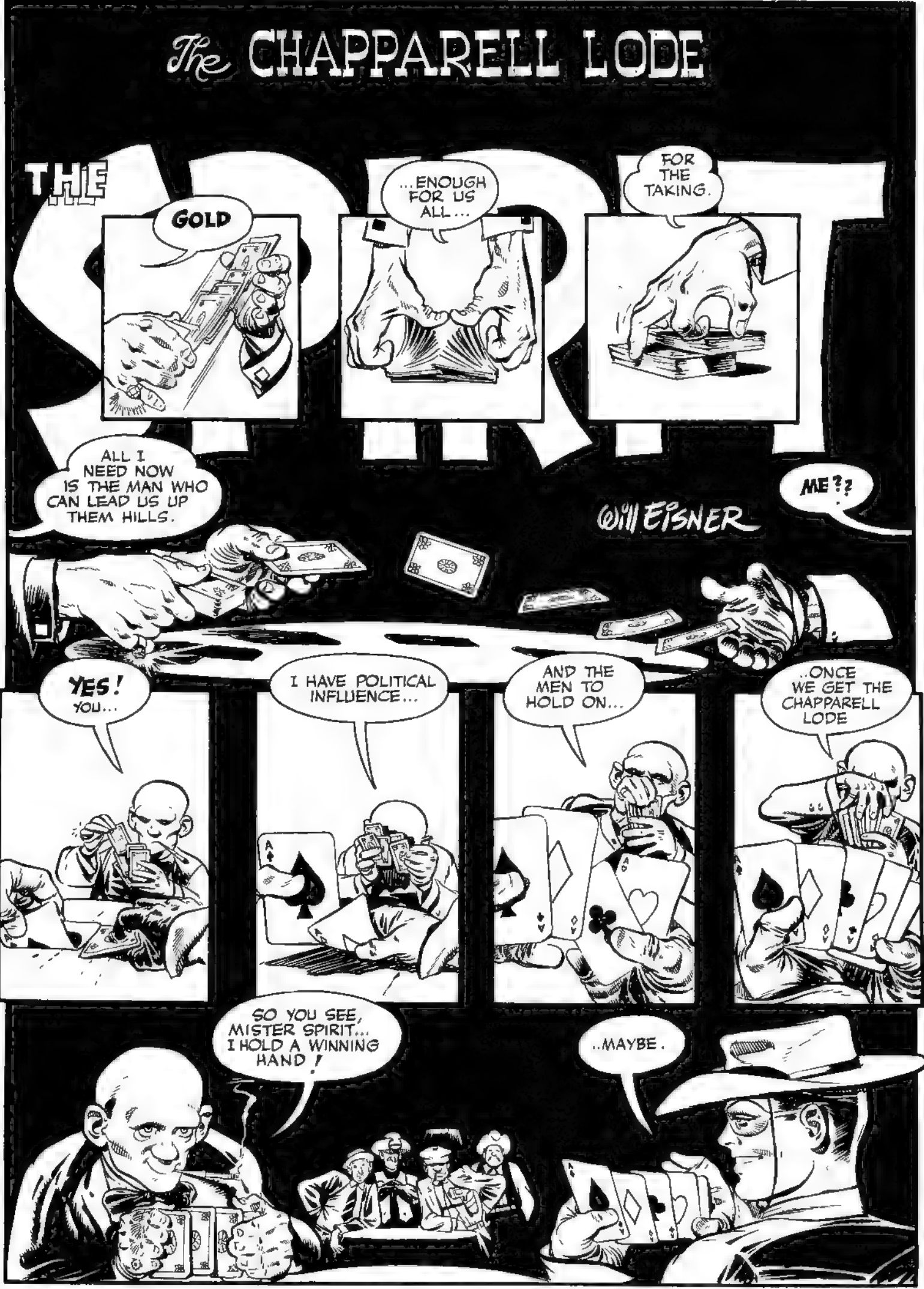


NEXT WEEK

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THE OUTCOME OF THE ELECTIONS ???

DON'T BE A SOREHEAD.

SEE NEXT WEEK'S SPIRIT FOR GOOD NEWS IN...
"PRESIDENT JR."



FOUR QUEENS

FOUR ACES..
I WIN.

Y'MEAN, ANY MAN WHO CAN GET THERE FIRST AND LIVE...

RIGHT...AND SINCE YOU NEED ME, I'LL **STAY ALIVE !!**

O.K., MISTER SPIRIT...YOU WIN THIS HAND...BUT THERE'S MORE'N ONE HAND TO A GAME...WHAT IF I WIN THE NEXT ??

JUST SO YOU DON'T USE A COLD DECK, QUIRTE...SORRY THE SAM CHAPPARELL TREASURE IN BOOT CAMP IS STILL ANY MAN'S!

...SINCE I'M THE ONLY MAN TO HAVE BEEN THERE AND BACK... SORRY, QUIRTE...I'VE PROMISED THAT SITE TO THE **SANITARIUM** PEOPLE..THEY'LL PUT BOOT CAMP TO BETTER USE !!

HOTEL

DID QUIRTE AGREE TO LAY OFF, SPIRIT?

ON THE CONTRARY... HE'LL MAKE **TROUBLE!** NOW LOOK AT THE OLD MAP... WHILE I REVIEW THE WHOLE STORY...

... SIX WEEKS AGO, IN ANSWER TO A WIRE FROM OLD SHERIFF OMAR TRENT, I FOLLOWED SAM CHAPPARELL TO BOOT CAMP... A SORT OF BAD-MAN'S SHANGRI-LA HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS... WHERE THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO PURE IT CAN KEEP MEN ALIVE FOR **300 YEARS !!**

AFTER SOME GUN-PLAY..DURING WHICH I STOPPED A LITTLE LEAD... I FOUND MYSELF IN THE VALLEY. THE REST OF THE BAD MEN HAD LEFT THE CAMP AND DIED !! THAT CAMP IS NOW **CLAIM-FREE LAND**, AND THAT'S WHY I INFORMED YOU **SANITARIUM** PEOPLE.. THAT STRANGE CLIMATE, IF PROPERLY USED, COULD HELP A LOT OF PEOPLE !

BUT THAT SITE IS STILL IN DISPUTE BY FOUR STATES. WHAT'LL WE DO TILL IT'S CLEARED ??

I'VE GIVEN THE MAP TO ELLEN. AS SOON AS YOU GET GOVERNMENT CLEARANCE, YOU COME UP. DOLAN AND I WILL **HOLD OUT** AGAINST QUIRTE UNTIL YOU GET THERE.

LET US PRAY IT'LL BE SOON !

THE NEXT MORNING ELLEN BEGINS THE DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME... FILING CLAIMS... REQUESTING A HOSPITAL FRANCHISE...

NOT OUR DEPARTMENT

Fill Form 66823-b

We're busy... we can't rush this through channels.

Wrong Form

FILE IT IN TRIPLICATE?? YES, SIR.

YOU MUST ALSO FILE WITH THE COUNTY CLERK.

HMMM... THE PAPERS ARE ALL IN ORDER... NOW WE NEED DR. BAKER'S APPLICATIONS.

OH DEAR... I'LL GO BACK TO MY HOTEL AND WRITE THEM UP.

HURRY DOCTOR... HURRY!!

MEANWHILE...

THERE THEY ARE.

O.K., EAGLE EYE... LET 'EM HAVE IT!

WING 'EM BOTH... MAKE 'EM WALK... NICE AND SLOW, SO WE CAN FOLLOW.

...KNEW THEY'D FOLLOW AND TRY TO GET US... BEST WE BORROW A LITTLE TRANSPORTATION FROM THEM!

DON'T SHOOT BACK, DOLAN.

Getty! Getty! !!!

OOOAH MY FEET! WE MUSTA GONE MILES... THESE DOGGONE COWBOY BOOTS AIN'T GOOD F'R...

SHHH!

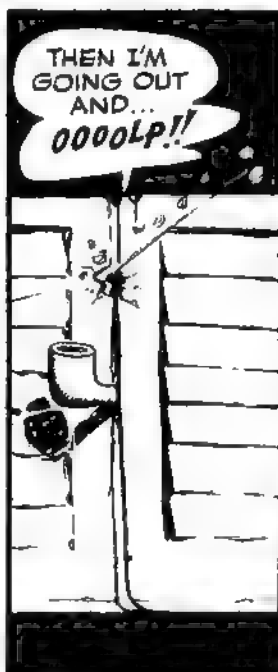
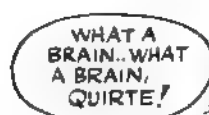
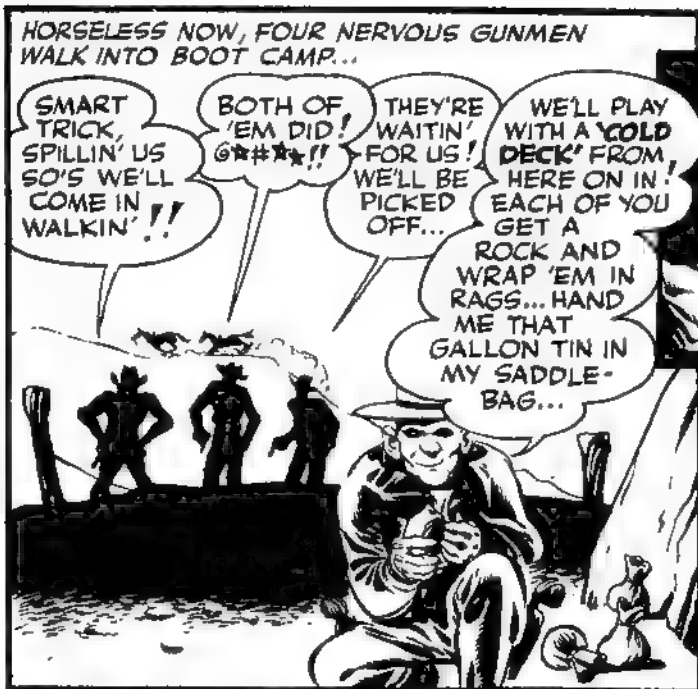
KEEP TO THE ROAD... WE'LL CLIMB AND KEEP A MILE OR SO AHEAD OF 'EM.

RIGHT, QUIRTE !!

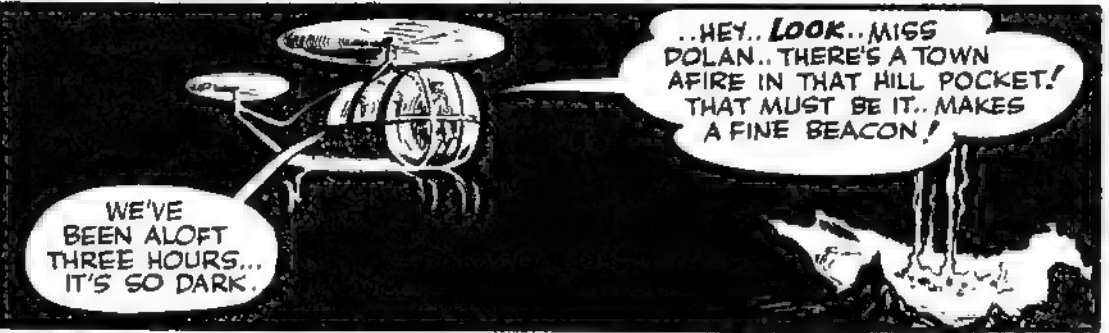
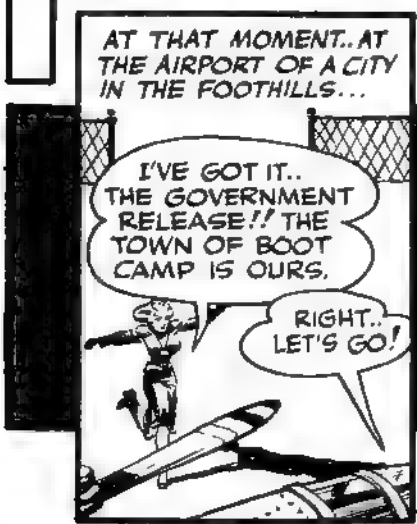
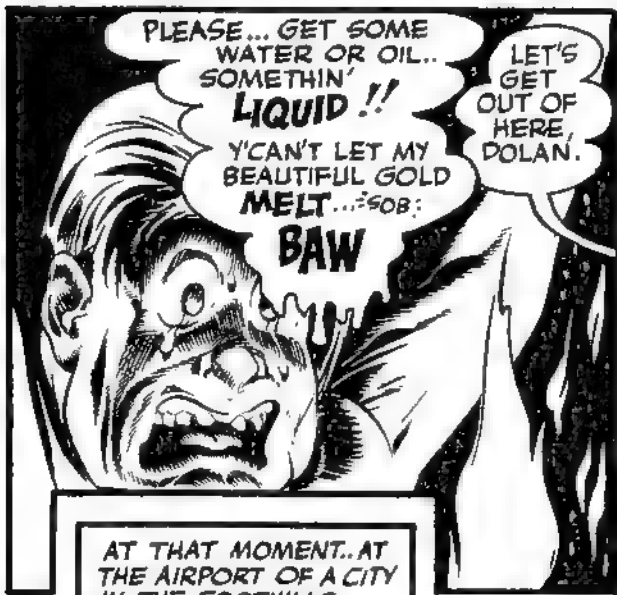
HEY... UGH?

GIMME MODERN CIVILIZATION OVER THE OLD WEST ANY DAY !!









QUIRTE



...AND UP IN THE HILLS, BESIDE A PATHETIC LITTLE CAMPFIRE.

THANKSGIVING?

HMPP!! WHAT A WAY TO SPEND IT... HIDING IN THESE FORGOTTEN MOUNTAIN PEAKS... A FORTUNE IN GOLD DUST IN MY POKE, AND NOTHIN' BUT A SCRAWNY RABBIT TO FEED ON... IF ONLY I HAD A HORSE I COULD MAKE A TOWN BY SUNRISE AND BUY ME A GIANT MEAL...

6#0!! LOOKIT THEM SUCKERS DOWN IN WHAT'S LEFT O' BOOT CAMP... THE SPIRIT AND HIS FRIENDS BEEN LUGGIN' IN SUPPLIES BY AIR ALL DAY.. BET THEY'RE EATIN' IN STYLE... HMMM... I **COULD** SNEAK DOWN AND STEAL A HORSE AND SOME GRUB...

BUT NO.. BETTER NOT TRY THAT.. AFTER WHAT I DID, BURNIN' DOWN THE PLACE TO GET THAT GOLD, THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST WAITIN' FER ME TO SHOW UP...



HA.. I CAN WAIT! YEAH... I'LL BE EATIN' OFF SILVER PLATES NEXT THANKSGIVING... HA HA HA HA HA I'M RICH NOW !!

I CAN REMEMBER WORSE THANKSGIVINGS... YEAH... THE TIME I SWINDLED THOSE INJUNS OUTTA THAT OIL LAND... HA! WHAT A THANKSGIVING THAT WAS! 0*# 000!!

YEAH... ON THE RUN.. EVERY THANKSGIVING I CAN REMEMBER, ON THE FLY.. IF COPS AIN'T CHASIN' ME, IT'S SOME SUCKER I JUST FLEECEED! SUCKERS... ALL OF 'EM! I'M TOO SMART TO GO ON BEIN' A SMALL-TIME OPERATOR!!



I'LL OPEN ME A GAMBLING JOINT SO BIG IT'LL NET MORE THAN THE U.S. TREASURY! YES, SIR... NEXT THANKSGIVING'S GONNA BE A LULU!



EARLY SNOW UP IN PEAKS.. NO FOOD TILL SPRING... PLEASE.. WANT-UM FOOD.. ME HONGRY.. YOU SHARE FOOD WITH ME..

UGH..

GIT YORE HANDS OFF'N MY FOOD !!

BANG

UGH..

FOOD AIN'T WHAT Y'R AFTER, IS IT...?? IT'S ME **GOLD!!** ★◎✱#!! I'LL TEACH YOU... **GIT...**

ME "LITTLE FOX HERMIT".. PUT-UM BAD CURSE ON YOU! YOU EVIL SPIRITS... ME HAVE GOOD SPIRITS !!

YAH... BEAT IT... BEAT IT! Y' MOOSE!!

HA HA.. LOOKIT HIM RUN.. GOT TO MAKE PLANS NOW.. THINK.. GOT TO THINK... WHICH WAY IS TOWN.. OOH, MY HEAD ACHES.

STOP...

THINK HARD...

JUST A MINUTE... MAYBE HE DIDN'T WANT YOUR GOLD... MAYBE HE'S WORKIN' WITH THE SPIRIT... YOU HEARD HIM SAY HE HAD A GOOD SPIRIT...

AAH... THE SPIRIT WON'T COME UP AFTER YOU.. YOU AIN'T DONE HIM NO HARM...

AIN'T DONE HIM NO HARM??

WHO ARE YOU KIDDIN'? YA SHOT DOLAN.. BURNT DOWN THE TOWN... Y'D BEST GIT GOIN' FAST! **RUN! RUN!**

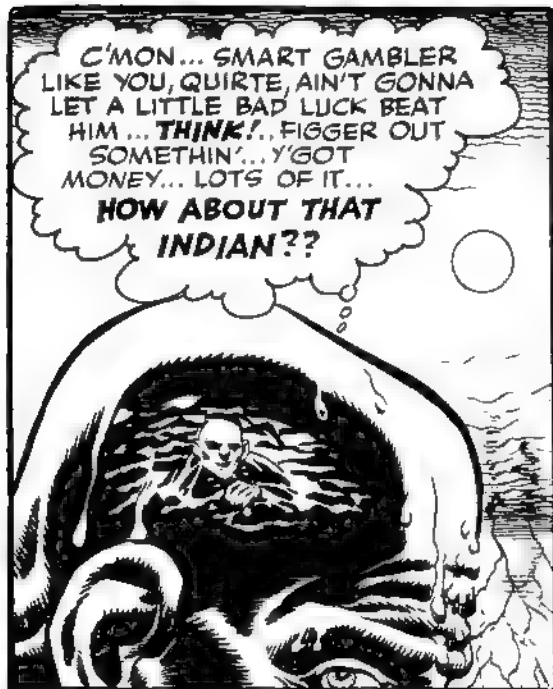
Y'GOT NOTHIN' T'WORRY ABOUT, KID... Y'GOT MONEY.. AND MONEY IS EVERY-THING IN THIS WORLD



NO COMPASS... GIVE \$100,000 FOR ONE...
GLAK! WATER... GLAK! NEED WATER...
MUST BE WATER WHERE
ROCKS END...

GAH!! THE COUNTRY'S GITTIN' SANDY... SUN IS
BURNIN' ME... GOTTA HAVE WATER... WHEN I BUY
ME RANCH I'LL HAVE 200 WELLS WITH SPIGOTS ALL
OVER THE PLACE... HEY!... A LAKE... A LAKE...
UP YONDER...





MAYBE HE'LL BE SORE 'CAUSE I
TOOK A SHOT AT HIM... NAH, HE'LL FORGET
IT WHEN I OFFER TO SHARE ALL MY GOLD...

THERE HE IS... AND HE'S
GOT A SKIN OF WATER!!



BOOT
CAMP
SANITARIUM
FOR
CARDIAC
CHILDREN
TO BE ERECTED
HERE



Nov. 21, 1948

PAGE 7

The Spirit

"...AT DUSK OF THAT DAY..THE PATHETIC, SHRIVELLED FIGURE OF WHAT WAS ONCE QUIRTE THE GAMBLER STAGGERED INTO BOOT CAMP."



"...HE BRANDISHED A PISTOL AND CROAKED SOME THREAT THROUGH BLACKENED LIPS... AND COLLAPSED AT OUR FEET..."



"...HE WAS DEAD BEFORE WE COULD ADMINISTER FIRST AID..."



THE GOLD.. WHUT HAPPENED TO THE GOLD ??



OK.. LET ME FINISH... "THE GOLD QUIRTE HAD STRUGGLED SO HARD TO GET WAS GONE..."



SIGH... PROBABLY LYIN' SOMEWHERE UP IN THOSE PEAKS... JES' WAITIN' FOR SOMEONE TO GO UP AN' FIND IT!



...IF ONE WANTS THE GOLD SO BADLY, THAT IS...



The AMULET OF OSIRIS



by Will EISNER

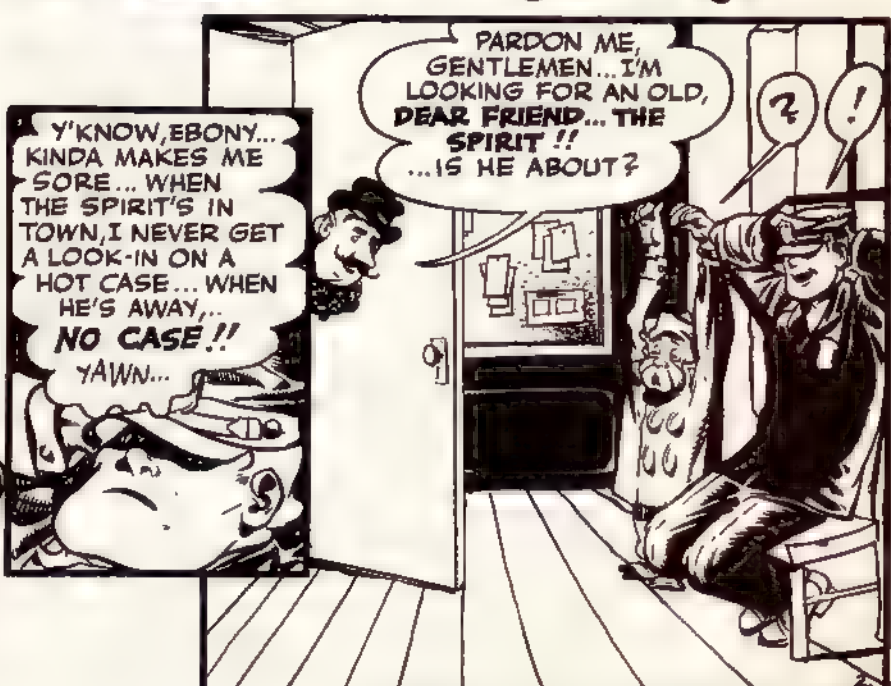
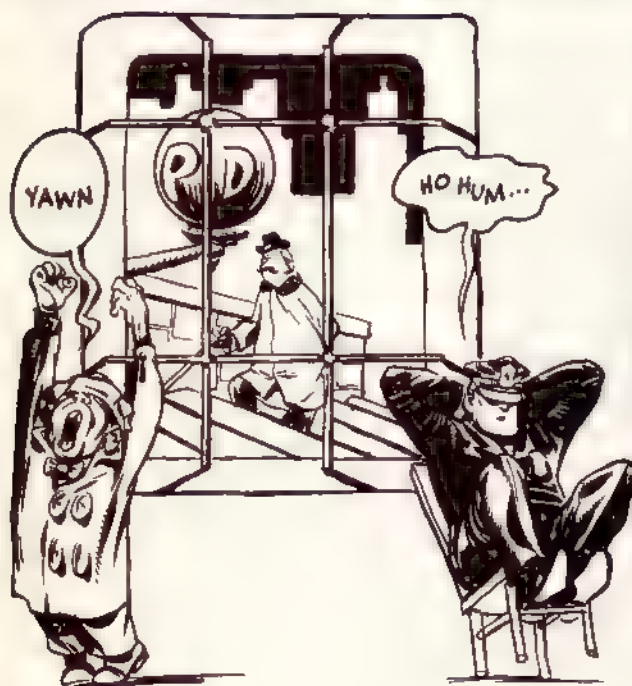
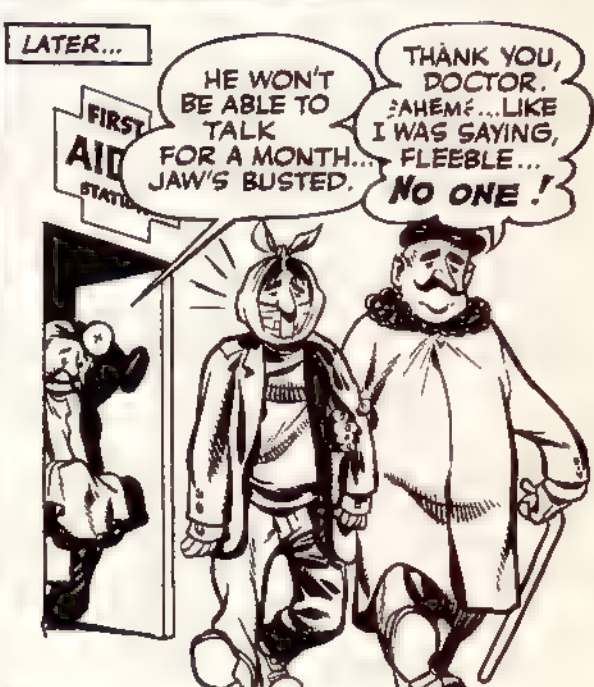
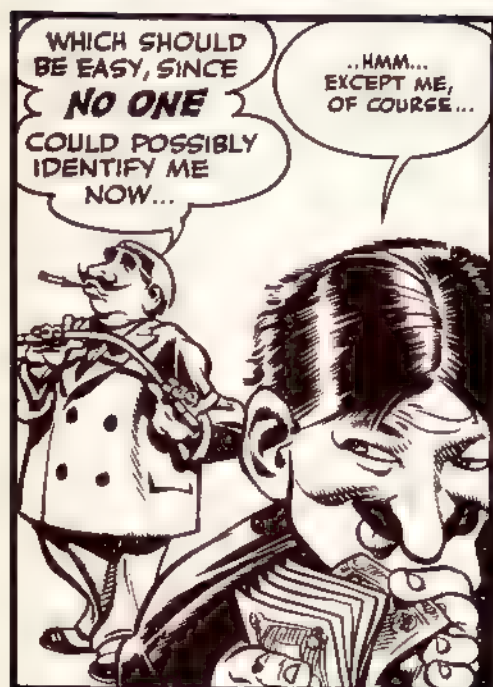
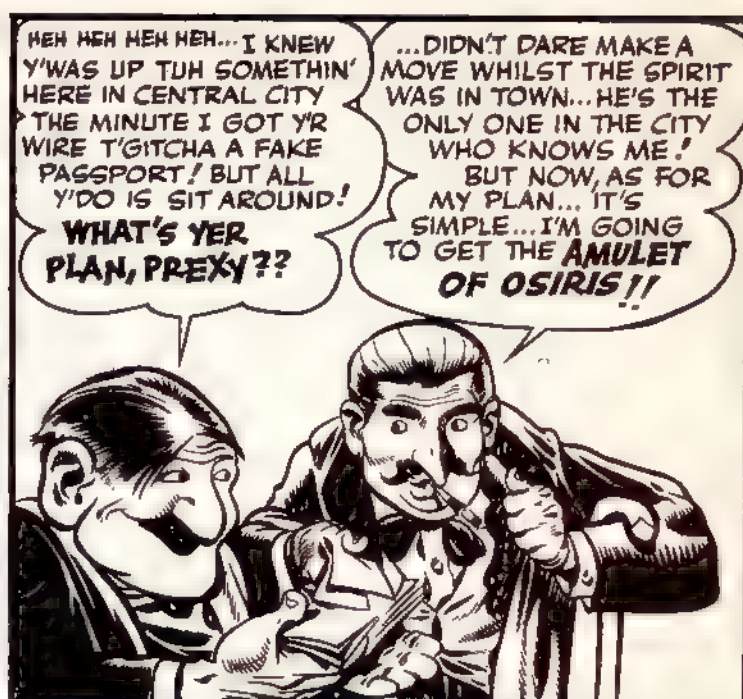
Thus, sped by currents of curiosity
afloat the swift river of rumor
do secrets sail
to strange ports !!

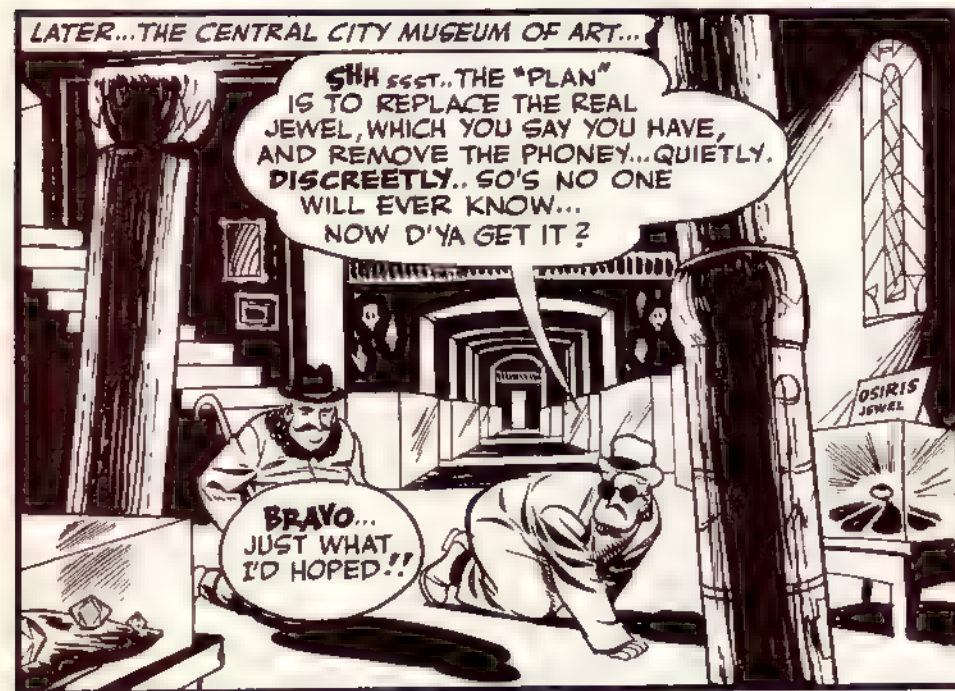
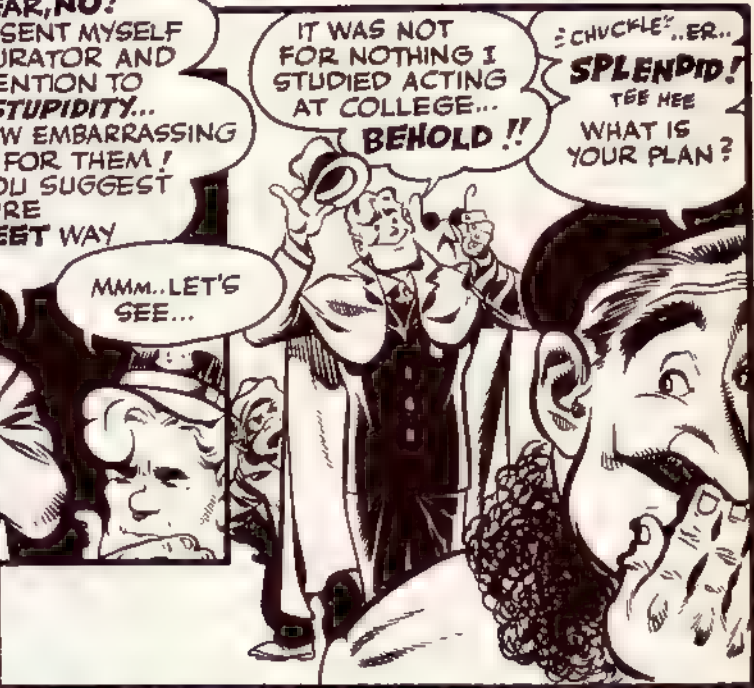
WOULD YOU PAY
FOR A BIT OF CHOICE
GOSSIP, PREXY ??

...DEPENDS !!

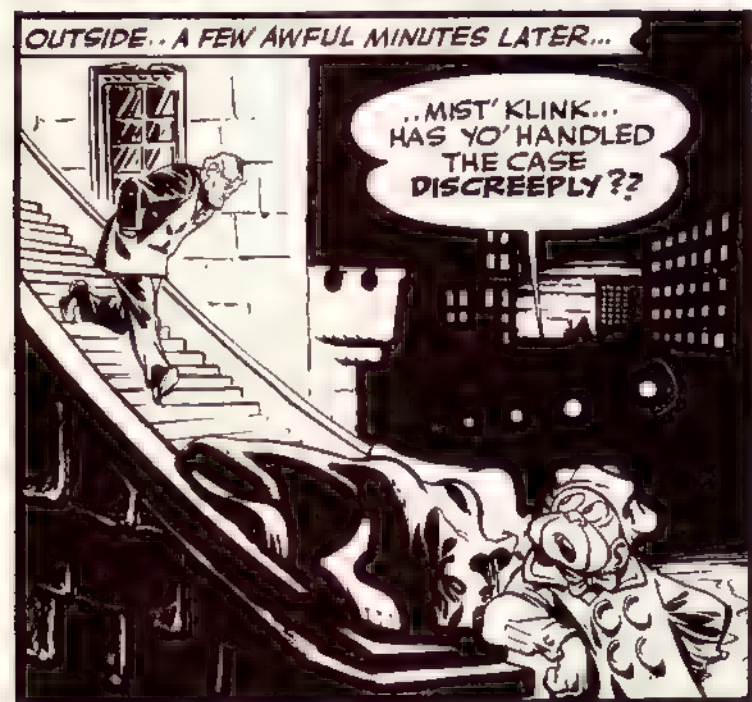


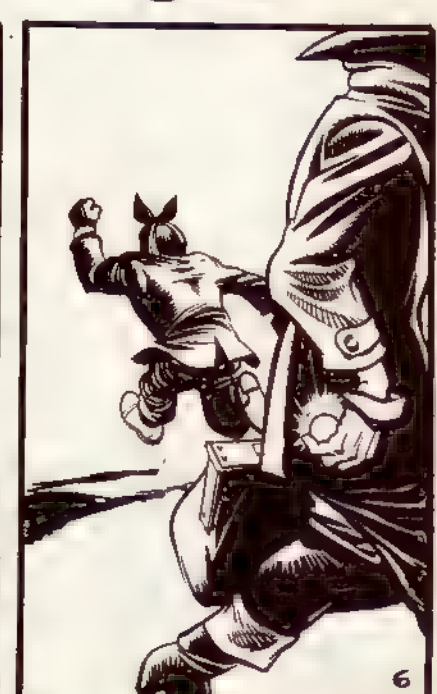
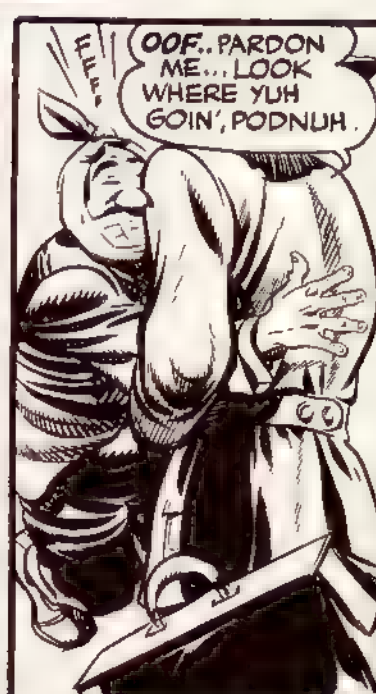
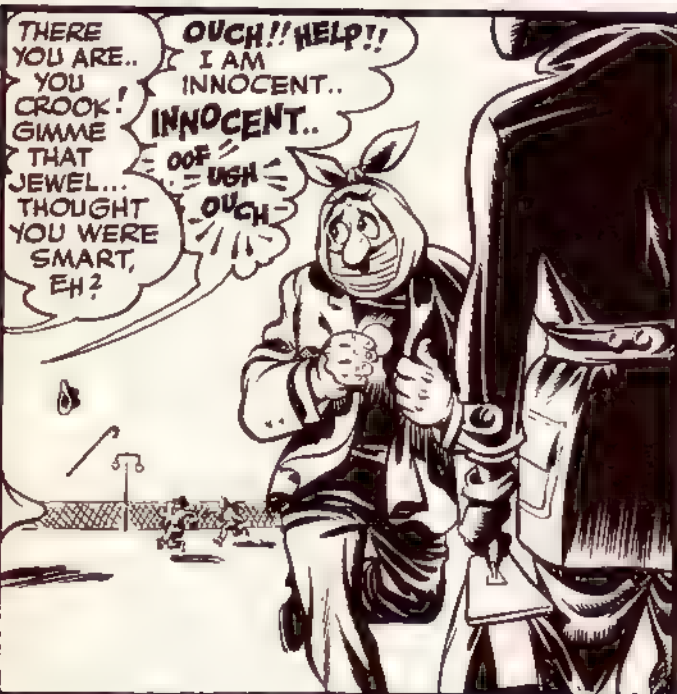
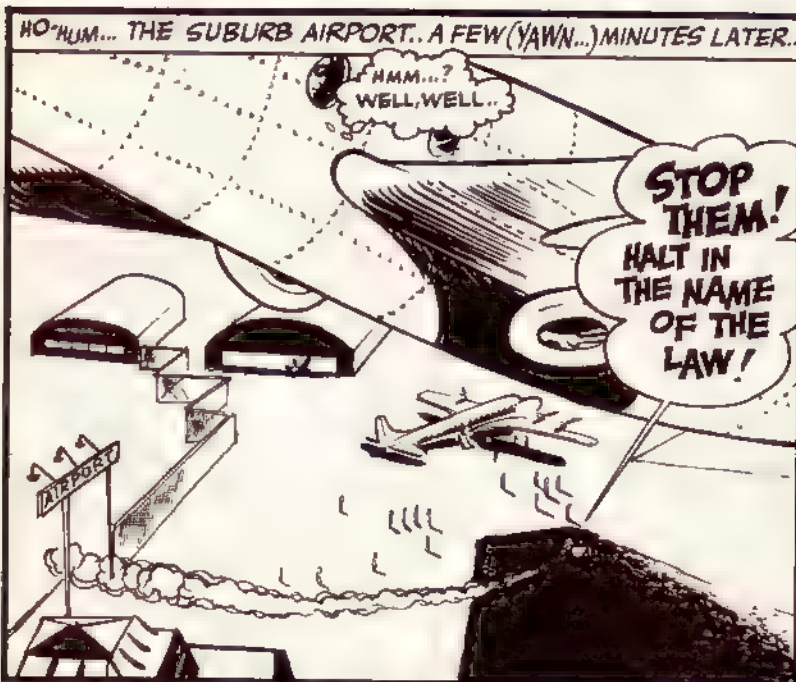
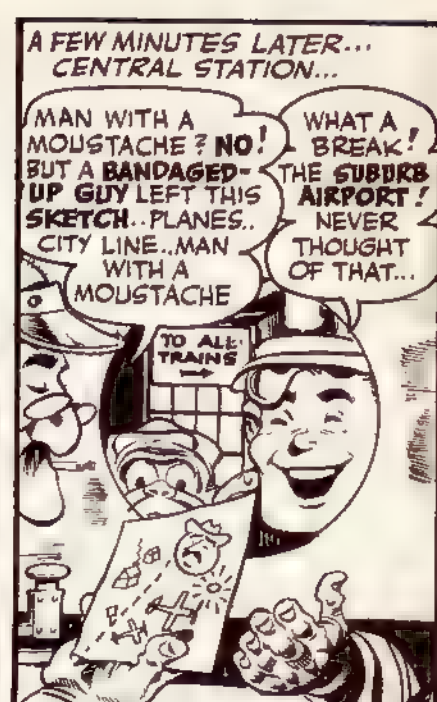
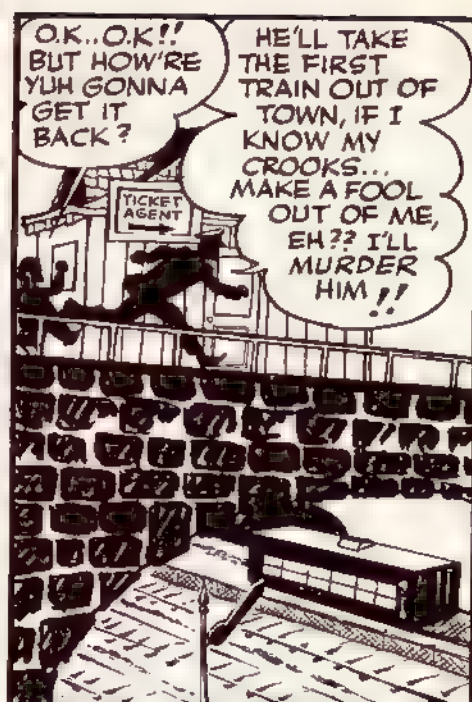
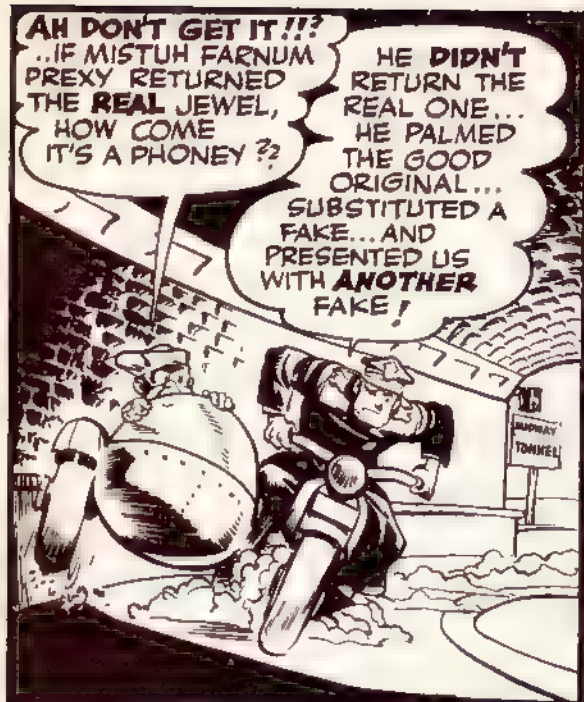
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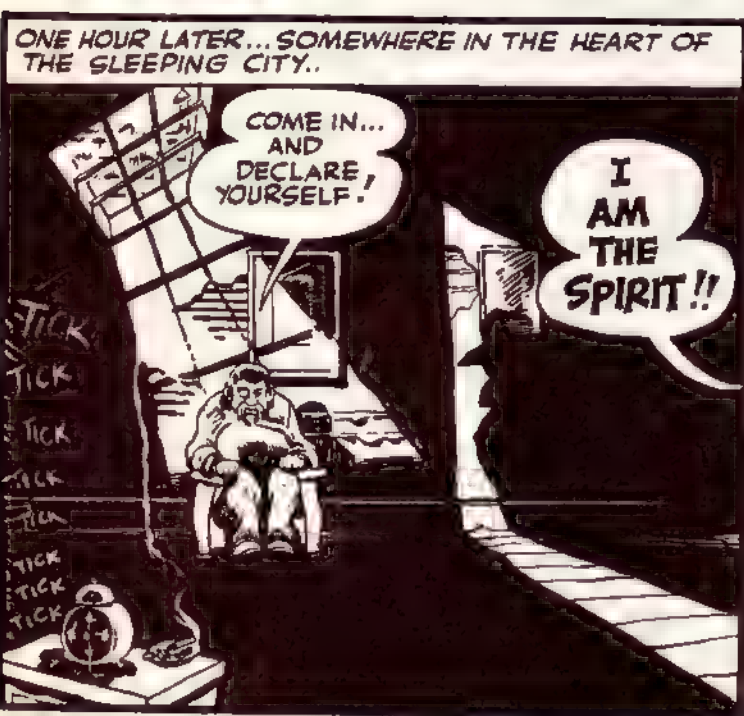
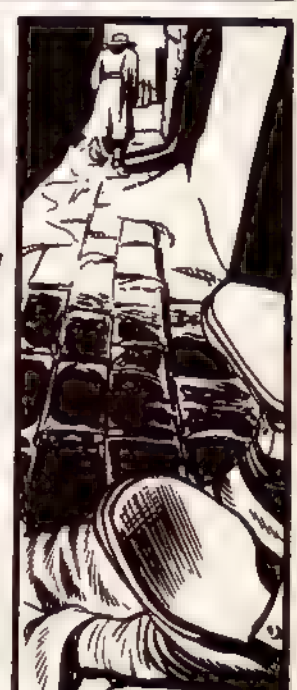
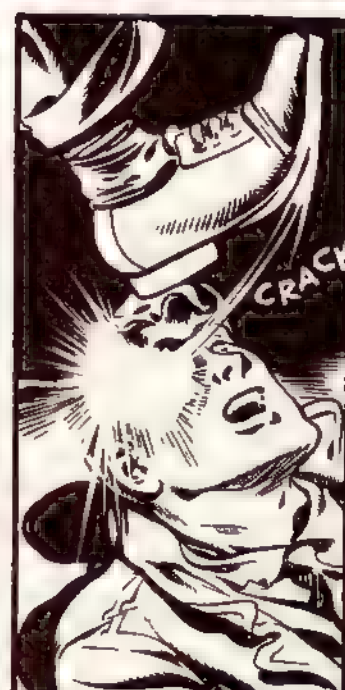
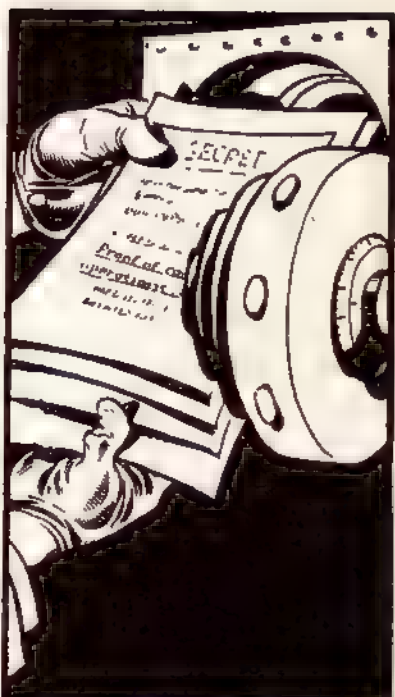
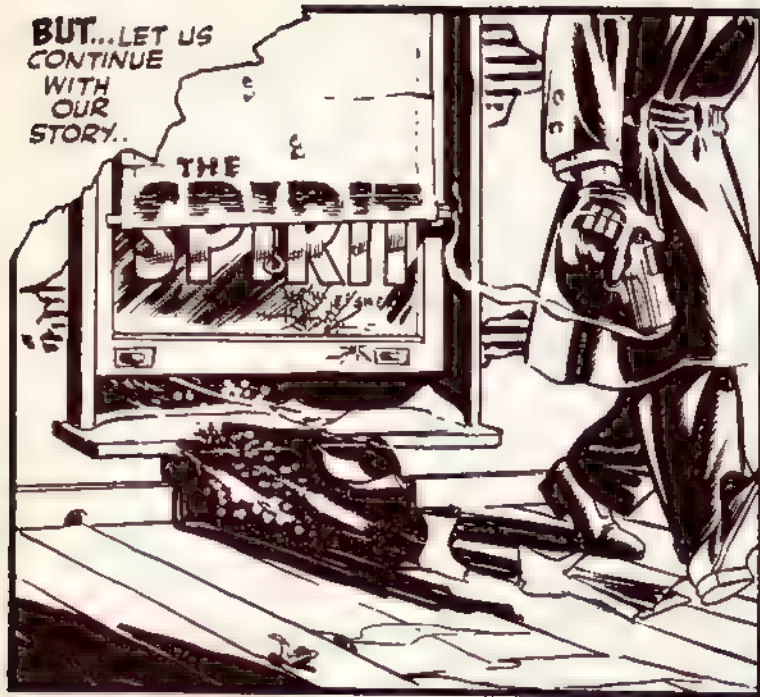












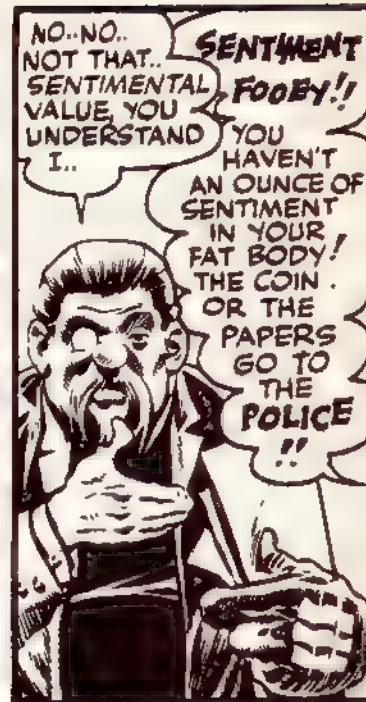


OF COURSE ZEY
INCRIMINATE ME...ZAT
ISS WHY I WANT ZEM.
GIFF ME !!

TUT-TUT-TUT...E-A-S'I-L-Y, SIR!
I GEEM TO RECALL YOUR
NEWSPAPER PERSONAL
AD MENTIONED A
REWARD !! ...AHEM..
HOW MUCH ?



SHOOR..SHOOR..
HERE'S 100 \$100?
HA HA HA HA HA
YOU, THE
RICHEST
EMIGRE IN THE
WORLD ? HA HA
ARE YOU
KIDDING ??
...THE
PLATINUM
COIN..



NO..NO..
NOT THAT..
SENTIMENTAL
VALUE, YOU
UNDERSTAND
I..
SENTIMENT
FOOBY!!
YOU
HAVEN'T
AN OUNCE OF
SENTIMENT
IN YOUR
FAT BODY!
THE COIN .
OR THE
PAPERS
GO TO
THE
POLICE
!!



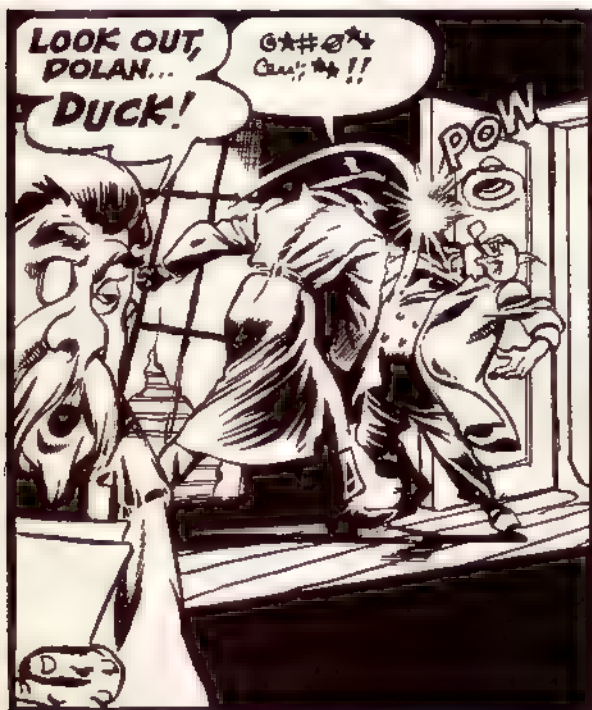
PLEASE
..I BEG
OF YOU..
ANYTHING
ELSE..
THE
GO-IN
!!



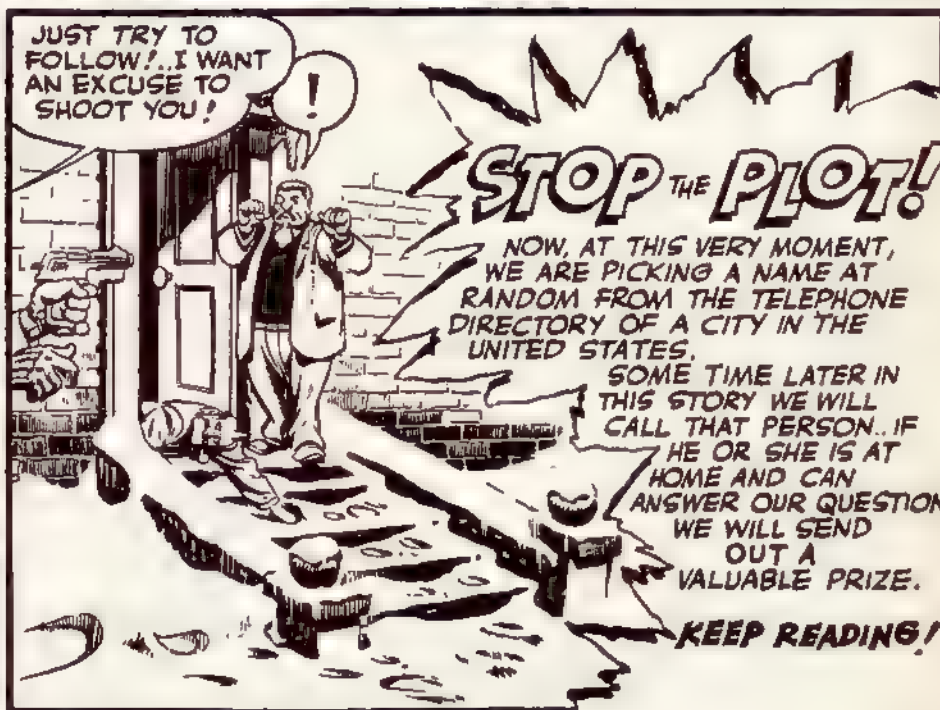
VERY WELL...
HERE.
..AH..
DID YOU
THINK I DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT THE
CODE TO THE
HIDDEN
GOLD DEPOSIT
WAITING FOR YOU
WHEN YOU RETURN
TO EUROPE...
??



HMM....
THE
ORIGINALS,
ALL
RIGHT.
HA HA HA
HERE IT
IS !!
HEY, SPIRIT...
I KNEW I'D CATCH UP
WITH YOU HERE...
THOUGHT YOU'D
HANDLE THIS
CASE WITHOUT
ME, EH ??



LOOK OUT,
POLAN...
DUCK!
G*#*
Can't !!



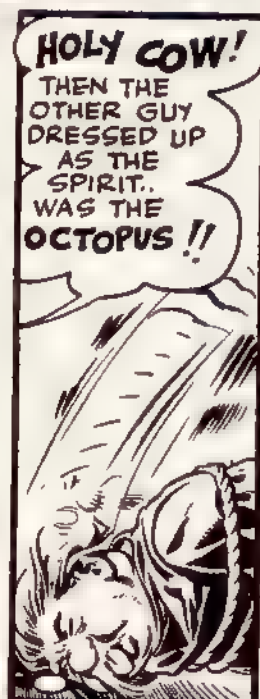
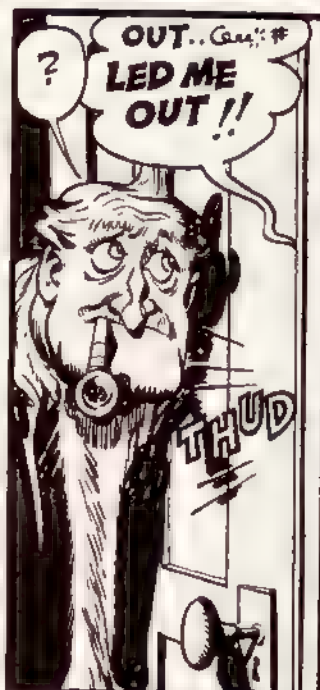
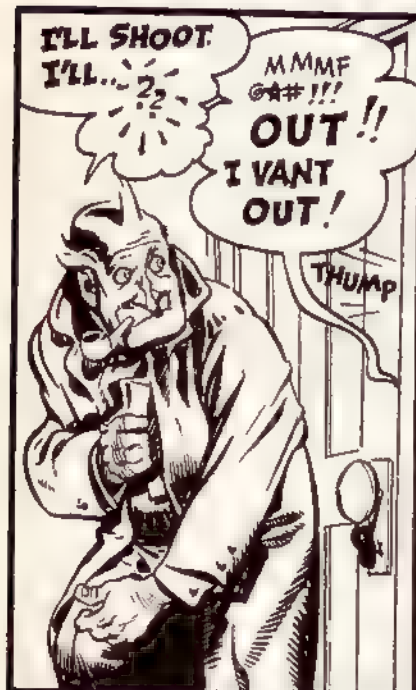
JUST TRY TO
FOLLOW!..I WANT
AN EXCUSE TO
SHOOT YOU!

STOP THE PLOT!

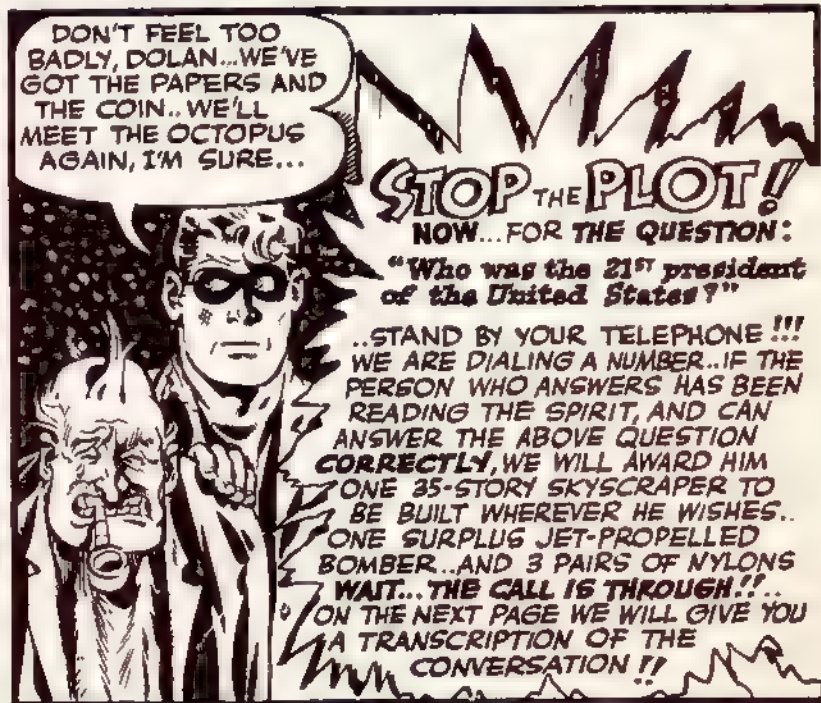
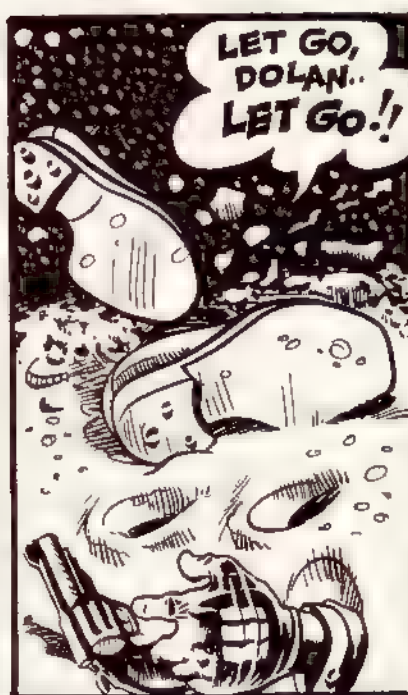
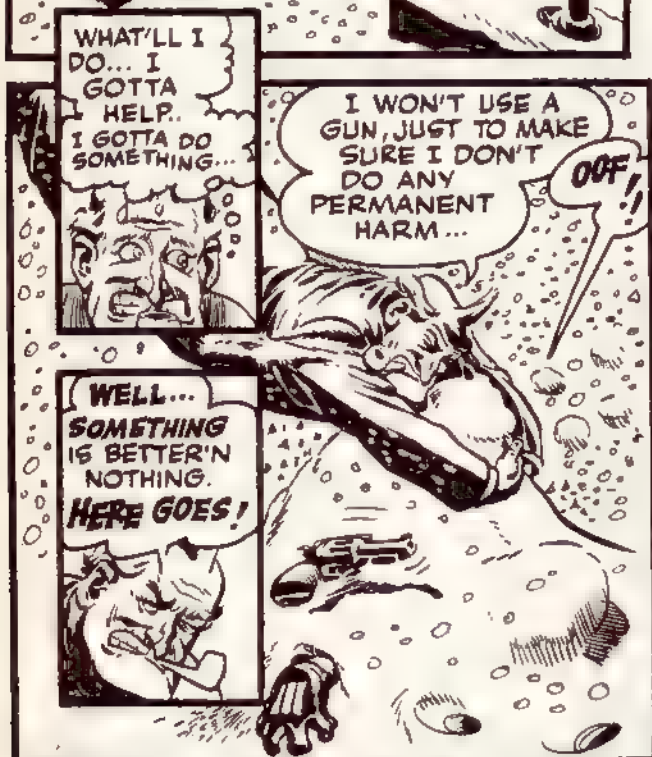
NOW, AT THIS VERY MOMENT,
WE ARE PICKING A NAME AT
RANDOM FROM THE TELEPHONE
DIRECTORY OF A CITY IN THE
UNITED STATES.

SOME TIME LATER IN
THIS STORY WE WILL
CALL THAT PERSON..IF
HE OR SHE IS AT
HOME AND CAN
ANSWER OUR QUESTION,
WE WILL SEND
OUT A
VALUABLE PRIZE.

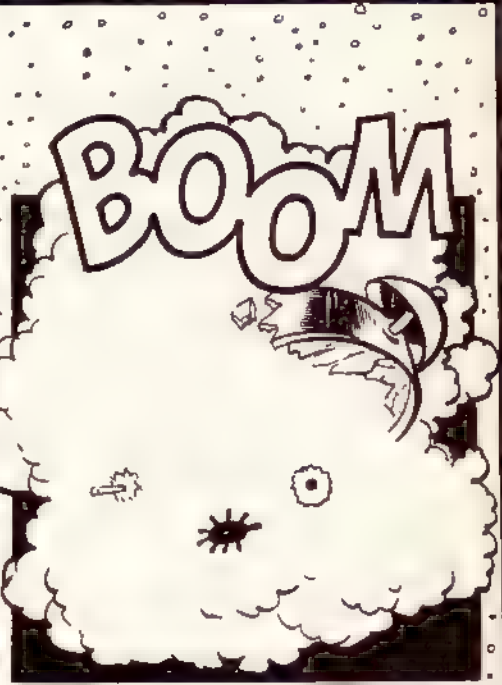
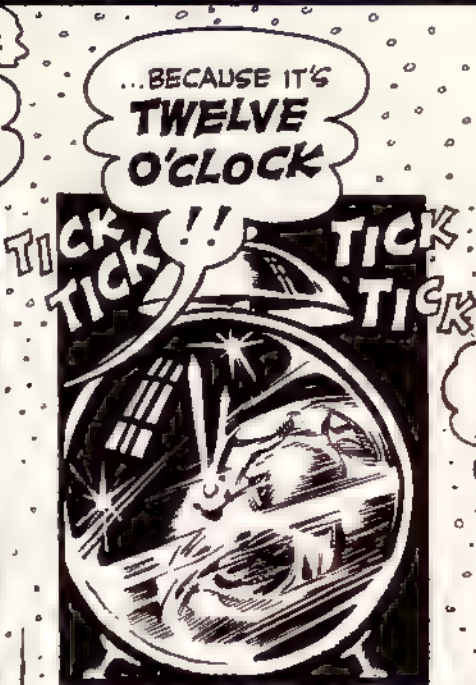
KEEP READING!



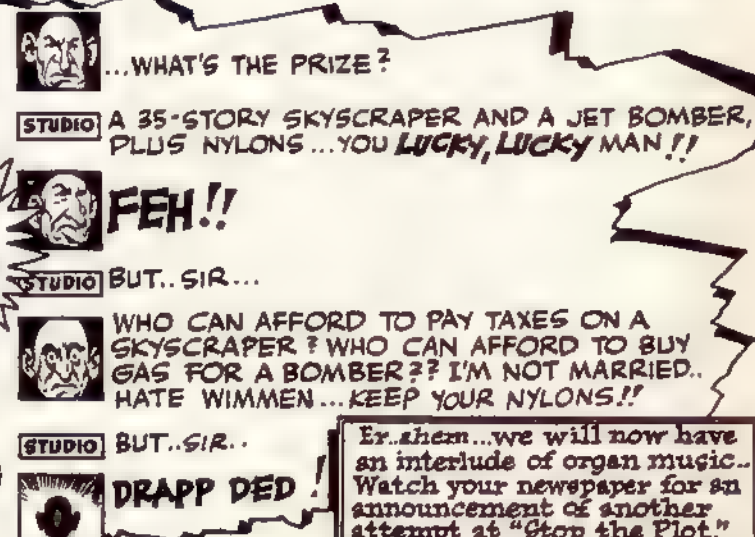
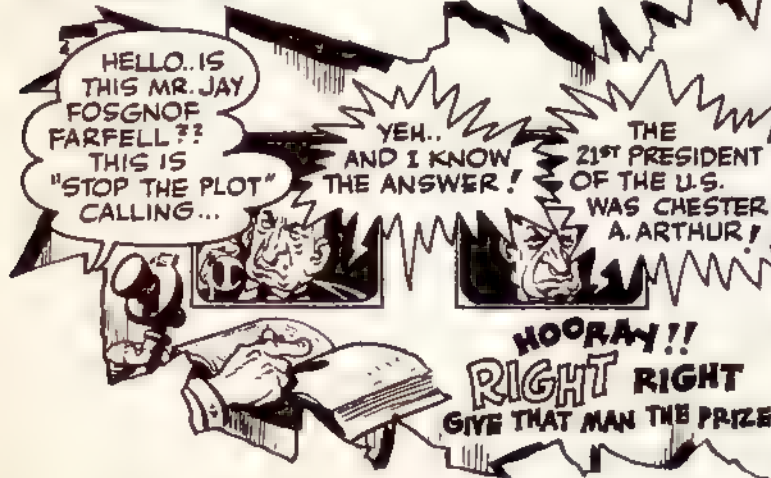




AND SO, AS THE SNOW TAMPs THE CITY INTO SILENCE, LET US FOLLOW THE CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS... BACK TO THE HOUSE WHERE EMIL, TIED AND ABANDONED BY THE SPIRIT, SEEKS TO PENETRATE THE SHROUD OF QUIET... SETTling ON THE CITY...



AND NOW...VIA TELEVISION, WE TAKE YOU INTO THE HOME OF THE LUCKY MAN WHOSE NAME WAS SELECTED...



STUDIO A 35-STORY SKYSCRAPER AND A JET BOMBER, PLUS NYLONS...YOU **LUCKY, LUCKY MAN!!**

FEH!!

BUT.. SIR...

WHO CAN AFFORD TO PAY TAXES ON A SKYSCRAPER? WHO CAN AFFORD TO BUY GAS FOR A BOMBER?? I'M NOT MARRIED.. HATE WIMMEN...KEEP YOUR NYLONS!!

BUT..SIR..

DRAPP DED!

Er..ahem...we will now have an interlude of organ music.. Watch your newspaper for an announcement of another attempt at "Stop the Plot."

Spirit

BY WILL EISNER

SOMETIMES THERE OCCURS IN THE HISTORY OF
CRIMEFIGHTING AN INCIDENT THAT SEEMS TO
BELIE THE TRUTH THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY.
OFTEN THIS IS MERELY BECAUSE THE
PUNISHMENT METED OUT TO A CRIMINAL
DOES NOT SEEM EQUAL TO HIS VILLAINY...

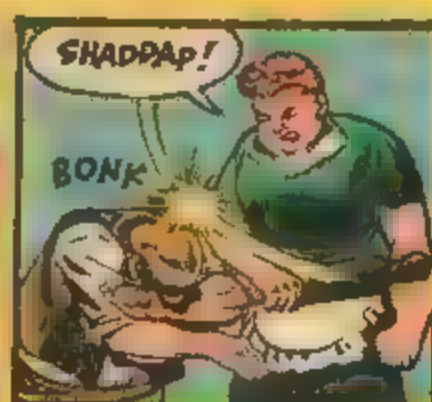
BUT LET US ASSURE YOU THAT WHAT
SEEMS LIKE A LUCKY BREAK FOR A
CRIMINAL IS OFTEN NOTHING BUT THE
WORKING OUT OF A HIGHER JUSTICE!
THIS IS BEYOND OUR MORTAL VISION...
UNLESS AN OPPORTUNITY IS GIVEN TO US...

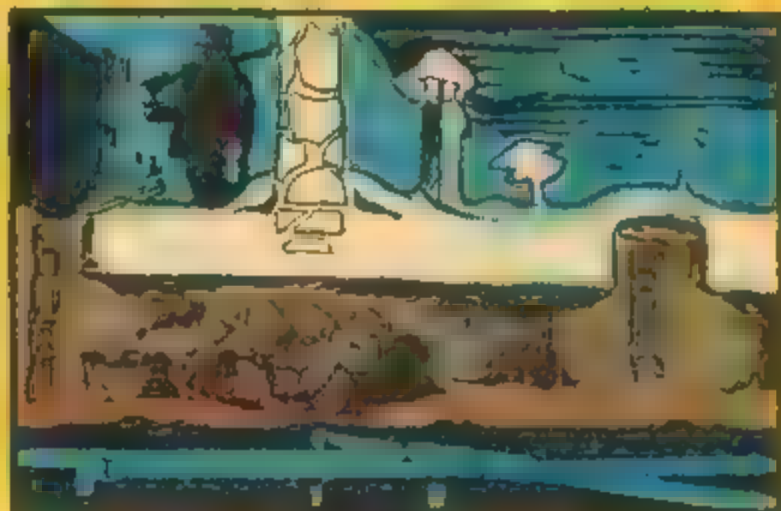
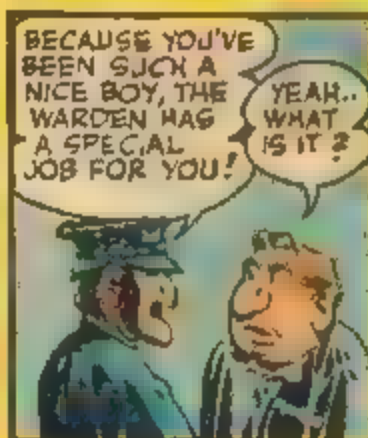
...AN OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE TWO LIVES...
AT THE SAME TIME...

The sad affair of
CARBOY T. GRETCH
Time: Now
Place: Central City Jail



The somewhat less sad affair of
CRANFRANZ QWAYLE
Time: Now
Place: Central City Suburbs

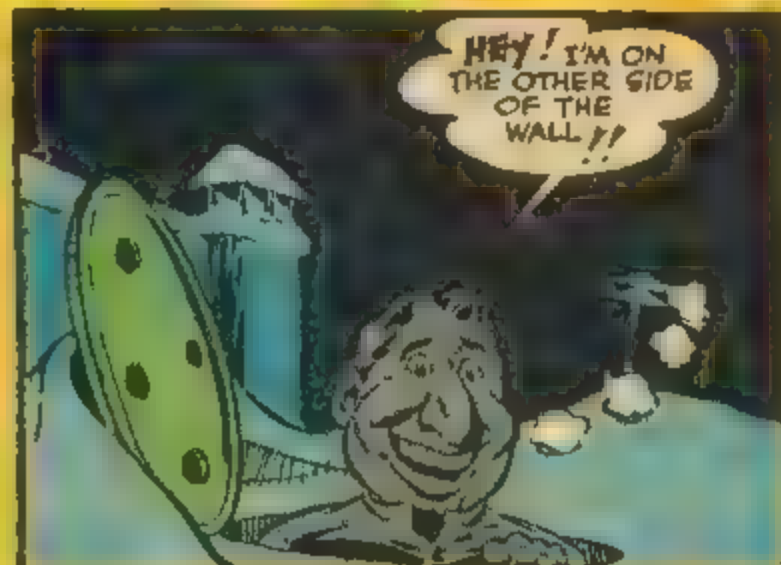




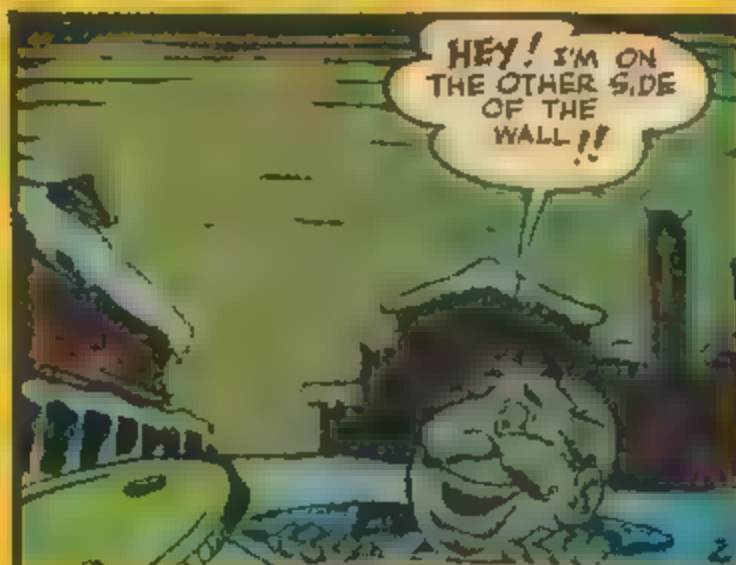
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



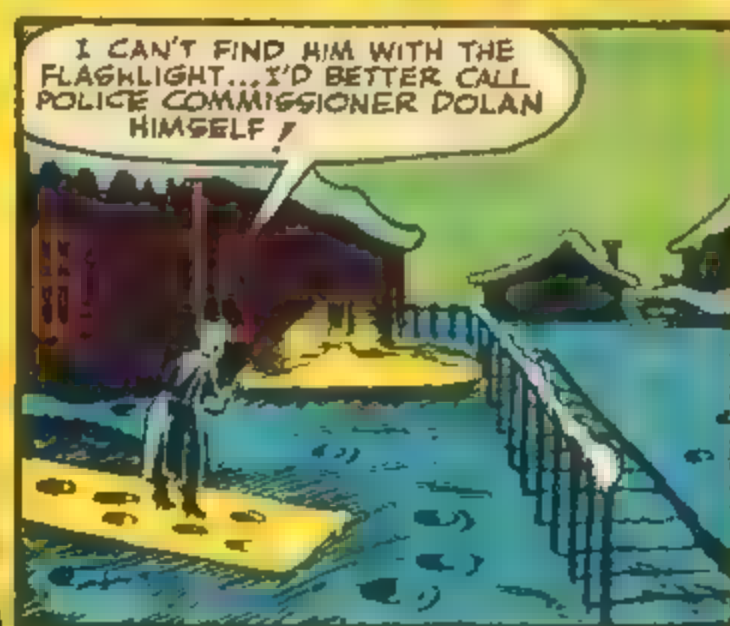
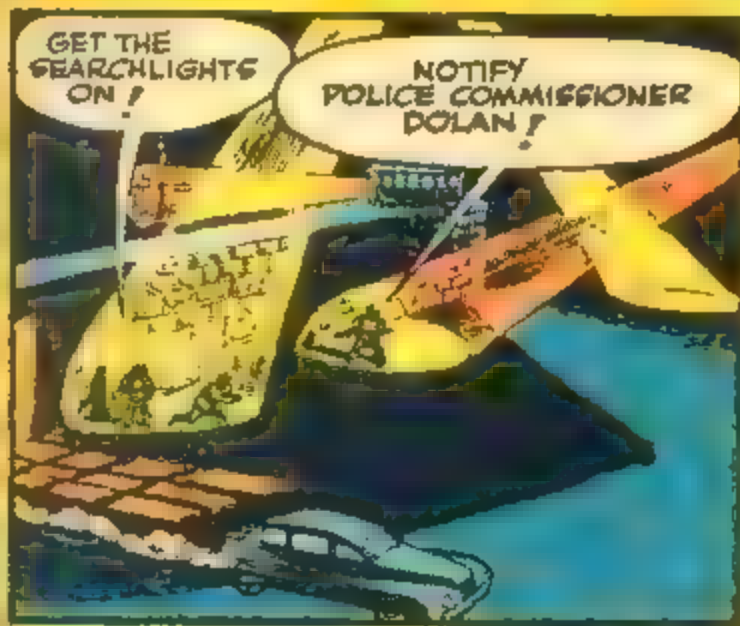
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

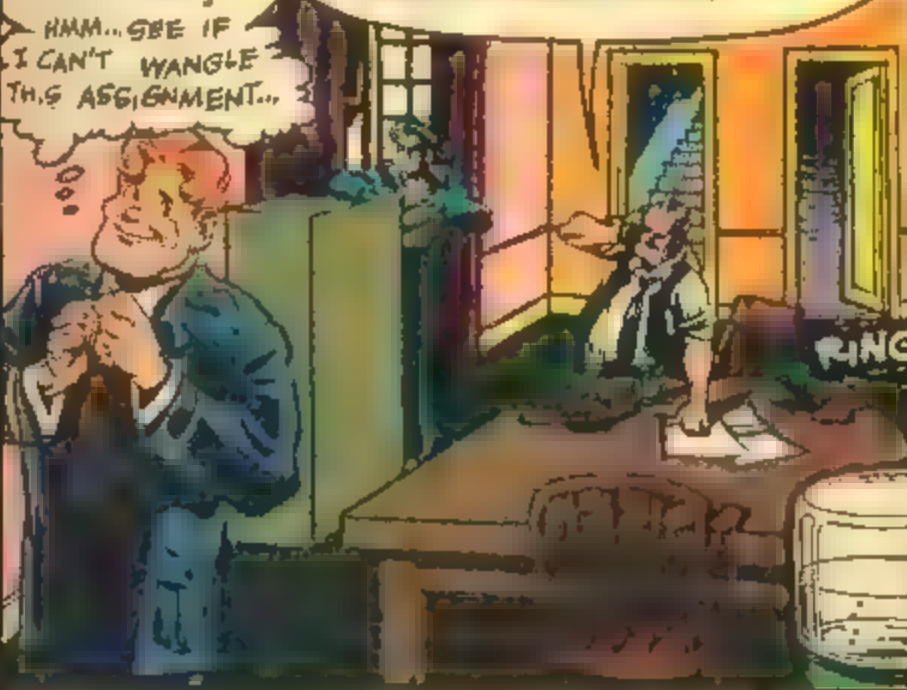


MEANWHILE, AT COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE...

SOMEHOW I
FEEL TODAY
IS MY DAY!

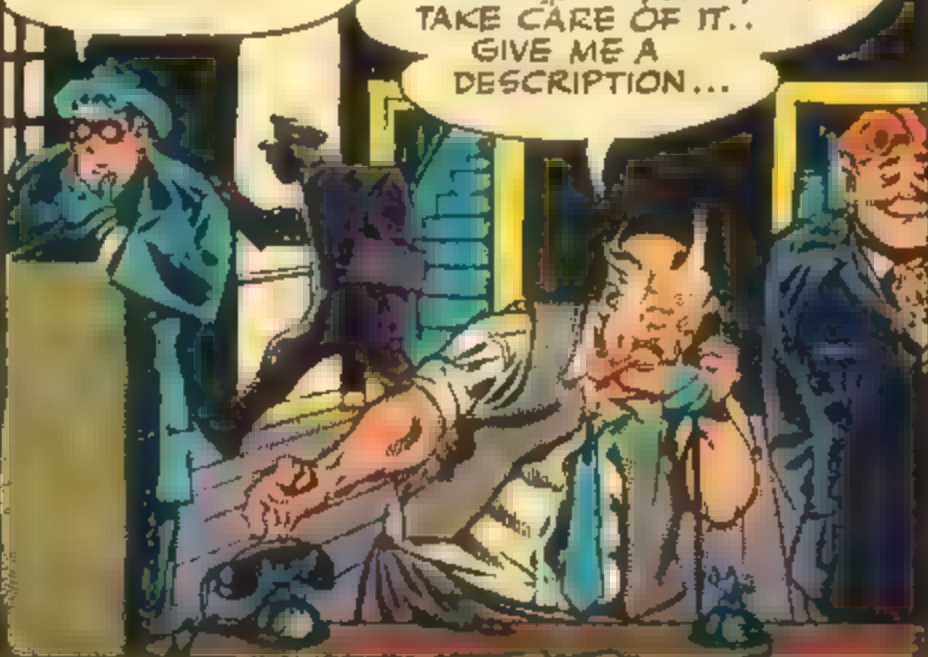
HMM... SEE IF
I CAN'T WANGLE
THIS ASSIGNMENT...

...ESCAPED, EH?.. OKAY, WARDEN,
I'LL GET A CIRCULAR OUT ON
GRETCH RIGHT AWAY.



CARBOY GRETCH, EH?
HE'S A PRETTY TOUGH
CUSTOMER... GAVE ME
A LOT OF TROUBLE
BEFORE I FINALLY
CAPTURED HIM.

WHAT'S THAT, LADY?...
YOUR HUSBAND??
.. DESERTION ???
LOOK, LADY, THIS ISN'T
THE MISSING PERSONS'
BUR... OH, OKAY, I'LL
TAKE CARE OF IT..
GIVE ME A
DESCRIPTION...



KLINK, HERE ARE TWO CIRCULARS... BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THESE TWO MEN... ONE'S AN ESCAPED CONVICT... THE OTHER'S WANTED FOR DESERTION.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, COMMISSIONER.

AND MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING... HEY!

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING... HEY!

..HE LOOKS LIKE ME!!

HE LOOKS LIKE ME!!

THIS GUY GIVES ME AN IDEA...

THIS GUY GIVES ME AN IDEA...

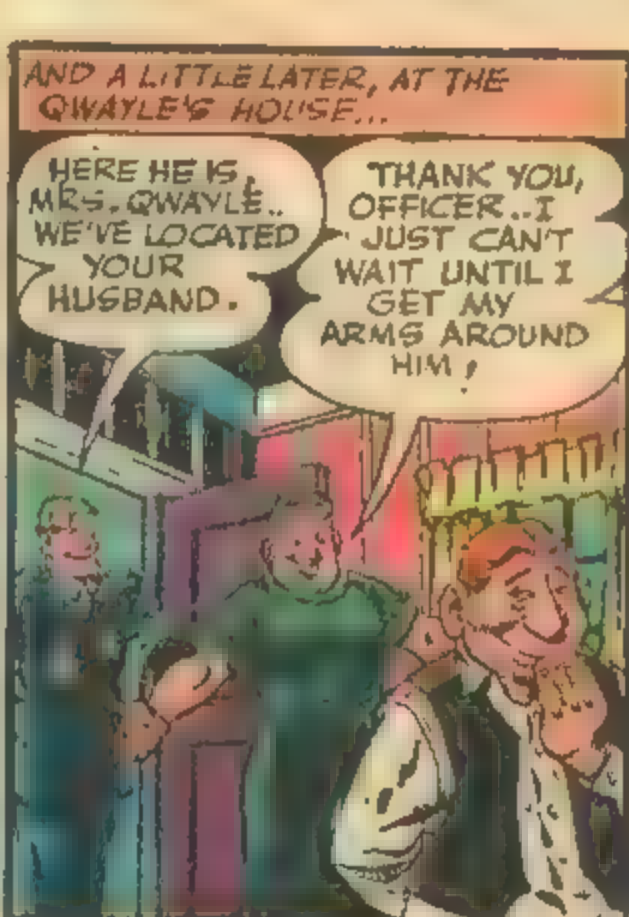
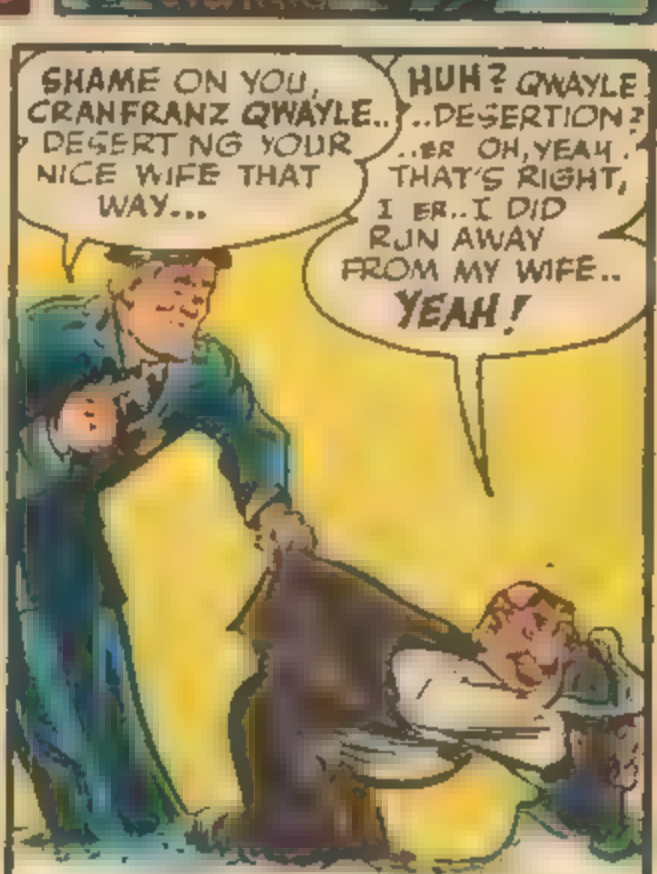
I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU CHANGE CLOTHES AND IDENTIFICATION WITH ME!

HAW, THE GAP! ..REALLY MAKING IT EASY FOR ME...

IT'S A DEAL, PAL.

MY NAME'S CARBOY T. GRETCH... IT'S YOURS NOW.

..AND YOUR NEW NAME IS CRANFRANZ QWAYLE.





TRA LA LA LA LA
FREE AS A BIRD..
A BIRDY BIRD..
TRA LA LA LA
NOW, WHAT SHALL
I DO FIRST??
.. AH.. I HAVE IT!



I WANT A
TICKET TO
THE MOST
QUIET, MOST
REMOTE PLACE
YOU CAN
THINK OF...
FREE OF
WOMEN FREE
OF ECONOMIC
PROBLEMS.

HMM...
LET ME SEE
..TAHITI...
THE
CORAL
ISLANDS...
IWO JIMA,
OR OR...



..OR.. AH...
HMMM...

WANTED
BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
CARBOY T
GREYCH
ESCAPED
CONVICT
HEIGHT 5' 5"
WEIGHT 150



AH YES! I ER. HAVE THE
VERY PLACE FOR YOU...
IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT A
MOMENT, I'LL CALL AND
MAKE THE..AH..ARRANGEMENTS

SURE! I'M IN
NO HURRY NOW..
TUM TE TUM TE TUM..

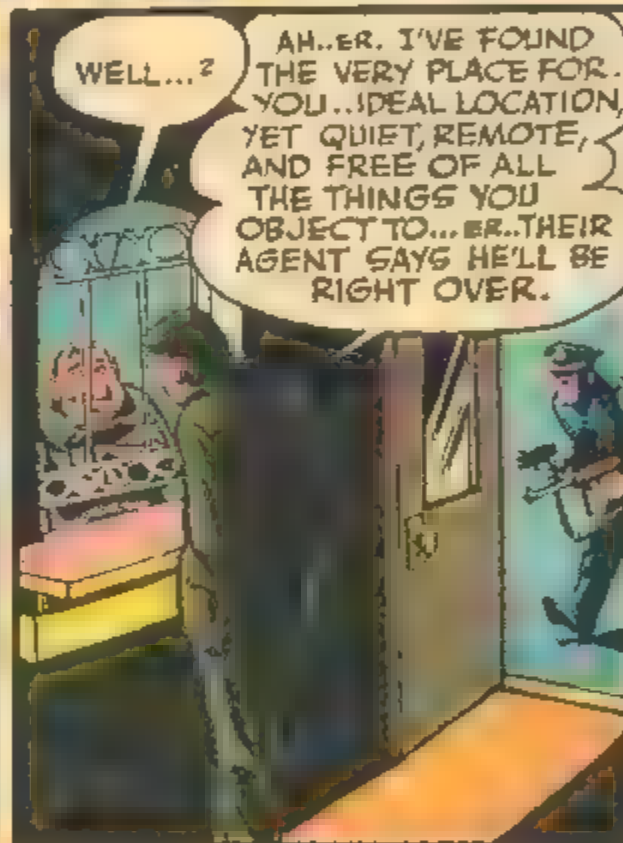


AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HELLO. POLICE
HEADQUARTERS?
THIS IS THE AJAX
TRAVEL AGENCY..
CARBOY GREYCH
HAS JUST WALKED
IN HERE!

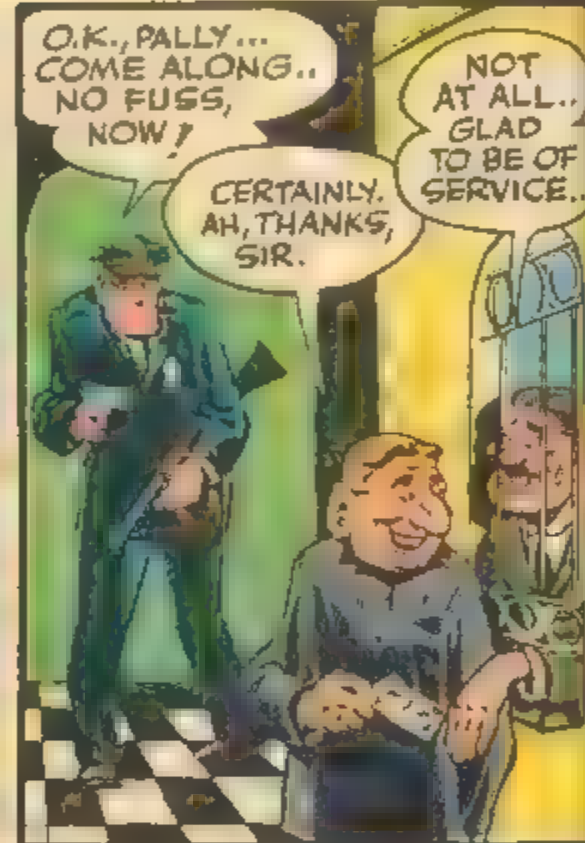
WHAT?!!
YOU HOLD
ONTO HIM..
HE'S
DANGEROUS
!!!

I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER!



WELL...?

AH..ER. I'VE FOUND
THE VERY PLACE FOR
YOU...IDEAL LOCATION,
YET QUIET, REMOTE,
AND FREE OF ALL
THE THINGS YOU
OBJECT TO...ER..THEIR
AGENT SAYS HE'LL BE
RIGHT OVER.



O.K., PALLY...
COME ALONG..
NO FUSS,
NOW!

CERTAINLY.
AH, THANKS,
SIR.

NOT
AT ALL..
GLAD
TO BE OF
SERVICE..



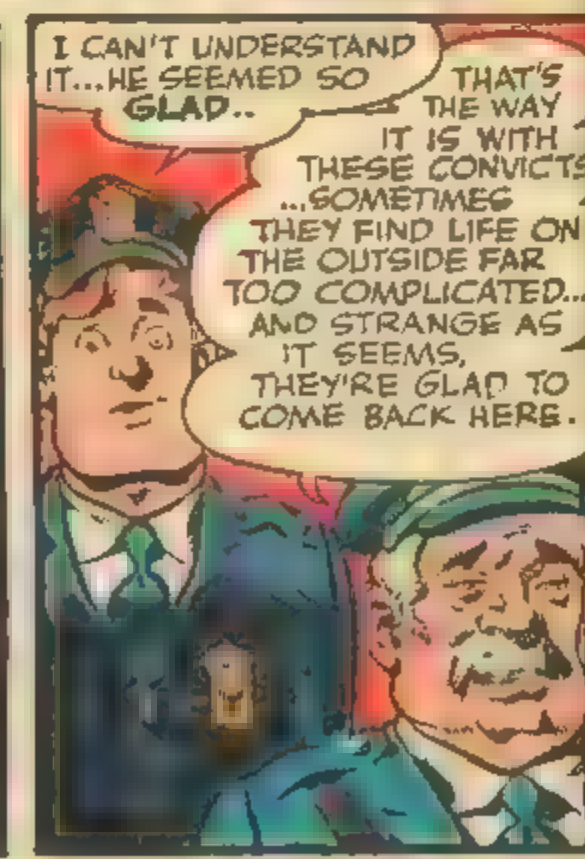
STATE PRISON?
HA HA HA HA
WHAT A PERFECTLY
CAPITAL IDEA!!
HA HA.. SPLENDID
THOUGHT!

ALL
RIGHT,
WISE GUY.
GIT
INSIDE!



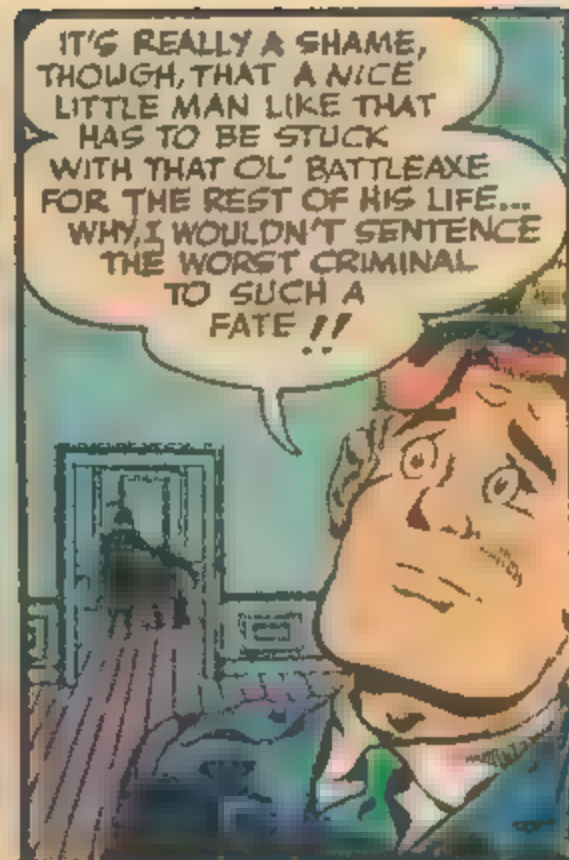
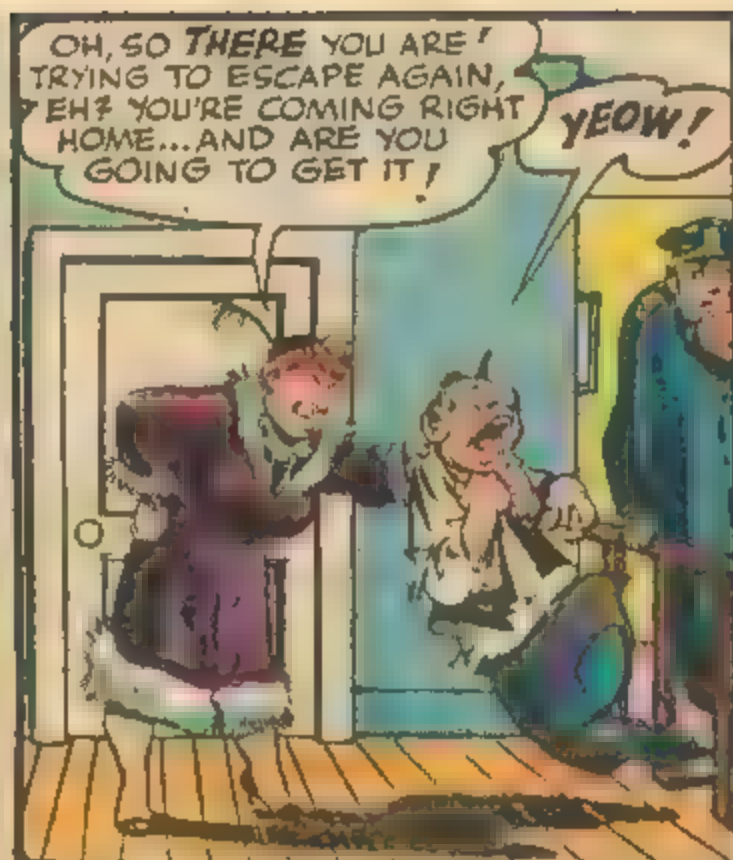
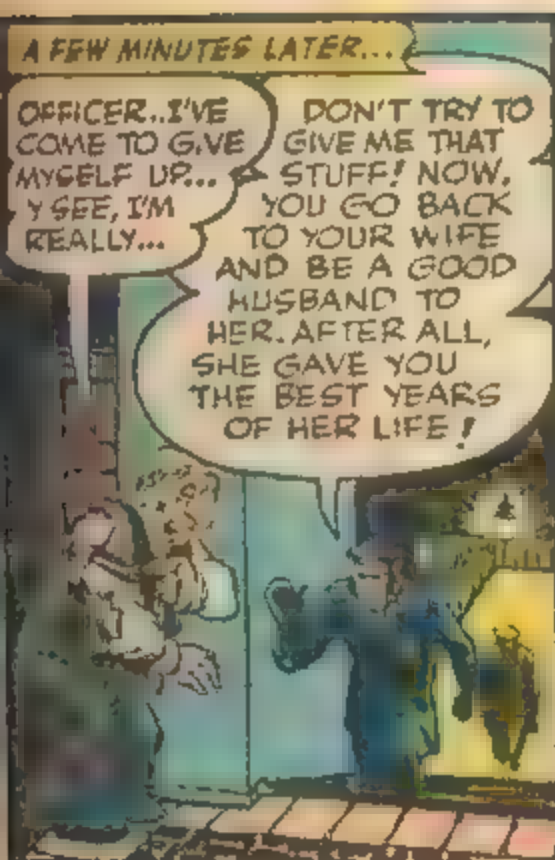
HA HA HA HA
YES, INDEED. THE
VERY ANSWER TO
MY PROBLEM...NOW
WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF THIS
BEFORE...? I
COULD HAVE
GOTTEN IN
MYSELF!

??



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT...HE SEEMED SO
GLAD..

THAT'S
THE WAY
IT IS WITH
THESE CONVICTS
...SOMETIMES
THEY FIND LIFE ON
THE OUTSIDE FAR
TOO COMPLICATED..
AND STRANGE AS
IT SEEMS,
THEY'RE GLAD TO
COME BACK HERE.



AND SO ..AS WE SAID...
WHO AMONG US CAN ACCURATELY SAY WHAT IS A FIT PUNISHMENT ??
OR...IN THE WORDS OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S EARNEST MIKADO OF JAPAN ..

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To let the punishment fit the crime
The punishment fit the crime...~

CARBOY T. GRETCH

PAGE 7



CRANFRANZ QWAYLE

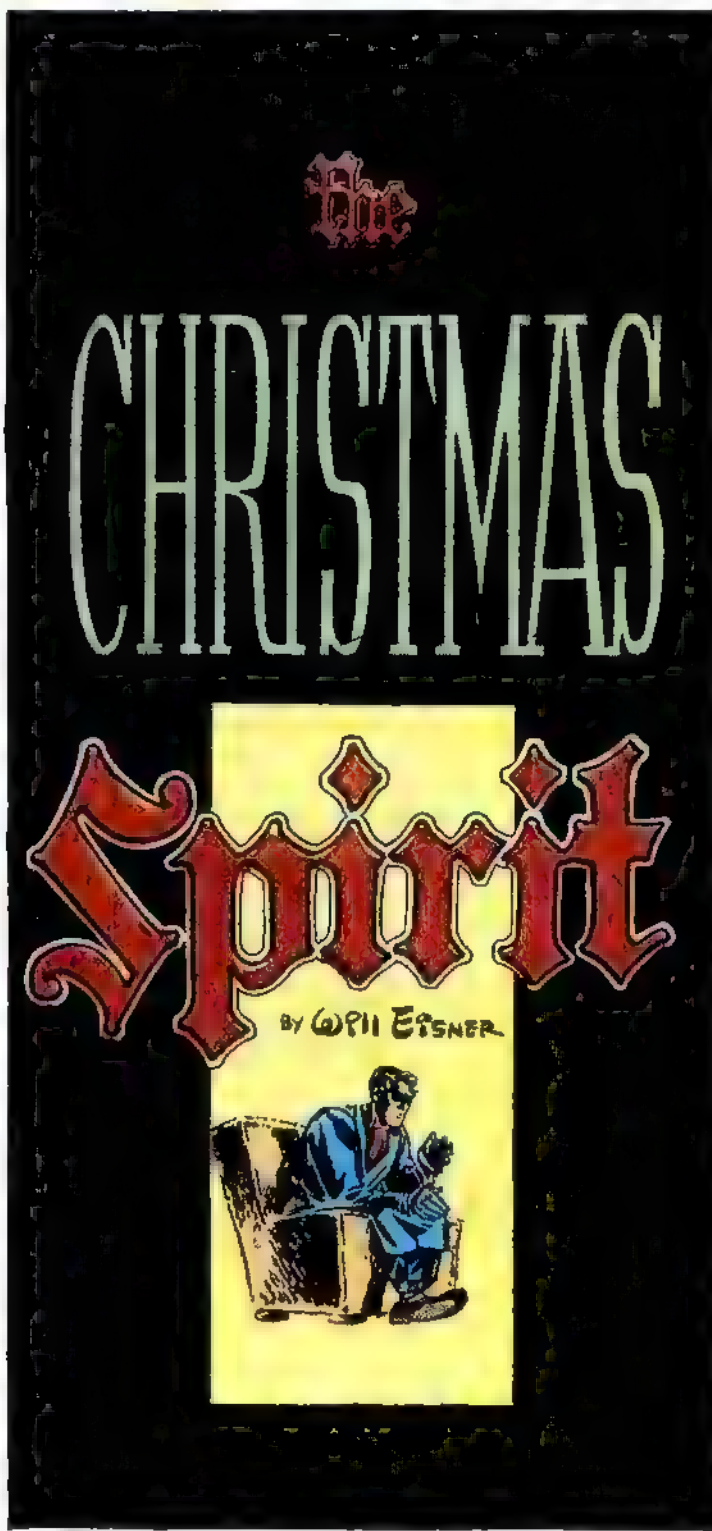
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THE SUNDAY SUN BALTIMORE, MD.

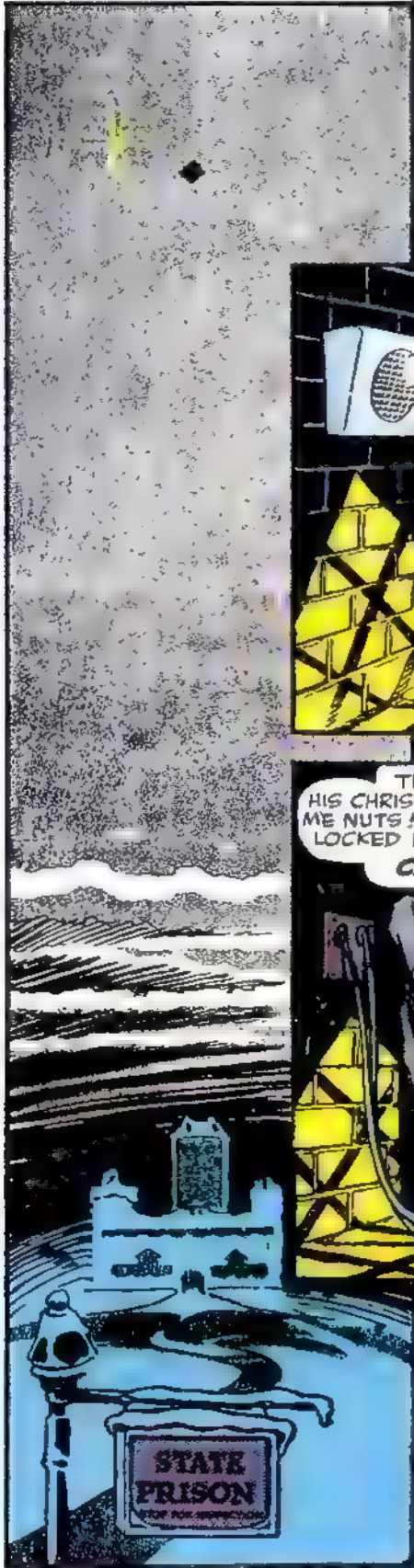
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1948



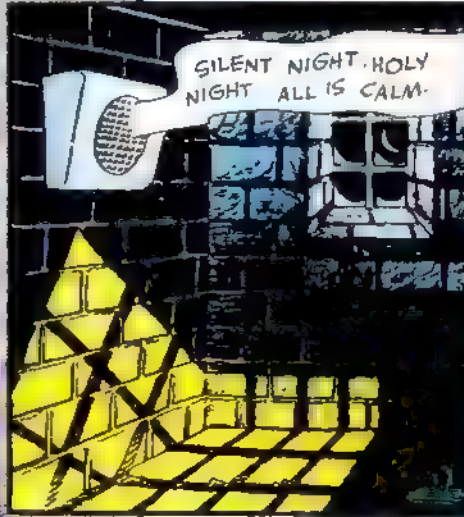
And on this day
those who all the year
are grasping, and seek riches
from others,
pause for one brief moment
and become kind, human,
generous beings...
all that dreamers believe
men should be...

For so the legend runs...

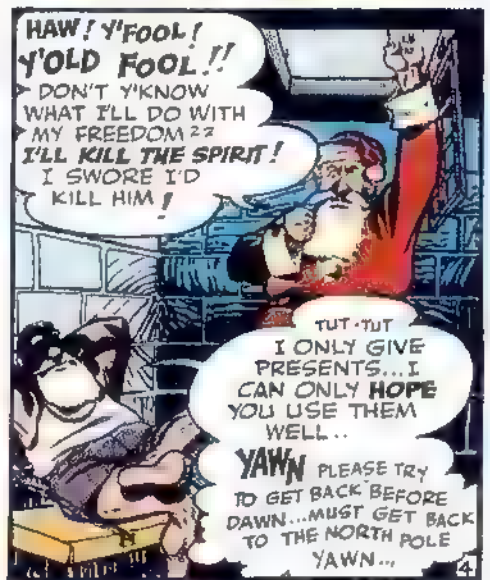
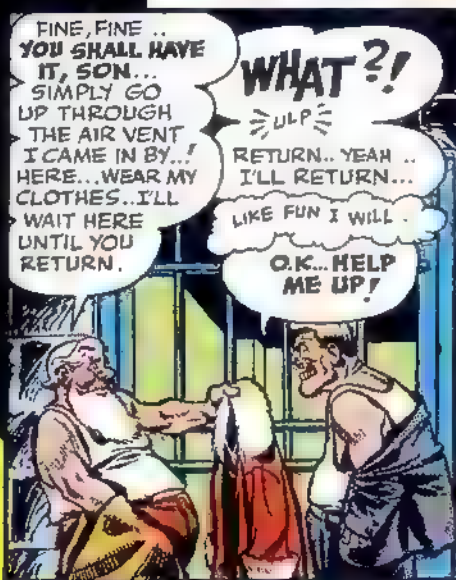
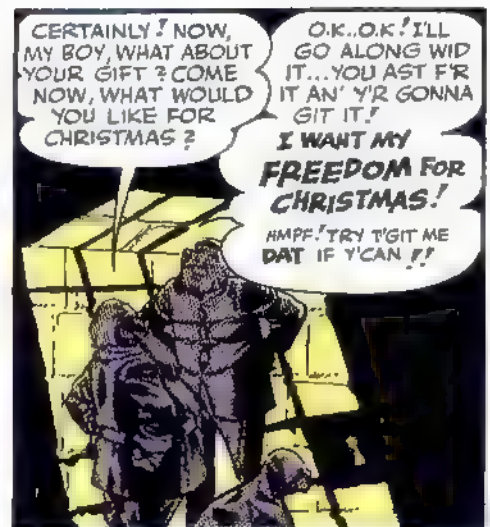
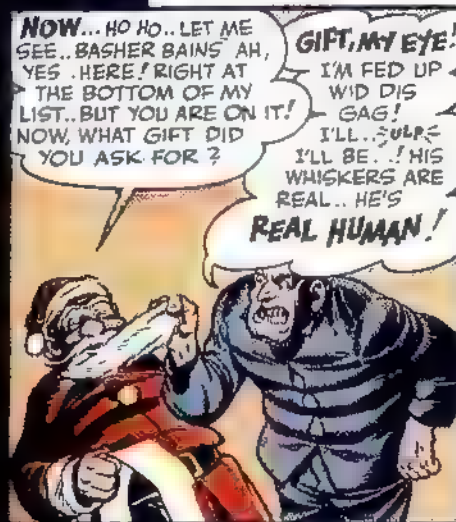
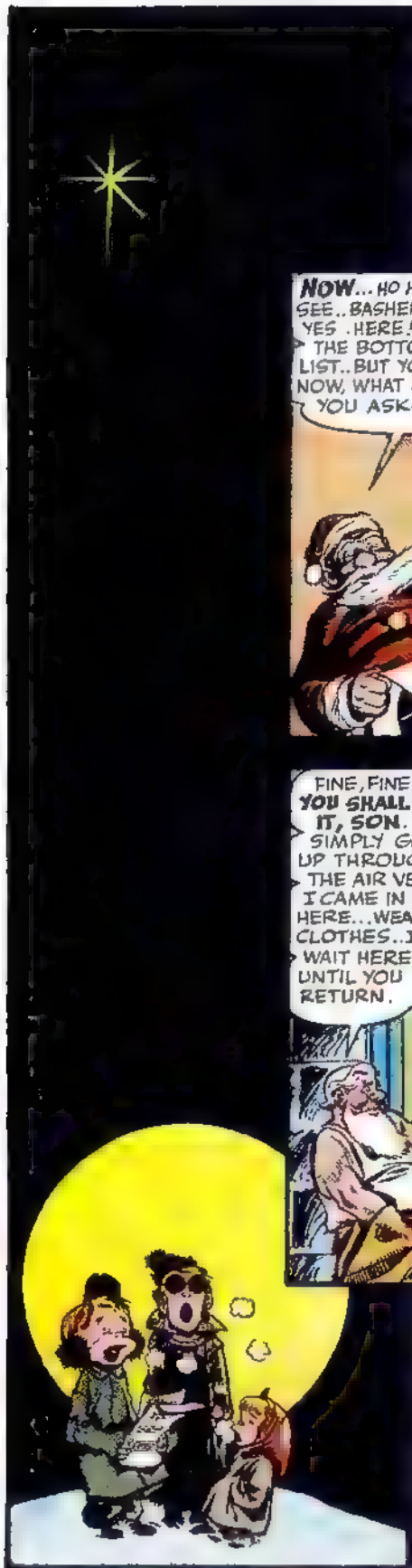


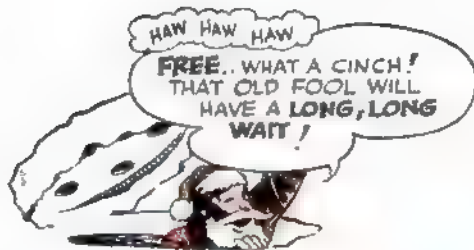


And so it came to pass
one year, not too long ago,
a heavy snow fell upon the land ...
and from Central City in the south
to State Prison in the north
the little lights twinkled on
and it was Christmas









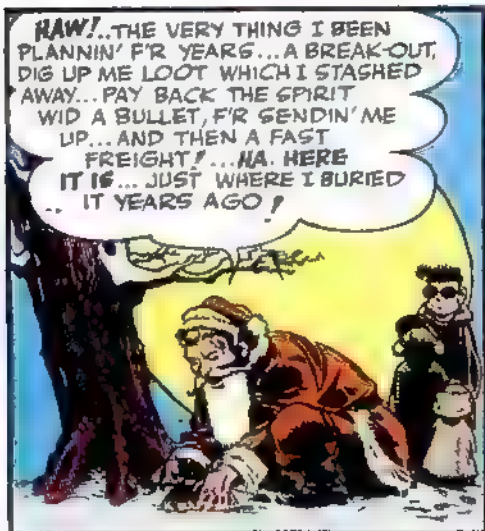
HAW HAW HAW

FREE... WHAT A CINCH!
THAT OLD FOOL WILL
HAVE A LONG, LONG
WAIT!



HEY... THERE'S
SANTA...
IT'S SANTA...
C'MON!

SANTA CLAUS?
WHERE
WHERE??



HAW!... THE VERY THING I BEEN
PLANNIN' F'R YEARS... A BREAK-OUT,
DIG UP ME LOOT WHICH I STASHED
AWAY... PAY BACK THE SPIRIT
WID A BULLET, F'R SENDIN' ME
UP... AND THEN A FAST
FREIGHT!... NA. HERE
IT IS... JUST WHERE I BURIED
IT YEARS AGO!



NOW TO GET
THE SPIRIT...
...WHAT'RE
THEY STARIN' AT?
GO AWAY!

HULLO, SANTA.
CHRISTMAS IS
ALMOST OVER
AND WE AIN'T
GOT OUR
PRESENT YET.



PRESENT...? HUH
OH...Y'THINK I'M
SANTA CLAUS...
WELL... I AIN'T!

BUT YOU ARE...
TEENCHY
SAYS SO!



WELL, LOOK
F'R Y'SELF...
CAN'T YA SEE?

HE CAN'T SEE,
MISTER... HE.
GULP: HE'S BLIND!



?!?







WHAT'S
SANTA CLAUS
DOIN' NOW?

HE JES' WENT
IN TO SEE ONE O' HIS
DWARFS WHO IS IN
CHARGE O' FIXIN'
UP PEOPLE..

BUT BASHER AN
EYE OPERATION..IT'S
EXPENSIVE! IT'S
NOT LIKE
REMOVING A
BULLET OR BLOTING
FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T
CALL ME
BASHER I'M
SANTA CLAUS,
SEE? ALL
I GOT IS
100,000
BUCKS.. **YOU'LL**
DO IT OR, BY
GOLLY, I'LL
BEAT YOU TO
A PULP!

NOW, LADS... IF YOU'LL
COME WITH ME, I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING SAY
GOOD-BYE TO...ER...
SANTA.

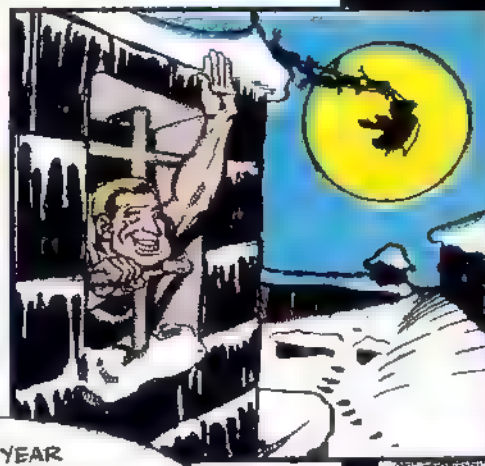
GOOD-BYE,
CHILDREN...
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

GOSH..
THANKS,
SANTA
THANKS...

I MUST BE
OFF TO..
ER THE
NORTH
POLE!

YOU'RE
BACK..
SO SOON?
SPLENDID!
I'LL MAKE
THE NORTH
POLE BY
DAWN.

YEH...



THAT WAS ABOUT A YEAR
AGO...AND TO THIS DAY NO ONE
EVEN SUSPECTS THE TRUTH...NOT EVEN
THE LITTLE URCHINS SINGING OUTSIDE
OUR WINDOW NOW...ALL THEY
KNOW IS THAT **FRANKIE**
CAN SEE AGAIN...AND THAT
IT WAS A GIFT FROM SANTA..

Merry
Christmas
ONE
AND ALL!



WILL EISNER'S ALMANACK OF THE YEAR 1948

THE SPIRIT

Being a full and
faithful accounting
of the
Trials and Triumphs
of the Spirit
during the year
Nineteen Hundred
and Forty-Eight--

The reader may do well
to observe carefully the
wisdom culled from these
adventures--- rather than
let his mind dwell idly
in pleasant reverie on
the delights recalled
by the
illustrations.



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1948

JANUARY

1948

...In which there was a considerable snowfall, as is customary in our climate...in which the Spirit met "Powder" (an unfortunate young lady who had chosen the way of crime), who at last was punished by law.

BOY, THAT 'POWDER' GAL SHO' WUZ MEAN.. SHE SHO' MADE YOUNG BLEAK LOTSA TROUBLE... WONDER WHUT BECAME O' BLEAK...

WHY, HE'S HAPPILY MARRIED NOW TO SPARROW FALLON, A VERY SWEET AND CHARMING YOUNG LADY... AS FOR POWDER, SHE WAS FINALLY CAUGHT IN HER OWN WEB OF CRIME.

THE NAME IS POWDER. LIES IN GUN POWDER. I BLOW UP JUST AS QUICK AND IN THIS AS DEADLY...



FEBRUARY

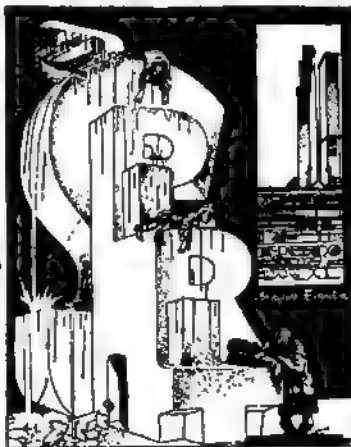
In this month more snow fell... to such a depth that the Spirit was trapped in regions beneath the city, where dwelt in unspeakable horror the lowest elements of the criminal world. There in the Stygian darkness our hero solved a crime, whilst above, traffic was paralyzed and pedestrians stumbled through the "Great Snowfall of 1948".

TWO FEET OF SNOW... OVER THE WHOLE CITY... THE GREATEST SNOWFALL IN HISTORY...

YO' WUZ LUCKY YO' MISSED IT... AH GOT STUCK DOWNTOWN.

This month, too, saw the Spirit battle the rogue Merry Andrew, which deed was celebrated in verse (a device designed to entertain as well as to instruct).

LUCKY, HE SAYS... ME, TRAPPED IN THAT SEWER FOR 12 HOURS... UGH... WHEW!



THE TRAGEDY OF
MERRY
ANDREW

Then toward the end when times grew close,
Did Andrew wind one up,
Then set it go, the crowd gasped 'Oh'...
The Spirit doubled up!



Oh Merry Andrew laughed out loud
... A scornful, spiteful crew.

He wanted all the world to hear
HE'D LAID THE SPIRIT LOW,



March

In which our hero encountered Mrs. Paraffin, a lady greatly wronged by false accusations of murder...and whose case proves conclusively the vanity of meddling with scientific truths for selfish motives.

MRS. PARAFFIN... YOU REMEMBER..THE WOMAN WHO KILLED HER HUSBAND WITH ATOMIC PILLS... WE THINK.

YEAH...BUT WE NEVER DID FIND OUT WHUT REALLY HAPPENED!

... IN MARCH, TOO, THERE WAS KRETCHMA...

THE SPIRIT
The Strange Case of Mrs. PARAFFIN:
On Jan. 12 of a young woman walked into Police Commissioner Dutcher's office and with a businesslike air she announced that she wanted to be **ARRESTED** on MURDER charges. She asked why... and her reply started me on one of the weirdest cases I have ever failed to solve.
By Will Eisner



REMEMBER KRETCHMA, THE WAR BRIDE? HA HA!



WAR BRIDES
Central City (S.P.) Every new ship arrival from Europe brings at least one or two war brides... we learned today (The State) on hand hundreds of requests to be accepted.

O.K..O.K! LET'S SKIP ON TO THE APRIL STORY!



In which we ventured into commerce...crying the wares one Zoltan P. Google, purveyor of an ointment purporting to make the hair grow. A lamentable experiment...



In this month occurred the nuptials of Bleak and Sparrow...an occasion for general rejoicing, and one causing the Spirit to reflect seriously upon his own unmarried state.

DEAR READER:
BECAUSE OF THE GREATLY INCREASED COST OF PRINTING MATERIALS WE HAVE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO ACCEPT THE FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE OF A SPONSOR FOR THE WEEKLY STORY THEREFORE OF TO YOU IN ORDER THE SPONSORSHIP OF ZOLTAN P. GOOGLE AND COMPANY I KNOW THEY THOSE OF YOU WHO ALSO WORK FOR A LIVING WILL UNDERSTAND
Will Eisner
P.S. WE HOPE THIS EDITORIAL WILL NOT LAST LONGER THAN IT HAPPENED TO RADIO!



A COMMERCIAL IN COMICS... PHOOEY!



BANG BANG BANG
RATYATATATAT
RATYATATATAT



GOOGLE'S CREAM THAT AMAZING MIRACLE HAIR RESTORER SHAMPOO presents...

CRASH BOOM



June

In which the Spirit and Dolan met with yet another unsolvable crime...this one concerning a gun which fired itself...a case to teach true humility and chastise the overconfident.

June

A GUN THAT COULD SHOOT BY ITSELF...ONE OF THE MOST BAFFLING, MOST UNCANNY CASES I'VE EVER NOT SOLVED!



SEEMS T'ME THERE WOULDN'T BE SO MANY UNSOLVED CASES IF AH WUZ ALLOWED A FREE HAND...



JULY

In which a nature boy came to Central City, demonstrating the nobility of primitive man.

Bringing misadventure to young dog Roger...

And in which Commissioner Dolan learns of the pitfalls awaiting the impetuous lover.

July 4th

the Spirit



July 13th

The SPIRIT



IN

BARKAROLLE

1104
Tales of Artmann

The warm story of a callous intervention in the symphony of a life...the turbulence, the surging passions of crime's maelstrom. The tender tale of those caught in its treacherous current, and of the stalwart who survive. Here we tell of Roger, young, impetuous Roger...and each day...



July 14th



In which the Spirit ventured afield to the Capital of Crime, whilst Ebony remained at home, attending to affairs of state.



AT THE MOMENT A CONVENTION IS BEING HELD IN CENTRAL CITY WHICH MAY GIVE TO THE NIOS OF THE NATION THEIR LONG SOUGHT ENDS.

SO THIS IS
WHAT YOU WERE
DOING WHILE I WAS
AWAY VISITING THE
CAPITAL OF
CRIME!

WHILST YO'
WUZ DOIN' A LOT O'
MUSCLE WORK, AH WUZ
USIN' MAH BRAINS TO
BECOME A POLITICAL
BOSS...

WE CAST OUR
16 VOTES FOR
SKINNY
FLINT!

YEEAY

100 VOTES
FOR
JEANIE..100
VOTES FOR
SKINNY!

UN-ON
THAT DOES
IT! NOW T
CONVEN
IS DEADL

**EBONY..
ONLY YOUR 45
VOTES WILL
SWING THE
NOMINATION
WHO DO YA
GIVE 'EM TO?**

September

In which the first falling
leaves presaged the sad fate
of Gerhard Shnobble, the
little man who could fly...

...and in which good triumphed
over evil in the downfall of that
wicked temptress, Lorelei.

By **WILLIAMS**

BEFORE WE BEGIN THIS STORY WE WANT TO
MAKE ONE POINT VERY CLEAR.

THIS IS NOT A FUNNY STORY!!

...AND WHILE THE AUTHOR DOES NOT EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ALL OF THIS...HE FEELS BOUND TO ASSURE YOU THAT HE CANNOT GUARANTEE A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD AND THE CHARACTERS HERE PORTRAYED.

WE MEAN TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE ACCOUNT OF GERHARD SHNOBBLE... BEGINNING AT THE POINT WHEN HE FIRST DISCOVERED HE COULD FLY.



PLEASE... NO LAUGHTER...



October

In which the Spirit travels west to meet and conquer the outlaws and wicked bandits of that uncivilized region.

And in which the ancient festival of Halloween is marked by Miss Ellen Dolan's meeting with a real witch--- which gives that young lady pause to wonder.



November

The Spirit rises above the temptations of Paris, France, a deplorable city whose evils are too numerous to recount.

...and goes west once more, this time to witness the downfall of the villain Quirte, who succumbs to the terrors of the arid desert.



